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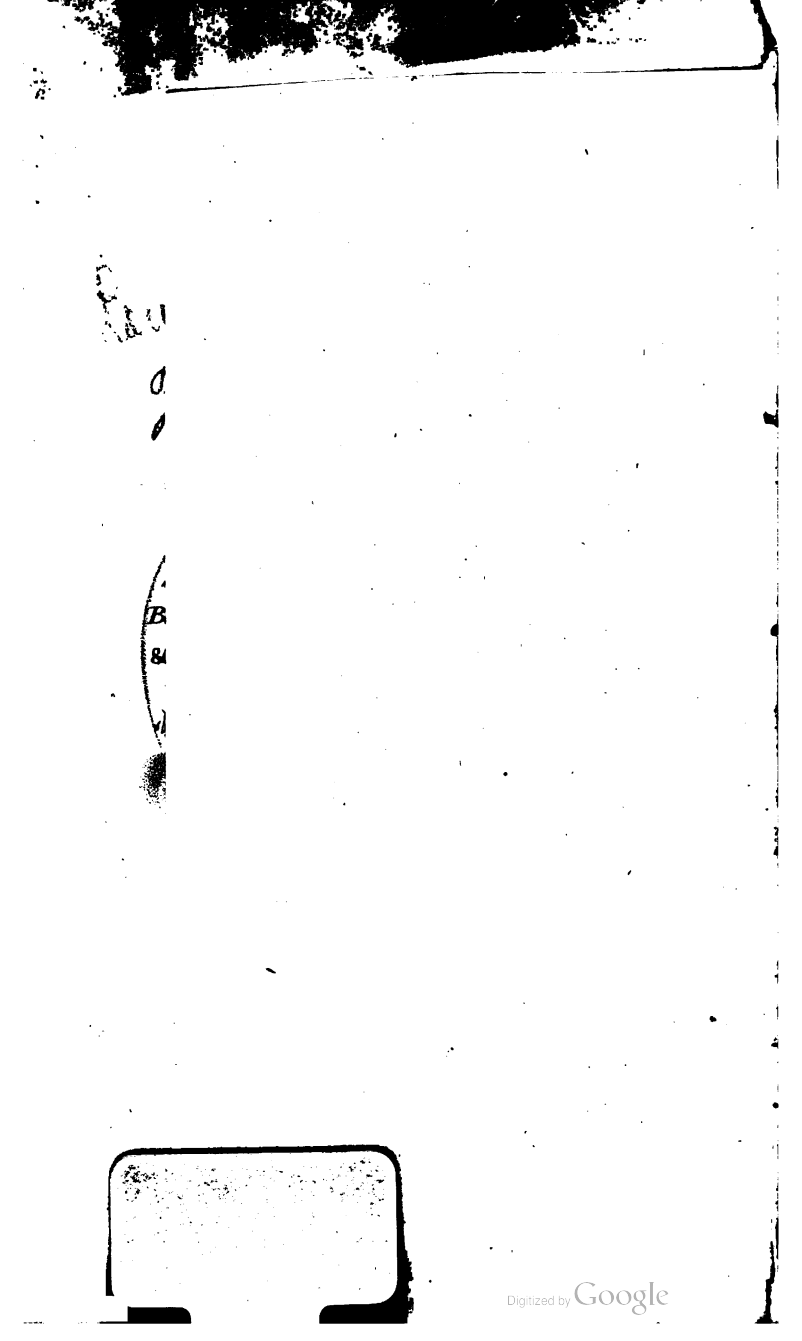
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

VOLUME I.

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ERRATA.

P. 41, L. 12, *Sill*, read *Still*.
P. 50, L. 19, *'was*, read *'twas*.
P. 66, L. 1, after *Formas* dele (.)
P. 67, Lines 7 and 8 tranſpoſed.
P. 295, L. 14, *ſould* read *ſhould*.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

SOMETIME

Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

And Inventor of

The Universal ENGLISH SHORT-HAND.

In TWO VOLUMES.

MANCHESTER:

Printed by J. HARROP.

M DCC LXXIII.

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PREFACE.

THE Publication of the following Sheets is in Compliance with the Requeſt of many of Mr. *Byrom's* Friends, who were much pleaſed with ſome of his poetical Compoſitions, which had caſually circulated in his Life-time. Much might here be ſaid of the Author's learned, and poetical Talents; but it does not ſeem to be the Buſineſs of an Editor to endeavour to anticipate the Reader's Judgment——By it's own intrinſic Worth, and the candid Opinion of the Public, the following Work is left to ſtand, or fall.

A Deference due to the Public may however make it neceſſary to aſſure them, that the Poems here preſented are the genuine Production of Mr. *Byrom*. They are carefully tranſcribed from his own Manuſcripts; but as many of them were written rather for private, than for public Peruſal, it is hoped that all favourable Allowance will be made for ſmall Inaccuracies.

The Reader may be ſurprized perhaps to find in theſe Volumes ſo many learned, and critical Queſtions diſcuſſed in Verſe——This is indeed a Singularity almoſt peculiar to our Author: but he had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to the Language of Poetry, that he always found it the eaſieſt Way of expreſſing his Sentiments upon all Occaſions. He himſelf uſed to give this Reaſon to his Friends for treating ſuch Subjects in ſo uncommon a Method; and

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and it is presumed, that, if they are not found deficient in other Respects, the Novelty of the Manner will be rather a Recommendation than otherwise.

At a Time when Party-Disputes are so happily subsided, it may *seem* to want an Apology, that, in the following Collection, some few Pieces are inserted, which *appear* to be tinctured with a Party-Spirit——A small Attention however will convince the warmest Partizan, that what Mr. *Byrom* has written of this Cast was intended to soften the Asperity, and prevent the Mischiefs of an overheated Zeal. Since this was the Author's chief Motive for writing, it is imagined no other Apology will be necessary for the Publication of such Pieces.

The great Truths of Christianity had made, from his earliest Years, a deep Impression upon the Author's Mind; and as it was his Manner to commit his Sentiments, of every kind, to Verse, so he had a peculiar Pleasure in employing his Pen upon serious Subjects——To the Purposes of Instruction, and the Interests of Virtue, all his Abilities were ever made subservient. This will appear, more particularly, from the second Volume of the following Sheets, in which it was thought proper to select such Pieces as treat on Subjects of a deeper, and more important Nature——The Reader, it is not doubted, will be pleased to find that the Author's natural Talent for Wit, and Humour, has so often given place to Something more solid and substantial.

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A PAS-

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A PASTORAL.

Written by the AUTHOR,

When a Student at Trinity College Cambridge, and firſt printed in the 8th Vol. of the Spectator.

I.

MY Time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;
Ten thouſand ſweet Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt:
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find!
When Things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was ſhe.

A With

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II.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep:
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day,
But now I ſo croſs, and ſo peeviſh am grown;
So ſtrangely uneaſy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart——I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

The Fountain, that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the Pebbles among;
Thou know'ſt little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And ſtill, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

My Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy their Time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their Frolics when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My

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V.

My Dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog ſaid,
Come hither poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
Cry Sirrah; and give him a blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

VI.

When walking with *Phebe*, what ſights have I ſeen!
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made!
But now ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas naught but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

VII.

Sweet Muſick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did Bleat,
And chirp went the Graſshopper under our Feet.
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Conſort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry Thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

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VIII.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of it's Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made your ſelves fine for——a Place in her Breaſt:
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

IX.

How ſlowly Time creeps, till my Phebe return!
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread, [Lead.
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the
Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, *Colin*, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye part with your Fair.

A De-

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A DESCRIPTION of

TUNBRIDGE,

In a LETTER to P. M. Esq;

I.

DEAR *Peter*, whose Friendship I value much more,
Than Bards their own Verses, or Misers their Store;
Your Books, and your Bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else,
Lay aside for a while, and come down to the *Wells*:
The Country so pleasant! the Weather so fine!
A World of fair Ladies! and delicate Wine!
The Proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,
Then hear, if you come, what you are to expect.

II.

Some sev'n or eight Mile off, to give you the Meeting,
Barbers, Dippers, and so forth, we send to you greeting.
Soon as they set Eyes on you, off flies the Hat,
Does your *Honour* want this, does your *Honour* want that?
That being a Stranger, by this Apparatus
You may see our good Manners, before you come at us.
Now this, please your *Honour*, is what we call Tooting,
A Trick in your Custom to get the first Footing.

Conducted

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III.

Conducted by theſe civil Gen'men to Town,
You put up your Horſe, for Rhyme ſake, at the *Crown*:
My Landlord bids welcome, and gives you his Word
For the beſt Entertainment the Houſe can afford:
You taſte which is better, his White, or his Red,
Beſpeak a good Supper, good Room, and good Bed:
In ſhort——juſt as Travellers do when they light,
So, to fill up the Stanza——I wiſh you Goodnight.

IV.

But then the next Morning, when *Phœbus* appears,
And with his bright Beams our glad Hemiſphere chears,
You riſe, dreſs, get ſhav'd, and away to the Walks,
The Pride of the Place, of which ev'ry one talks:
There, I wou'd ſuppoſe you a drinking the *Waters*,
Didn't I know that you come not for any ſuch Matters;
But to ſee the fine Ladies in their Deſhabille,
A Dreſs that's ſometimes the moſt ſtudied to kill.

V.

The Ladies you ſee, ay, and Ladies as fair,
As charming, and bright as you'll ſee any where:
You eye, and examine the beautiful Throng,
As o'er the clean Walks they paſs lovely along;
And if any, by Chance, looks a little Demurer,
You fancy, like ev'ry young Fop, you cou'd cure her;
'Till from ſome pretty Nymph a deep Wound you receive,
And your ſelf want the Cure, which you thought you cou'd give.

Not

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VI.

Not ſo wounded howe'er, as to make you forget,
That your *Honour* this Morn has not breakfaſted yet;
So to *Morley*'s you go, look about, and ſit down;
Then comes the young Laſs for your *Honour*'s half Crown;
She brings out the Book, you look wiſely upon her,
What's the Meaning of this?——*To Subſcribe, pleaſe your Honour:*
So you write, as your Betters have all done before ye,
'Tis a Cuſtom, and ſo there's an End of the Story.

VII.

And now, all this while, it is forty to one
But ſome Friend or other you've happen'd upon:
You all go to Church, upon hearing the Bell,
Whether out of Devotion——your ſelves beſt can tell:
From thence to the Tavern to toaſt pretty *Nancy*,
Th' aforeſaid bright Nymph, that had ſmitten your Fancy;
Where Wine and good Victuals attend your Commands,
And Wheatears, far better than *French* Ortolans.

VIII.

Then, after you've din'd, take a View of our Ground,
And obſerve the fine Mountains that compaſs us round,
And, if you could walk a Mile after your Eating,
There's ſome comical Rocks, that are worth contemplating:
You may, if you pleaſe, for their odneſs and make,
Compare 'em——let's ſee——to the *De'el's Arſe o' Peak:*
They're

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They're one like the other, except that the Wonder
Does here lye above Ground, and there it lies under.

IX.

To the Walks, about ſeven, you trace back your Way,
Where the Sun marches off, and the Ladies make Day;
What crowding of Charms! Gods! or rather Goddeſſes!
What Beauties are here! What bright looks, airs, and Dreſſes!
In the room of the Waters had *Helicon* ſprung,
And the Nymphs of the Place by old Poets been ſung,
To invite the Gods hither they would have had Reaſon,
And *Jove* had deſcended each Night in the Seaſon.

X.

If with Things here below we compare Things on high,
The Walks are like yonder bright Path in the Sky,
Where heavenly Bodies in ſuch Cluſters mingle,
'Tis impoſſible, Sir, to deſcribe 'em all ſingle:
But if ever you ſaw that ſweet Creature Miſs *K——y*,
If ever you ſaw her, I ſay, let me tell ye,
Deſcriptions are needleſs; for ſurely to you,
No Beauty, no Graces, can ever be new.

XI.

But when to their Gaming the Ladies withdraw,
Thoſe Beauties are fled, which when walking you ſaw:
Ungrateful the Scene which you there ſee diſplay'd,
Chance murd'ring thoſe Features which Heaven had made:
If

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If the fair Ones their Charms did ſufficiently prize,
Their Elbows they'd ſpare for the ſake of their Eyes;
And the Men too---what Work! its enough, in good faith is't,
Of the nonſenſe of Chance to convince any Atheiſt.

XII.

But now 'tis high Time, I preſume, to bid Vale,
Leſt we tire you too long with our *Tunbridgiale*;
Which, if the four Critics pretend to unravel,
Or at theſe our Verſes ſhould ſtupidly cavil;
If this be the Caſe, tell the Critics I pray,
That I care not one Farthing for all they can ſay:
And ſo I conclude, with my Service, good *Peter*,
To yourſelf, and all Friends——farewel Muſe——farewel Metre

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A FULL and TRUE

ACCOUNT,

Of an Horrid and Barbarous

ROBBERY,

Committed on EPPING FOREST,
Upon the Body of the CAMBRIDGE Coach.

In a LETTER to M. F. Esq;

Arma Virumque Cano.

DEAR *Martin Folkes*, dear Scholar, Brother, Friend;
And Words of like Importance without End;
This comes to tell you, how, in *Epping* Hundred,
Last *Wednesday* Morning I was robb'd, and plunder'd.
Forgive the Muse, who sings what, I suppose,
Fame has already trumpeted in Prose;
But Fame's a lying Jade: The turn of Fate
Let poor *Melpomene* herself relate:
Spare the sad Nymph a vacant Hour's Relief,
To rhyme away the Remnants of her Grief.

On *Tuesday* Night, you know with how much Sorrow
I bid the Club farewell —— I go To-morrow ——

To-morrow

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To-morrow came, and ſo accordingly
Unto the place of Rendezvous went I.
Bull was the Houſe, and *Biſhopgate* the Street,
The Coach as full as it could cram; to wit,
Two Fellow-Commoners *De Aulâ Trin:*
And eke an honeſt Bricklayer of Lynn;
And eke two *Norfolk* Dames, his Wife and Couſin,
And eke my Worſhip's ſelf made half a Dozen.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our Way
Thro' the wild Brakes of *Epping-Foreſt* lay:
With Travellers and Trunks, a hugeous Load,
We hagg'd along the ſolitary Road;
Where nought but Thickets within Thickets grew,
No Houſe nor Barn to chear the wand'ring View;
Nor lab'ring Hind, nor Shepherd did appear,
Nor Sportſman with his Dog or Gun was there;
A dreary Landſcape, buſhy and forlorn,
Where Rogues ſtart up like Muſhrooms in a Morn.

However, ſince we, none of us, had yet
Such Rogues, but in a Seſſions Paper, met,
We jok'd on Fear; tho', as we paſt along,
Robbing was ſtill the Burden of the Song.
With untry'd Courage bravely we repell'd
The rude Attacks of Dogs —— not yet beheld.
With val'rous Talk ſtill battling, 'till at laſt
We thought all Danger was as good as paſt.
Says one——too ſoon alas! now let him come,
Full at his Head I'll fling this Bottle of Rum.

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Scarce had he ſpoken, when the Brickman's Wife
Cry'd out, Good Lord! he's here, upon my Life.
Forth from behind the Wheels the Villain came,
And ſwore ſuch Words as I dare hardly name;
But you'll ſuppoſe them, Brother, not to drop
From me, but him---G——d D——n ye Coachman ſtop:
Your Money, Z——ds, deliver me your Money,
Quick, D——n ye, quick; muſt I ſtay waiting on ye?
Quick, or I'll ſend——(and nearer ſtill he rode)
A Brace of Balls amongſt ye all, by ——.

I leave you, Sir, to judge yourſelf what Plight
We all were put in, by this curſed Wight.
The trembling Females into Labour fell;
Big with the ſudden Fear, *they Pout, they Swell;*
And ſoon, deliver'd by his horrid Curſes,
Brought forth two Strange and Præternatural Purſes:
That look'd indeed like Purſes made of Leather;
But let the ſweet-tongu'd * *Manſingham* ſay whether
A common Purſe could poſſibly conceal
Shillings, Half-crowns, and Half-pence by piece-meal.

The Youth, who flung the Bottle at the Knave
Before he came, now thought it beſt to wave
Such Reſolution, and preſerve the Liquor;
Since a round Guinea might be thrown much quicker:

So

* *Dr. Manſingham*; who wrote a Pamphlet in Defence of the well-known Story of the *Rabbit-Woman.*

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So with impetuous Haſte he flung him that,
Which the ſharp Raſcal parried with his Hat.
His right-hand Man, a Brother of our Quill,
Prudently choſe to ſhew his own good Will:
By the ſame Token, and without much Scruple
Made the Red-rugg'd Collector's Income duple.

My Heart——for Truth I always muſt confeſs——
Did ſink—— * *an Inch exactly——more or leſs.*
With both my Eyes I view'd the Thief's Approach;
And read the Caſe of—— *Piſtol verſus Coach.*
A woeful Caſe, which I had oft heard quoted;
But ne'er before in all my Practice noted.
So when the Lawyers brought in their Report,
Guinea *per* Chriſtian to be paid in Court,
Well off, thinks I, with this ſame Son of a Whore,
If he prefers his Action for no more.

No more! why hang him, is not that too much,
To pay a Guinea for his vile *High-Dutch?*
'Tis true, he has us here upon the hank,
With Action ſtrong; and ſwears to it point blank:
Yet why reſign the yellow One Pound One?
No, tax his Bill, and give him Silver, *John.*
So ſaid, ſo done, and putting Fiſt to Fob
I flung th' apparent value of the Job,

An

* An Expreſſion uſed by —— of the *Royal Society* and afterwards proverbially adopted in Ridicule by the *Author* and his Friends.

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An Ounce of Silver, into his Receiver,
And mark'd the Iſſue of the Rogue's Behaviour.

He, like a thankleſs Wretch, that's overpaid,
Reſents, forſooth, th' Affront upon his Trade;
And treats my Kindneſs with a——this won't do,
Look ye here, Sir, I muſt ha' Gold from you.
To this Demand of the ungrateful Cur,
Defendant *John* thought proper to demurr.
The Bricklayer joining in the White Opinion,
Tender'd five Shillings to *Diana*'s Minion;
Who ſtill kept threatning to pervade his Buff,
Becauſe the Payment was not prompt enough.

Before the Women, with their Purſes each,
Had Strength to place Contents within his reach,
One of his Pieces, falling downwards, drew
The Rogue's Attention hungrily thereto.
Strait he began to damn the Charioteer,——
Come down ye Dog, reach me that Guinea there.
Down jumps th' affrighted Coachman on the Sand,
Picks up the Gold, and puts it in his Hand:
Miſſing a rare Occaſion, tim'rous Daſtard,
To ſeize his Piſtol, and diſmount the Baſtard.

Now, while in deep and ſerious Ponderment
I watch'd the Motions of his next Intent,
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try
The Matter in Diſpute 'twixt him and I;

And

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And how my Silver Sentiments would hold
Againſt that hard Dilemma, Balls or Gold.
No Help! ſaid I, No Tachygraphic Pow'r,
To interpoſe in this unequal Hour!
I doubt——I muſt reſign—— there's no defending
The Cauſe againſt that murderous Fire-Engine.

When lo! deſcending to her Champion's Aid
The Goddeſs *Short-Hand*, bright Celeſtial Maid,
Clad in a letter'd Veſt of ſilver Hue *,
Wrought by her fav'rite *Phebe*'s Hand, ſhe flew.
Th' unfolded Surface fell exactly neat,
In juſt Proportions o'er her Shape compleat;
Diſtinct with Lines of purer flaming White,
Tranſparent Work, Intelligibly bright;
Form'd to give Pleaſure to th' ingenious Mind,
But puzzle and confound the ſtupid Hind.

Soon as the Wretch the Sacred Writing ſpy'd,
What Conjuration-Sight is this, he cry'd!
My Eyes mean-while the Heav'nly Viſion clear'd,
It ſhew'd how all his helliſh Look appear'd.
(Heav'n ſhield all Travellers from foul Diſgrace,
As I ſaw *Tyburn* in the Ruffian's Face;
And if aright I judge of human Mien,
His Face ere long in *Tyburn* will be ſeen.)

The

* Alluding to ſome Short-hand Characters neatly cut in Paper by the *Author's* Siſter, and preſented to M. F. Eſq;

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The Hoſtile Blaze ſoon ſeiz'd his miſcreant Blood;
He ſtar'd——turn'd ſhort——and fled into the Wood.

Danger diſmiſt, the gentle Goddeſs ſmil'd,
Like a fond Parent o'er her fearful Child;
And thus began to drive the dire Surprize
Forth from my anxious Breaſt, in jocund wiſe.
My Son, ſaid ſhe, this Fellow is no *Weſton* *,
No Adverſary, Child, to make a Jeſt on.
With Ink Sulphureous, upon Human Skin
He writes, indenting horrid Marks therein;
But——thou haſt read his Fate——the halter'd Slave
Shall quickly ſing his Penitential Stave.

Purſue thy Rout; but when thou tak'ſt another,
Beſtride ſome generous Quadruped or other.
Let this enchanted Vehicle confine,
From this Time forth, no Votaries of mine:
Let me no more ſee honeſt Short-hand Men
Coop'd up in Wood, like Poultry in a Pen.
And at *Trin: Coll:* when e'er thou art enlarging
On *Epping-Foreſt*, note this in the Margin:
" Let *Cambridge* Scholars, that are not quite bare,
" Shun the diſhoneſt Track, and ride thro' *Ware*."

Adieu! my Son——reſume thy wonted Jokes;
And write Account hereof to *Martin Folkes*.

This

* *Weſton*—The Inventor of a Method of Short-hand, then in ſome Vogue; the great Irregularity and Defects of which our Author had often humourouſly expoſed.

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This ſaid, ſhe mounts——The Characters divine
Thro' the bright Path immenſely brilliant ſhine.
Now ſafe arriv'd——firſt for my Boots I wrote——
I tell the Story——and ſubjoin the Note——
And laſtly, to fulfill the dread Commands,
Theſe haſty Lines preſume to kiſs your Hands.
Excuſe the tedious Tale of a Diſaſter,

I am

Your Humble Servant

and

GRAND MASTER.*

* A Title uſually given to the Author by his Short-hand Scholars.

C A LETTER

A

LETTER to R. L. Eſq;

ON HIS

Departure from LONDON.

I.

DEAR *Peter*,* whoſe Abſence, what're I may do
In a Week or two hence, at this Preſent I rue;
Theſe Lines, in great Haſte, I convey to the Mitre,
To tell the ſad Plight of th' unfortunate Writer:
You have left your old Friend ſo affected with Grief,
That nothing but Rhiming can give him Relief;
Tho' the *Muſes* were never worſe put to their Trumps,
To comfort poor *Bard* in his ſorrowful Dumps.

II.

The Moment you left us, with Grief be it ſpoken,
This poor Heart of mine was as thoff it were broken;
And I almoſt faint ſtill if a Carriage approach
That looks like a Highgate or Barnet Stage Coach;
And really, when firſt that old Vehicle gap'd
To take in Friend *Pee*——ſo the Fare had but ſcap'd——

If

* R. L. Eſq; generally called by his College-Acquaintance, *Sir Peter*.

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If I did not half wiſh the Man might overturn it,
And ſwaſh it to Pieces——I am a ſous'd *Gurnet*.

III.

The Rheniſh and Sugar, which at your Departure
We drank, would have made me, I hop'd, ſomewhat heartier;
Yet the Wine but more ſtrongly to Weeping inclin'd,
And my Grief, I perceiv'd, was but double-refin'd:
It is not to tell how my Breaſt fell a throbbing,
When at the laſt Parting our Noſes were bobbing:
Thoſe ſad farewell Accents! (I think on 'em ſtill)
You'll remember to write JOHN?——*Yes*, PETER, *I will*.

IV.

You no ſooner was gone, but this famous Metropolis,
That ſeem'd juſt before ſo exceedingly populous,
When I turn'd me towards it, ſeem'd all of a ſudden
As if it was gone from the Place it had ſtood in:
But for Squire *Hazel*'s Brother ſagacious Jack,
I ſhould hardly have known how to find my Way back;
How he brought me from *Smithfield* to *Dick*'s I can't ſay,
But remember the *Charter-Houſe* ſtood in our Way.

V.

At Dick's I repos'd me, and call'd for ſome Coffee,
And ſweetn'd, and ſupt, and ſtill kept thinking of ye;

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But not with ſuch Pleaſure as when I came there
To wait 'till Sir *Peter* ſhould chance to appear:
There, while I was turning you o'er in my Mind,
Doctor, how do you do? ſays a Voice from behind;
Thought I to myſelf I ſhould know that ſame Organ——
And who ſhould it be but my Friend Doctor *Morgan*.

VI.

The *Doctor* and I took a ſmall walk, and then
He went ſomewhere elſe, I to *Richard*'s again:
All Ways have I try'd the ſad Loſs to forget,
I have ſaunter'd, writ Short-hand, eat Cuſtard, *et cet.*
With honeſt *Duke Humphrey* I paſs the long Day,
To others, as yet, having little to ſay;
For indeed, I muſt own, ſince the Loſs of my CHUM,
I am grown, as it were, a mere GERUND in DUMB.

VII.

But Muſe! we forget that our Grief will prevent us
From treating of Matters more high and momentous.
Poor JONATHAN WILD!——*Clowes*, *Peer Williams* and I
Have juſt been in waiting to ſee him paſs by:
Good law! how the Houſes were crowded with Mobs,
That look't like LEVIATHAN's Picture in HOBB's;
From the very ground Floor to the Top of the Leads,
While JONATHAN paſt thro' a *Holborn* of Heads.

VIII.

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VIII.

From *Newgate* to *Tyburn* he made his Proceſſion,
Supported by two of the nimble Profeſſion:
Between the unheeded poor Wretches he ſat,
In his Night-gown and Wig, but without e'er a Hat;
With a Book in his Hand he went weeping and praying,
The Mob all along, as he paſs'd 'em, huzzaing;
While a Parcel of Verſes the Hawkers were hollowing,
Of which I can only remember theſe following.

IX.

" The cunning old Pug, ev'ry Body remembers,
" That when he ſaw Cheſnuts a roaſting i'th' Embers,
" To ſave his own Bacon, took Puſs's two Foots,
" And ſo out o'th' Embers he tickl'd his Nuts.
" Thus many a poor Rogue has been burnt in the Hand,
" And 'twas all Nuts to *Jonathan*, you underſtand;
" But he was not ſo cunning as Æſop's old Ape,
" For the Monkey has brought himſelf into the Scrape.

X.

And now, *Peter*, I'm come to the end of my Tether,
So I wiſh you good Company, Journey, and Weather:
When Friends in the Country enquire after *John*,
Pray tender my Service t'em all every one,

To

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To the Ladies at *Toft*, Mr. *Legh* of *High-Legh*,
To the *Altringham* Meeting, if any there be,
Darcy Lever, *Will Drake*, Mr. *Cattell* and *Cottam*——
An excellent Rhime that, to wind up one's Bottom!

Richard's,
Monday Night
May 24, 1725.

P. S.

What News? Why the LORDS, if the Minutes ſay true,
Have paſt my Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Bill three to two,
Three to one I would ſay; and reſolved alſo
That the COMMONS have made good their Articles——ho!
And To-morrow, Earl *Thomas*'s Fate to determine,
Their LORDSHIPS come arm'd both with Judgment and Ermine:
The *Surgeons*, they ſay, have got *Jonathan*'s Carcaſe,
If ſo—— I'll go ſee't——or it ſhall be a hard Caſe.

The

VERSES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE,

AT THE

MEETING of a CLUB,

Upon the PRESIDENT's appearing in a black BOB WIG,

Who uſually wore a white TYE.

I.

OUR PRESIDENT, in Days of Yore,
Upon his Head a Caxen wore;
Upon his Head he wore a Caxen,
Of Hair as white as any Flaxen;
But now he cares not of a Fig;
He wears upon his Poll a Wig,
A ſhabby Wig upon his Poll,
Of Hair as black as any Coal.

II.

A ſad and diſmal Change alas!
Chooſe how the Duce it came to paſs:

Poor

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Poor PRESIDENT! what evil Fate
Revers'd the colour of his Pate?
For if that lamentable Dreſs
Were his own chooſing, one would gueſs,
By the deep Mourning of his Head,
His Wits were certainly *gone dead*.

III.

Sure it could ne'er be his own chooſing
To put his Head in ſuch a Houſing:
It muſt be ominous, I fear;
Some Miſchief, to be ſure, is near:
Nay, ſhould that black foreboding Phiz
Speak from that ſturdy Trunk of his,
One could not help but think it ſpoke
Juſt like a Raven from an Oak.

IV.

A Caxen of ſo *black* a Hue,
On our Affairs looks plaguy *blue*:
We do not meet with ſuch an Omen
In any Story, *Greek*, or *Roman*:
A Comet, or a blazing Star
Were not ſo terrible by far;
No; in that Wig the Fates have ſent us
Of all Portents the moſt portentous,

Who

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V.

Who does not tremble for the Club
That looks upon his Wig——ſo ſcrub!
Without a *Knot!* without a *Tye!*——
What can we hang together by?
So ſcrub a Wig to look upon,
How can the dire Phænomenon
Be long before it has undone us?
Oh! 'Tis a cruel *Bob* upon us.

VI.

The PRESIDENT, when's Wig was white,
He was another Mortal quite;
Nay, when he ſprinkled it with Powder,
No Man in *Manchester* talk'd louder.
How bleſt were we! but now alack!
The wearing of a Wig ſo black
Such a Diſgrace has brought about——
Burn it! 'twill never be worn out.

VII.

Thou art a Lawyer, honeſt Joe,
I prithee wilt thou let *us* know
Whether the *black* Act wont extend,
So as to reach our worthy Friend.

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What! can he wear a Wig ſo ſhabby,
When Folks are hang'd from *Waltham* Abby,
For loving Ven'ſon, and appearing
So like that Head there, ſo like Fearing?

VIII.

You're a Divine Sir; I'll aſk you,
Is that a Chriſtian, or a Jew,
Or Turk? Aye, Turk, as ſure as Hops,
You ſee the Saracen——in his Chops:
And yet theſe Chops, tho' now ſo homely,
Were Chriſtian-like before, and comely:
That wicked Wig! to make a Face
So abſolutely void of Grace!

IX.

You Maſter Doctor? will you try
Your ſkill in Phyſiognomy?
Of what Diſeaſe is it a Symptom?
Don't look at me, but look at him *Tom.*
Is it not *Scurvy*, think you?——Yes,
If any thing be Scurvy, 'tis:
A Phrenzy? or a Periwigmanie
That over-runs his Pericranie?

It

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X.

It ſeems to me a Complication
Of all Diſtempers, o' ſome Faſhion:
It is a *Coma*, that is plain,
A great Obſtruction of the Brain:
A Man to take his Brains, and bury 'em
In ſuch a Wig!——a plain *Delirium*:
I never ſaw a human Face
That ſuffer'd more by ſuch a *Caſe*.

XI.

If you examine it, you'l ſee 'tis
Piſsburnt——that ſhows a *Diabetes*.
Bad Weather has relaxt, you ſee,
The Fibres to a great Degree:
Certes the Head, in theſe black Tumors,
Is full of vitiated Humors;
Of vitiated Humors full,
Which ſhows a Numbneſs of the Scull.

XII.

So of the reſt——But now, Friend *Thomas*,
The Cure will be expected from us;
For while it hangs on him, of courſe,
It will, if poſſible, grow worſe:

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Habit ſo foul! there is, in ſhort,
Nothing but Salivation for't:
But what can Salivation do?
It has been fluxt, and refluxt too.

XIII.

But why to Doctors do I urge on
The Bus'neſs of a Barber-Surgeon?
Your Barber-Surgeon is the Man
It muſt be cur'd by, if it can:
Ring for my Landlord *Lawrenſon;*
Come let's e'en try what can be done;
A Remedy there may be found,
Provided that the Brain be ſound.

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The ASTROLOGER.

FELLOW Citizens all, for whoſe Safety I peep
All Night at the Stars, and all Day go to ſleep;
Attend, while I ſhew you the Meaning of Fate
In all the ſtrange Sights, we have ſeen here of late;
And thou, O *Aſtrology*, Goddeſs divine,
Celeſtial Decypheres, gently incline
Thine Ears, and thine Aid, to a Lover of Science,
That bids to all Learning, but thine, a Defiance.

For what Learning elſe is there half ſo engaging,
As an Art where the Terms of themſelves are preſaging?
Which by muttering o'er, any gentle Mechanic
May put his whole Neighbourhood into a Panic;
Where a Noddle well turn'd for Prediction, and Shoes,
If it can but remember hard Words, cannot chooſe,
From the Prince on his Throne, to the Dairy Maid milking,
But read all their Fortunes in yonder blue Welkin.

For the Sky is a Book, where, in Letters of Gold,
Is writ all that Almanacks ever foretold;
Which he that can read, and interpret alſo——
What is there, which ſuch a one cannot foreſhow?
When a true Son of Art ponders over the Stars,
They reflect back upon him the Face of Affairs;

Of

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Of all Things of Moment they give him an Inkling,
While Empires and Kingdoms depend on their Twinkling.

Your Tranſits, your Comets, Eclipſes, Conjunctions,
Have all, it is certain, their ſeveral Functions;
And on this Globe of Earth here, both jointly, and ſingly,
Do influence Matters moſt aſtoniſhingly.
But to keep to ſome Method, on this ſame Occaſion,
We'll give you a full and true Interpretation
Of all the Phenomena, we have rehearſt;
Of which, in their Order; and firſt, of the firſt.

As for *Mercury*'s travelling over the Sun,
There's Nothing in that, Sirs, when all's ſaid and done;
For what will be, will be; and *Mercury*'s Tranſit,
I'm pos'tive, will neither retard, nor advance it:
But when a Conjunction, or Comet takes Place,
Or a total Eclipſe, that's a different Caſe:
They, that laugh at our Art, may here ſee with their Eyes,
That ſome Things, at leaſt, may appear from the Skies.

A Conjunction of *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and *Mars*,
You may turn, if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, to mere Farce:
But what if it plainly appear, that three Men
Are foretold by three Planets——what will ye ſay then?
Now, to prove this, I'll only make one ſmall Requeſt,
That is, that you'll all turn your Faces to th' Eaſt;
And then you ſhall ſee, 'ere I've done my Epiſtle,
If I don't make it out, ay, as clear as a Whiſtle.

In

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In the firſt Place, old *Saturn*, we very well know,
Loſt his Kingdom and Provinces ſome while ago;
Nor was it long after old *Saturn*'s Diſgrace,
That *Jupiter* mov'd to ſtep into his Place;
And *Mars* we all know was a quarrelſome Bully,
That beat all his Neighbours moſt unmercifully;
And now, who can doubt who theſe Gentlemen are,
Saturn, *Jupiter*, *Mars*,——*Sophy*, *Sultan*, and *Czar*.

But to prove, nearer Home, that the Stars have not trifl'd,
Pray have we not loſt, cruel Star! **Doctor Byfield?*
Alas! Friends at *Richard*'s, alas! what a Chaſm
Will be made in the Annals of Enthuſiaſm!
As ſoon as the Comet appear'd in the Sky,
Pray did not the *Doctor* ſtraight fall ſick and dye?
I wonder how Folk could diſcover a Comet,
And yet never draw this plain Conſequence from it.

The Death of the *Regent* might ſhow, if it needed,
Why they ſaw it in *France* ſo much plainer than we did;
And how well it forebodes to our Nobles and Princes,
That its Tail was here ſhorter by ſeveral Inches:
But ſo near to the *Eagle* this Comet appear'd,
That ſomething may happen, it is to be fear'd:

Great

* *Dr. Byfield*, a Chymiſt of an *extravagant* Genius, and Inventor of the Sal volatile oleoſum: The Author had frequent Skirmiſhes of Wit and Humour with him at *Richard*'s Coffee-Houſe, and upon his Death wrote the following ſhort Epitaph impromptu.

Hic jacet *Dr. Byfield*, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

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Great Men have been known by the Arms which they bore,
But——*God bleſs the Emperor*——I ſay no more.

And now for th' Eclipſe, which is ſuch an Appearance,
As perhaps will not happen this many a Year hence:
The King of *France* dy'd, the laſt total Eclipſe,
Of a Mortification near one of his Hips;
From whence by our Art may be plainly made out,
That ſome great Man or other muſt dye at this Bout:
But as the Eclipſe is not yet, nor that neither,
You know 'tis not proper to ſay more of either.

Yet two, that are ſafe, I ſhall venture to name,
Men of Figure, and Parts, and of unſpotted Fame;
Who, all Parties will own, are, and always have been
Great Ornaments to the high Station they're in;
Admir'd of all Sides; who will therefore rejoice,
When, conſulting the Stars, I pronounce it their Voice,
That, for all this Eclipſe, there ſhall no Harm befall
Thoſe two honeſt——*Giants, that are in Guildhall.*

So much for great Men——I come now to predict
What Evils, in gen'ral, will Europe afflict:
Now the Evils, that Conjurers tell from the Stars,
Are Plague, Famine and Peſtilence, Bloodſhed and Wars,
Contagious Diſeaſes, great Loſſes of Goods,
Great Burnings by Fire, and great Drownings by Floods;
Hail, Rain, Froſt and Snow, Storms of Lightning and Thunder;
And if none of theſe happen——*'twill be a great Wonder.*

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CONTENTMENT:

OR, THE

HAPPY WORKMAN's SONG.

I.

I Am a poor Workman as rich as a *Jew*,
A ſtrange ſort of Tale, but however 'tis true,
Come liſten a while, and I'll prove it to you
So as No-body can deny, &c.

II.

I am a poor Workman, you'll eaſily grant,
And I'm rich as a *Jew*, for there's nothing I want,
I have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and am hearty and cant,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

III.

I live in a Cottage, and yonder it ſtands,
And while I can work with theſe two honeſt Hands,
I'm as happy as they that have Houſes and Lands,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

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IV.

I keep to my Workmanſhip all the Day long,
I ſing and I whiſtle, and this is my Song,
Thank God, that has made me ſo luſty and ſtrong,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

V.

I never am greedy of delicate Fare,
If he give me enough, tho' 'tis never ſo bare,
The more is his Love, and the leſs is my Care,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VI.

My Cloaths on a working Day looken but lean,
But when I can dreſs me——on Sundays, I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarſe, they are clean,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VII.

Folk cry'n out hard Times, but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will ſet my Heart up o'th' Ward,
So 'tis all one to me, bin they eaſy or hard,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VIII. I envy

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VIII.

I envy not them that have thouſands of Pounds,
That ſport o'er the Country with Horſes and Hounds;
There's nought but *Contentment* can keep within bounds,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

IX.

I ne'er loſe my Time o'er a Pipe, or a Pot;
Nor cower in a Nook like a ſluggardly Sot,
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,
Which No-body can deny, &c,

X.

And if I have more than I want for to ſpend,
I help a poor Neighbour or diligent Friend;
He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord he doth lend,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XI.

I grudge not that Gentlefolk dreſſen ſo fine;
At their Gold and their Silver I never repine,
But I wiſh all their Guts were as hearty as mine,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

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XII.

With Quarrels o'th' Country, and Matters of State,
With *Tories* and *Whigs*, I ne'er puzzle my Pate;
There's ſome that I love, and there's none that I hate,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIII.

What tho' my Condition be ever ſo coarſe,
I ſtrive to embrace it for better and worſe,
And my Heart, I thank God, is as light as my Purſe,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIV.

In ſhort, my Condition, whatever it be,
'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I ſee,
And I'm ſure I can never do better than he,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

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THE

Diſſection of a BEAU's HEAD,

From the Spectator, No. 275.

WE found by our Glaſſes, that what, at firſt ſight,
Appear'd to be Brains was another Thing quite;
A heap of ſtrange ſtuff fill'd the holes of his Scull,
Which, perhaps, ſerv'd the Owner as well to the full.
And as *Homer* acquaints us, (who certainly knew)
That the Blood of the Gods was not real, and true,
Only ſomething that was very like it; juſt ſo,
Only ſomething like Brain is the Brain of a BEAU.

The *Pineal Gland*, where the Soul's Reſidence is,
Smelt deſperate ſtrong of Perfumes, and Eſſences,
With a bright horny Subſtance encompaſt around,
That in numberleſs Forms, like a Diamond, was ground;
In ſo much that the Soul, if there was any there,
Muſt have kept pretty conſtant within its own Sphere;
Having Bus'neſs enough, without ſeeking new Traces,
To employ all its Time with its own pretty Faces.

In the hind part o'th' Head there was *Bruſſels*, and *Mechlin*,
And Ribands, and Fringes, and ſuch kind of Tackling;
Billet-

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Billet-doux, and ſoft Rhimes lin'd the whole *Cerebellum;*
Op'ra Songs and prickt Dances, as 'twere upon Vellum.
A brown kind of Lump, that we ventur'd to ſqueeze,
Diſperſt in plain *Spaniſh*, and made us all ſneeze.
In ſhort, many more of the like kind of Fancies,
Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other Vacancies.

On the Sides of this Head were in ſeveral Purſes,
On the Right, Sighs and Vows; on the Left, Oaths and Curſes:
Theſe each ſent a Duct to the Root of the Tongue,
From whence to the Tip they went jointly along.
One particular place was obſerved to ſhine
With all ſorts of Colours, moſt wonderful fine;
But when we came nearer to view it, in Troth,
Upon Examination 'twas nothing but *Froth*.

A pretty large Veſſel did plainly appear
In that part of the Scull, 'twixt the Tongue and the Ear;
With a ſpongy Contrivance diſtended it was,
Which the French Virtuoſos call *Galimatias*;
We Engliſhmen *nonſenſe*; a Matter indeed
That moſt Peoples Heads are ſometimes apt to breed;
Entirely free from it, not one Head in twenty,
But a *Beau*'s, 'tis preſum'd, always has it in plenty.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the Skin of his Front,
And, what is more ſtrange, not a Blood Veſſel on't;
From whence we concluded, the Party deceaſt
Was never much troubled with *Bluſhing* at leaſt:

The

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The *Os Cribriforme*, as full as could ſtuff,
Was cramm'd, and in ſome Places damag'd, with Snuff;
For *Beaus* with this Ballaſt keep ſtuffing their Crib,
To preſerve their light Heads in a true Æquilib:

That Muſcle, we found, was exceedingly plain,
That helps a Man's Noſe to expreſs his diſdain,
If you chance to diſpleaſe him, or make a Demand,
Which is oft the *Beau*'s Caſe, that he don't underſtand.
The Reader well knows, 'tis about this ſame Muſcle,
That the old Latin Poets all make ſuch a Buſtle,
When they paint a Man giving his Noddle a Toſs,
And cocking his Noſe, like a *Rhinoceros*.

Looking into the Eye, where the *Muſculi* lay,
Which are call'd *Amatorii*, that is to ſay,
Thoſe Muſcles, in *Engliſh*, wherewith a Man ogles,
When on a fair Lady he fixes his *Goggles*,
We found 'em much worn; but that call'd th' *Elevator*,
Which lifts the Eyes up tow'rds the ſummit of Nature,
Seem'd ſo little us'd, that the *Beau*, I dare ſay,
Never dazzled his Eyes much with looking that way.

The outſide of this Head, for its Shape and its Figure,
Was like other Heads, neither leſſer nor bigger;
It's Owner, as we were inform'd, when alive,
Had paſt for a Man of about thirty-five.
He eat, and he drank, juſt like one of the Croud:
For the reſt, he dreſt finely, laught often, talkt loud;

Had

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Had Talents in's way; for ſometimes at a Ball
The *Beau* ſhew'd his Parts, and outcaper'd 'em all.

Some Ladies, they ſay, took the *Beau* for a Wit,
But in his Head, truly, there lay——duce a bit:
He was cut off, alas! in the Flow'r of his Age,
By an eminent *Cit*, that was put in a Rage:
The *Beau* was, it ſeems, complimenting his *Wife*,
When his extreme Civility coſt him his Life;
For his *Eminence* took up an old paring Shovel,
And on the hard Ground left my *Gem'man* to grovel.

Having finiſh'd our Work, we began to replace
The Brain, Such as 'twas, in its own proper Caſe.
In a fine Piece of ſcarlet we laid it in State,
And reſolv'd to prepare ſo extraordinary a Pate;
Which wou'd eas'ly be done, our Anatomiſt thought,
Having found many Tubes, that already were fraught
With a kind of a Subſtance, he took for *Mercurial*,
Lodg'd there, he ſuppos'd, long before the *Beau*'s Burial.

The Head laid aſide, he then took up the Heart,
Which he likewiſe laid open with very great Art;
And with many Particulars truly we met,
That gave us great inſight into the *Coquet*:
But having, kind Reader, already tranſgreſt
Too much on your Patience, we'll let the Heart reſt:
Having giv'n you the *Beau* for To-day's Speculation,
We'll reſerve the *Coquet* for another Occaſion.

A SONG.

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A

SONG.

I.

WHY, prithee now, what does it ſignify
For to buſtle, and make ſuch a Rout?
It is Virtue alone that can dignify,
Whether cloathed in Ermin, or Clout.
Come, come, and maintain thy Diſcretion;
Let it act a more generous Part;
For I find, by thy honeſt Confeſſion,
That the World has too much of thy Heart.

II.

Beware, that its fatal Aſcendency
Do not tempt thee to moap and repine;
With an humble, and hopeful Dependency
Sill await the good Pleaſure divine.
Succeſs in a higher Beatitude
Is the End of what's under the Pole;
A Philoſopher takes it with Gratitude,
And believes it is beſt on the whole.

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III.

The World is a Scene, thou art ſenſible,
Upon which, if we do but our beſt,
On a Wiſdom, that's incomprehenſible,
We may ſafely rely for the reſt:
Then truſt to its kind Diſtribution,
And however Things happen to fall,
Prithee, pluck up a good Reſolution
To be chearful, and thankful in all.

Extempore

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Extempore VERSES,

Upon a Tryal of Skill between the

Two Great Maſters of the Noble Science of Defence, Meſſrs. Figg and Sutton.

I.

LONG was the great *Figg*, by the prize Fighting Swains,
Sole Monarch acknowledg'd of *Marybone* Plains;
To the Towns, far and near, did his Valour extend,
And ſwam down the River from *Thame* to *Graveſend*;
Where liv'd Mr. *Sutton*, Pipe-maker by Trade,
Who, hearing that *Figg* was thought ſuch a great Blade,
Reſolv'd to put in for a Share of his Fame,
And ſo ſent to challenge the Champion of *Thame*.

II.

With alternate Advantage two Tryals had paſt,
When they fought out the Rubbers on *Wadneſday* laſt.
To ſee ſuch a Conteſt, the Houſe was ſo full,
There hardly was room left to thruſt in your Skull.
With a Prelude of Cudgels we firſt were ſaluted,
And two or three Shoulders moſt handſomely fluted;

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'Till wearied at laſt with inferior Diſaſters,
All the Company cry'd, *Come, the Maſters, the Maſters.*

III.

Whereupon the bold *Sutton* firſt mounted the Stage,
Made his Honours, as uſual, and yearn'd to engage;
Then *Figg*, with a Viſage ſo fierce and ſedate,
Came and enter'd the Liſt with his freſh ſhaven Pate;
Their Arms were encircled by Armigers two,
With a red Ribbon *Sutton*'s, and *Figg*'s with a blue.
Thus adorn'd the two Heroes, 'twixt Shoulder and Elbow,
Shook Hands, and went to't, and the Word it was *Bilbo*.

IV.

Sure ſuch a Concern, in the Eyes of Spectators,
Was never yet ſeen in our Amphitheatres;
Our Commons, and Peers, from their ſeveral Places,
To half an Inch Diſtance all pointed their Faces;
While the Rays of old *Phœbus*, that ſhot thro' the Sky-light,
Seem'd to make on the Stage a new kind of Twilight;
And the Gods, without doubt, if one could but have ſeen 'em,
Were peeping there thro' to do Juſtice between 'em.

V. *Figg*

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V.

Figg ſtruck the firſt Stroke, and with ſuch a vaſt Fury,
That he broke his huge Weapon in Twain, I aſſure you;
And, if his brave Rival this Blow had not warded,
His Head from his Shoulders had quite been diſcarded;
Figg arm'd him again, and they took t'other Tilt,
And then *Sutton*'s Blade run away from its Hilt.
The Weapons were frighted, but as for the Men,
In Truth, they ne'er minded, but at it again.

VI.

Such a Force in their Blows, you'd have thought it a Wonder;
Every Stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them aſunder;
Yet ſo great was their Courage, ſo equal their Skill,
That they both ſeem'd as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill:
While in doubtful Attention Dame *Victory* ſtood,
And which Side to take could not tell for her Blood,
But remain'd, like the Aſs 'twixt two Bottles of Hay,
Without ever moving an Inch either way.

VII.

Till *Jove*, to the Gods, ſignified his Intention,
In a Speech that he made them, too tedious to mention;
But the Upſhot on't was, that, at that very Bout,
From a Wound in *Figg*'s Side the hot Blood ſpouted out.

Her

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Her Ladyſhip then ſeem'd to think the Caſe plain;
But *Figg* ſtepping forth with a ſullen diſdain,
Shew'd the Gaſh, and appeal'd to the Company round,
If his own broken Sword had not given him the Wound?

VIII.

That Bruiſes and Wounds a Man's Spirit ſhould touch,
With Danger ſo little, with Honour ſo much!——
Well, they both took a Drum, and return'd to the Battle,
And with a freſh Fury they made the Swords rattle;
While *Sutton*'s Right Arm was obſerved to bleed,
By a Touch from his Rival; ſo *Jove* had decreed;
Juſt enough for to ſhew that his Blood was not Icor,
But made up, like *Figg*'s, of the common red Liquor.

IX.

Again they both ruſh'd with ſo equal a Fire on,
That the Company cry'd,——*Hold, enough of cold Iron.*
To the Quarter Staff, now Lads.——So firſt having dram'd it,
They took to their Wood, and i'faith never ſham'd it:
The firſt Bout they had was ſo fair, and ſo handſome,
That to make a fair Bargain, 'twas worth a King's Ranſom;
And *Sutton* ſuch Bangs to his Neighbour imparted,
Wou'd have made any Fibres but *Figg*'s to have ſmarted.

X.

Then after that Bout they went on to another,
But the Matter muſt end on ſome Faſhion or other;

So

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So *Jove* told the Gods he had made a Decree,
That *Figg* ſhould hit *Sutton* a Stroke on the Knee.
Tho' *Sutton* diſabled, as ſoon as he hit him,
Wou'd ſtill have fought on, but *Jove* wou'd not permit him;
'Twas his Fate, not his Fault, that conſtrain'd him to yield,
And thus the great *Figg* became Lord of the Field.

XI.

Now, after ſuch Men, who can bear to be told
Of your *Roman* and *Greek* puny Heroes of old?
To compare ſuch poor Dogs as *Alcides*, and *Theſeus*
To *Sutton* and *Figg* would be very facetious.
Were *Hector* himſelf, with *Apollo* to back him,
To encounter with *Sutton*——zooks, how he would thwack him!
Or *Achilles*, tho' old Mother *Thetis* had dipt him,
With *Figg*——odds my Life, how he would have unript him!

XII.

To *Cæſar*, and *Pompey*, for want of Things juſter,
We compare theſe brave Boys, but 'twill never paſs Muſter:
Did thoſe mighty Fellows e'er fight Hand to Fiſt once?
No, I thank you; they kept at a laudable Diſtance.
What is *Pompey* the Great, with his Armour begirt,
To the much greater *Sutton*, who fought in his Shirt?
Or is *Figg* to be par'd with a Cap-a-pee Roman,
Who ſcorn'd any Fence but a jolly Abdomen?

VERSES

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VERSES

Spoken at the Breaking-up of the

Free Grammar School, in Manchester.

THE

THREE BLACK CROWS.

A TALE.

TALE——that will raise the Question, I suppose,
What can the *Meaning* be of three black Crows?
It is a *London* Story, you must know,
And happen'd, as they say, some Time ago.
The Meaning of it *Custom* would suppress,
'Till at the *End*——but come, nevertheless,
Tho' it may vary from the Use of old,
To tell the *Moral* 'till the Tale be told,
We'll give a Hint, for once, how to apply
The Meaning *first*——and hang the *Tale* thereby.——

People, full oft, are put into a Pother,
For Want of understanding one another:
And strange, amusing Stories creep about,
That come to Nothing, if you trace them out;

That

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Lies of the Day, or Month perhaps, or Year,
That ſerve their Purpoſe, and then diſappear;
From which, meanwhile, Diſputes of ev'ry Size,
That is to ſay, *Miſunderſtandings* riſe;
The Springs of Ill, from Bick'ring, up to Battle,
From Wars and Tumults, down to Tittle Tattle.
Such as, for Inſtance, for we need not roam
Far off to find them, but come nearer Home;
Such, as befall by ſudden miſdivining
On *Cuts*, on *Coals*, on *Boxes*, and on *Signing*,
Or (may good Senſe avert ſuch haſty Ills
From *this* Foundation, *this* Aſſembly) *Mills*: *
It may, at leaſt it *ſhould*, correct a Zeal
That hurts the public, or the private Weal,
By eager giving of too raſh Aſſent,
To note, how *Meanings*, that were never *meant*,
Will fly about, like ſo many black Crows,
Of that ſame *Breed* of which the Story goes.

Two honeſt Tradeſmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briſkly, by the Hand;
Hark-ye, ſaid he, 'tis an odd Story this
About the Crows!——I don't know what it is,
Replied his Friend.——No! I'm ſurpriſed at that;
Where I come from it is the common Chat:

* Alluding to ſome local Matters then in Agitation at *Manchester* particularly an Application to Parliament to deſtroy the Cuſtom of grinding Wheat at the School Mills.

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But you ſhall hear; an odd Affair indeed!
And, that it happen'd, they are All agreed:
Not to detain you from a Thing ſo ſtrange,
A Gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
This Week, in ſhort, as all the *Alley* knows,
Taking a Puke, has thrown up *Three black Crows.*

Impoſſible!——Nay but it's really true;
I have it from good Hands, and ſo may You——
From whoſe, I pray——So having nam'd the Man,
Straight to enquire his curious Comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell——relating the Affair——
Yes Sir I did; and if it's worth your Care,
Aſk Mr. Such a-one, he told it me,
But, by the Bye, 'twas *Two* black Crows, not *Three*——

Reſolv'd to trace ſo wond'rous an Event,
Whip, to the third, the Virtuoſo went.
Sir——and ſo forth——Why yes; the Thing is Fact,
Tho' in regard to Number not exact;
It was not *Two* black Crows, 'was only *One*,
The Truth of *that* you may depend upon.
The Gentleman himſelf told me the Caſe——
Where may I find him?——Why in ſuch a Place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be ſo good as to reſolve a Doubt——
Then to his laſt Informant he referr'd,
And beg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;

Did

Did you, Sir, throw up a black Crow?——NOT I——
Bleſs me! how People propagate a Lie!
Black Crows have been thrown up, *Three*, *Two*, and *One*;
And here, I find, all comes, at laſt, to *None!*
Did you ſay *Nothing* of a Crow *at all?*——
Crow——Crow——perhaps I might, now I recall
The Matter over——And, pray Sir what was't?
Why I was *horrid* ſick, and, at the laſt,
I did throw up, and told my Neighbour ſo,
Something that was——*as black*, Sir, as a Crow.

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VERSES

Spoken on the ſame Occaſion with the preceding.

'TIS not to tell what various Miſchief ſprings
From wrong Ideas fix'd to Words, or Things;
When Men of haſty, and impatient Thought
Will not examine Matters, as they ought;
But ſnatch the firſt Appearance, nor ſuſpect,
What is ſo oft the Caſe, their own Defect.

Defect——which, if occaſion offers, makes
The moſt abſurd, ridiculous Miſtakes,
To ſay no worſe——for Evils to recite
Of deeper kind is not our Taſk to Night;
But juſt to verſify a caſe, or two,
That grave Divines relate; and, when they do,
Juſtly remark that, in effect, the prone
To haſty Judgment make the caſe their own.

When MARTIN LUTHER firſt grew into fame,
His Followers obtain'd a double Name;
Some call'd 'em MARTINISTS, and ſome again
Expreſs'd by LUTHERANS the ſelf ſame Men;
Meaning the ſame, you ſee, and ſame the Ground;
But mark the force of Diff'rence in the Sound:

Two

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Two zealous Proſelytes to his Reform,
Which then had rais'd an univerſal Storm,
Meeting, by chance, upon a publick Walk,
Soon made Religion Subject of their talk;
It's low Condition both diſpos'd to own,
And how corrupt the Church of *Rome* was grown;
In this preliminary Point indeed,
Tho' Strangers to each other, they agreed;
But, as the Times had bred ſome other Chiefs,
Who undertook to cure the common Griefs,
They were oblig'd, by farther hints, to find,
If in their choice, they both were of a Mind:
After ſome winding of their Words about,
To ſeek this ſecondary Problem out,
I am, declar'd the bolder of the two,
A MARTINIST——and ſo, I hope, are you——
No:——ſaid the other, growing ſomewhat hot,
But I'll aſſure you, Sir, that I am not;
I am a LUTHERAN; and live, or die,
Shall not be any thing beſide, not I——
If not a MARTINIST,——his Friend replied,
Truly——I care not what you are beſide——
Thus Fray began; which, Critics may ſuppoſe,
But for Spectators, would have come to Blows;
And ſo they parted, Matters half diſcuſs'd,
All in a huff, with mutual diſguſt.

The proſe Account in *Dr. More*, I think,
Relates the Story of two Clowns in Drink;

The

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The Verſe has cloath'd it in a different ſtrain;
But, either way, the gentle Hint is plain,
That——'tis a fooliſh Bus'neſs to commence
Diſpute on Words, without regard to Senſe.

Such was the caſe of theſe two Partizans
There is another of a ſingle Man's
Still more abſurd, if poſſible, than this
Muſt I go on, and tell it you? (Chorus) Yes, Yes.

A certain Artiſt, I forget his Name,
Had got for making *Spectacles* a Fame,
Or *Helps to read*——as, when they firſt were ſold,
Was writ, upon his glaring Sign, in GOLD;
And, for all Uſes to be had from Glaſs,
His were allow'd, by Readers, to ſurpaſs:
There came a Man, into his Shop, one Day,
Are you the *Spectacle Contriver*, pray?
Yes Sir, ſaid he, I can, in that Affair,
Contrive to pleaſe you, if you want a Pair——
Can you? pray do then——So, at firſt, he choſe
To place a youngiſh Pair upon his Noſe;
And Book produc'd, to ſee how they would fit,
Aſk'd how he lik'd 'em——Like 'em?——Not a bit——
Then Sir, I fancy, if you pleaſe to try,
Theſe in my Hand will better ſuit your Eye——
No, but they don't— Well, come Sir, if you pleaſe,
Here is another Sort, we'll e'en try theſe;
Still ſomewhat more they magnify the Letter;
Now Sir?——Why now——I'm not a bit the better——
No!

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No! Here take theſe that magnify ſtill more;
How do they fit?——Like all the reſt before——

In ſhort, they tried a whole Aſſortment thro',
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do:
The *Operator*, much ſurpriz'd to find
So odd a Caſe, thought; ſure the Man is Blind;
What ſort of Eyes can you have got? ſaid he
Why, very good ones, Friend, as you may ſee
Yes, I perceive the clearneſs of the Ball——
Pray, let me aſk you——can you read at all?
No, you great BLOCKHEAD; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any HELPS TO READ?
And ſo he left the Maker in a heat,
Reſolv'd to poſt him for an *arrant Cheat*.

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THE

APE and the FOX.

A FABLE.

Spoken on the ſame Occaſion.

OLD Æſop ſo famous was certainly right
In the Way that he took to inſtruct, and delight,
By giving to Creatures, Beaſts, Fiſhes, and Birds,
Nay to Things, tho' inanimate, Language and Words.
He engag'd, by his Fables, th' Attention of Youth,
And forc'd even Fiction to tell them the Truth.

Not ſo quickly forgot, as the Mind is more able
To retain a true Hint in the ſhape of a Fable;
And Alluſions to Nature inſenſibly raiſe
The Reflection ſuggeſted by fabular Phraſe,
That affords leſs exception for Cavil to find,
While the Moral more gently ſlides into the Mind.

Thus to hint that a Kingdom will flouriſh the moſt,
Where the Men in high Station are fit for their Poſt;
And diſgraces attend, both on Perſon, and Station,
If Regard be not had to due Qualification;
He invented, they tell us, this Fable of old,
Which the Place I am in now requires to be told.

The

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The BEASTS, on a Time, when the Lyon was dead,
Met together in Council to chuſe them a Head;
And, to give to their new Conſtitution a Shape
Moſt like to the human, they fix'd on the *Ape*;
They crown'd, and proclaim'd him by *Parliament Plan*,
And never was *Monkey* ſo like to a *Man*.

The *Fox*, being fam'd for his Cunning, and Wit,
Was propos'd to their Choice, but they did not think fit
To elect ſuch a Sharper, leſt, watching his Hour,
He ſhould cunningly creep into abſolute Pow'r;
No fear of King *Ape*, or of being ſo rid;
He would mind his Diverſion, and do as they did.

Sly *Reynard*, on this, was reſolv'd to expoſe
Poor *Pug*, whom the Senate ſo formally choſe;
And having obſerv'd, in his Rambles, a Gin,
Where a delicate Morſel was nicely hung in,
He let the *King* know what a Prize he had found,
And the Waſte, where it lay, was his *Majeſty*'s Ground,

Shew me where, ſaid the *Ape*; ſo the Treaſure was ſhown,
Which he ſeiz'd with Paw *Royal*, to make it his own;
But the Gin, at ſame time, was diſpos'd to *reſiſt*,
And clapping together caught *Pug* by the Wriſt;
Who perceiv'd, by his Fingers laid faſt in the Stocks,
What a Trick had been play'd by his Subject the *Fox*.

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Thou Traitor! ſaid he——but I'll make thee anon,
An Example of Vengeance——and ſo he went on,
With a Rage moſt *Monarchical*——*Reynard*, who ey'd
The Succeſs of his Scheme, gave a Sigh, and reply'd,
Well! adieu ROYAL SIR! 'twas a cruel Miſhap,
That your MAJESTY'S GRACE did not underſtand *Trap!*

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Dulces ante omnia Muſæ.

Spoken on the ſame Occaſion.

OF all Companions, that a Man can chuſe,
Methinks, the ſweeteſt is an honeſt Muſe;
Ready, the ſubject proper, and the Time,
To chear Occaſion with harmonic Rhime;
Of all the Muſes, (for they tell of nine)
Melpomene, ſweet flowing *Mel.* be mine.

Her's the judicious, and the friendly Part
To clear the Head, to animate the Heart;
Their kindred Forces tempering to unite,
Grave to inſtruct, and witty to delight;
With Judgment cool, with Paſſions rightly warm,
She gives the Strength to Numbers, and the Charm.

Her Lines, whatever the Occaſion be,
Flow without forcing, natural, and free:
No ſtiff'ning of 'em with poetic Starch,
Whether her Bard is to be grave, or arch:
Of diff'rent Topics, which the Times produce,
She prompts the fitteſt for the preſent Uſe.

She decks, when call'd, when honour'd to attend
On ſacred Piety,——her beſt lov'd Friend,——

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Decks with a Grace, and arms with a Defence,
Religion, Virtue, Morals, and good Senſe;
Whatever tends to better human Mind,
Sets *Mel.* at Work, a Friend to all Mankind.

A Foe, but void of any Rancour, Foe
To all the noiſy Buſtlings here below;
To all Contention, Clamour, and Debate,
That plagues a Conſtitution, Church, or State;
That plagues a Man's ownſelf, or makes him will
His other Self, his Neighbour, any Ill.

Life, as *Mel.* thinks, a ſhort, uncertain Leaſe,
Demands the fruits of Friendſhip, and of Peace;
Arms, and the Man her Sifter *Clio* ſings,
To her ſhe leaves your Heroes, and your Kings;
To ſound the Preſent, or to act the Paſt,
And tread the Stage in Buſkin, and Bombaſt.

With Nymphs, and Swains, fond *Mel.* would ſtrow the Fields,
With Flocks, and Herds, inſtead of Spears, and Shields;
Recall the Scenes, that bleſt a golden Age,
E'er mutual Love gave way to martial Rage;
And Bards, high ſoaring above ſimpler Phraſe,
To genuine Light prefer'd the glaring Blaze.

She ſcorns alike, ignobly to rehearſe
The ſpiteful Satire, or the venal Verſe;

Free

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Free in her Praiſe, and in her Cenſure too,
But Merit, but Amendment is her view;
A riſing worth ſtill higher to exalt,
Or ſave a Culprit from a future Fault.

No four, pedantical, abuſive Rage,
No vicious Rant defiles her freeſt Page;
No vile, indecent Sally, or prophane,
To pleaſure Fools, or give the Wiſe a Pain;
Her Mirth is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,
And what the chaſteſt of her Sex may read.

She looks on various Empires, various Men,
As all one Tribe, when ſhe directs the Pen;
She loves the *Briton*, and ſhe loves the *Gaul*,
Swede, *Ruſs*, or *Turk*, ſhe wiſhes well to all:
They all are Men, all Sons of the ſame Sire,
And muſt be all belov'd, if *Mel.* inſpire.

It would rejoice her Votaries to ſee
All *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa* agree;
" But the new World, new England's dire Alarms!
" Should not Melpomene now ſing to Arms?"——
No, ſhe muſt ever wiſh all War to ceaſe,
While Folks are fighting, ſhe muſt hold her Peace.

Content to hope that, what Events are due
Will bleſs new *England*, and old *England* too;
Friend to fair Traders, and free Navigation,
And Friend to *Spain*, but Foe to Depredation:

And

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And Friend to *Franee*, but let heroic *Clio*
Demoliſh French Encroachments at *Ohio*.

Safe from all foreign, and domeſtic Foes
Be all your Liberties in Verſe, or Proſe:
Be ſafe Abroad, your Colonies, your Trade,
From *Guarda-coſtas*, and from *Gaſconade*:
At Home, your Lives, your Acres, and your Bags;
And Plots againſt ye vaniſh all to Rags.

But much of Safety, let concluding Line
Obſerve, depends upon yourſelves——in fine,
Home, or Abroad, the World is but a School,
Where all Things roll to teach one central Rule,
That is, if you would proſper, and do well,
Love one another, and remember Mel.

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THE

Country Fellows and the Aſs.

A FABLE.

Spoken on the ſame Occaſion.

A Country Fellow, and his Son, they tell
In modern Fables, had an Aſs to ſell:
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed ſo well, that, by the deſtin'd Day,
They brought the Creature into ſleek Repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring Fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural Claſs
Was heard to ſay——Look! Look there, at that Aſs!
And thoſe two Blockheads, trudging on each Side,
That have not, either of 'em, Senſe to ride;
Aſſes all Three!——and thus the Country Folks
On Man, and Boy, began to cut their Jokes.

Th' old Fellow minded nothing that they ſaid,
But ev'ry Word ſtuck in the young one's Head;
And thus began their Comment there upon,——
Ne'er heed 'em Lad——Nay, Faither, do, get on——
Not I indeed——why then, let me, I pray——
Well do; and ſee, what prating Tongues will ſay.

The

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The Boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much farther on, before another Knot,
Juſt as the Aſs was pacing by, pad pad,
Cried,——O! that lazy Looby of a Lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping Brute
Lets the poor aged Fellow walk a Foot.

Down came the Son, on hearing this Account,
And beg'd, and pray'd, and made his Father mount:
Till a third Party, on a farther Stretch,
See! See! exclaim'd, that old hard hearted Wretch!
How like a Juſtice there he ſits, or Squire;
While the poor Lad keeps wading thro' the Mire.

Stop, cried the Lad, ſtill deeper vext in Mind,
Stop Father; ſtop; let me get on behind.
Thus done, they thought they certainly ſhould pleaſe,
Eſcape Reproaches, and be both at Eaſe;
For having tried each practicable Way,
What cou'd be left for Jokers now to ſay?

Still diſappointed, by ſucceeding Tone,
Hark ye, you Fellows! Is that Aſs your own?
Get off, for Shame! Or one of you at leaſt,
You both deſerve to carry the poor Beaſt;
Ready to drop down dead upon the Road,
With ſuch an huge, unconſcionable Load.

On this, they both diſmounted; and, ſome ſay,
Contriv'd to carry, like a Truſs of Hay,

The

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The Aſs between 'em; Prints, they add, are ſeen,
With Man, and Lad, and ſlinging Aſs between:
Others omit that Fancy in the Print,
As over-ſtraining an ingenious Hint.

The Copy that we follow ſays, the Man
Rub'd down the Aſs, and took to his firſt Plan;
Walk'd to the Fair, and ſold him, got his Price,
And gave his Son this pertinent Advice——
" Let Talkers talk; ſtick thou to what is beſt;
" To think of pleaſing all——is all a Jeſt."

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In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

Corpora.———

Spoken on the ſame Occaſion.

PYTHAGORAS, an ancient Sage, opin'd
That Form, and Shape were Indexes of Mind;
And Minds of Men, when they departed hence,
Would all be form'd according to this Senſe:
Some Animal, or human Shape again,
Would ſhew the Minds of all the former Men.

Let us adopt this tranſmigration Plan,
And mark, how Animal exhibits Man:
Tyrants, for inſtance, (to begin with thoſe,
Who make the greateſt noiſe, the greateſt woes:)
Of their Dominion Lions are the Key,
That Reign in Deſarts now, and hunt their Prey;
Sometimes dethron'd, and brought upon a Stage,
Or coop'd, like *Bajazet*, within a Cage;
For Six-pence, ſafe from all tyrannic harms,
One may ſee Kings, perhaps, at the *King's-Arms*.
See ſavage Monarchs, who had ſhown before
The tuſky Temper of the wildeſt Boar,
Veſted in proper Shape, when they are dead,
Reviv'd, and caught, and ſhown at the *Boar's Head*.

In

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In ſome tam'd Elephant our Eyes may ſcan
The once great, rich, o'ergrown, half-reas'ning Man;
My Lord had Senſe to wind into his Maw
All within reach, that lay within the Law;
What would have fed a thouſand Mouths was ſunk,
To fill his own, by hugeous length of Trunk,
And Stones high rais'd told where he was laid low:
He grew to monſtrous Grandeur, liv'd a Show;
By Tranſmigration it appears, at leaſt,
That ſuch great Man is really a great Beaſt.

From Animals, that once were Men, to paſs
To Men, of now almoſt ambiguous Claſs:
Players, and Harlequins, and Pantomimes,
Who ſell their Shapes, to mimick Men and Times;
With all the ſervile, ſecond-handed Tribe
Of Imitators, endleſs to deſcribe,
In their own Figures when they come to range,
With ſmall Tranſition into Monkies change:
For now Men-Monkies have not in their view
What ſhould be done by Men, but what they do.

Of Tempers, by inferior Forms expreſs'd,
And ſeen for nothing, ſomething may be gueſs'd.
When the ſly Fox enſnares the ſilly Geeſe,
Who does not ſee that Mind is of a piece
With former Lawyers, who devour'd by far
The ſillier Clients, drawn into the Bar?

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Why not Phyſicians? Hear the Lawyer ſay;
Are not they too as wily in their way?
Why yes, dear Barriſter; but then they own
The Shapes, in which their cunning Arts are ſhown:
Serpents confeſs, around the Rod entwin'd,
Wily, or wiſe the Eſculapian kind.

Why not Divines? The Doctor may object;
They have Devourers too, in ev'ry Sect;
True: But if one devour, there is for him
A Tranſmigration more upon the grim;
In human Shape when he has ſpent his Years,
Stript of Sheeps Cloathing, real Wolf appears.

Plain in four footed Animals, let's try
Inſtance, that firſt occurs, in ſuch as fly:
The Parrot ſhews, by its unmeaning prate,
Full many a Talker's metamorphos'd Fate,
Whoſe Tongue outſtrips the Clapper of a Mill,
And ſtill keeps ſaying the ſame nothing ſtill:
As full the City, and as full the Court,
As India's Woods, with Creatures of this ſort.
If rightly the gay feather'd Bird foretells
The future Shape of eloquenter Belles,
Or Beaux, tranſmigrated, the human Dolls
Will talk, and ſhine careſs'd in pretty Polls.

Belles, you may ſee, purſue a Butterfly,
With painted Wings, that flutter in the Sky;
And ſparkling, to the Solar Rays, unfold
Red mix'd with purple, green with ſhining Gold;

Nor

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Nor wonder at the fond Purſuit, for know
That this ſame Butterfly was once a Beau;
And, dreſs'd according to the neweſt Whim,
Ran after them, as they run after him.

Footed, or flying, all decypher Men;
Enough to add one other Inſtance then,
One from a Courtier, a creeping Thing;
He takes new Colours, as there comes new King;
Lives upon airy Promiſes, and dies;
His Tranſmigration can be no ſurprize;
Chamelean-ſhape by that he comes to ſhare;
Still changes Colours, and ſtill feeds on Air.

By his ingenious Fiction, in the End,
What could the wiſe *Pythagoras* intend?
Too wiſe a Man not to intend a Clue
To change, hereafter, literally true.
The Solar Syſtem of our boaſted Age
Was known of old to this enlightned Sage:
So might his Thoughts on Man's immortal Soul,
Howe'er expreſs'd, be right upon the whole:
He meant, one need not ſcruple to affirm,
This real Truth, by Tranſmigration Term.

Our Tempers here muſt point to the degree,
In which hereafter we deſign to be.
From Vice in Minds, undoubtedly, will grow
More ugly Shapes than any here below;
But ſacred Virtue, Piety, and Love——
What beauteous Forms will they produce above!

The

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THE POND.

At qui tantulo eget, quanto eſt opus, is neque Limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in Undis.

HOR.

ONCE, on a Time, a certain Man was found,
That had a Pond of Water in his Ground:
A fine large Pond of Water freſh and clear,
Enough to ſerve his Turn, for many a Year.
Yet ſo it was——a ſtrange, unhappy Dread
Of wanting Water ſeiz'd the Fellow's Head:
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his Pond ſhould ſink.
Perpetually tormented with this Thought,
He never ventur'd on a hearty Draught;
Still dry, ſtill fearing to exhauſt his Store,
When half refreſh'd, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himſelf reviv'd his Fright,
Better, quoth he, to be half choakt than quite.

Upon his Pond continually intent,
In Cares and Pains his anxious Life he ſpent;
Conſuming all his Time, and Strength away,
To make the Pond riſe higher ev'ry Day:

He

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He work'd and ſlav'd, and——oh! how ſlow it fills!
Pour'd in by Pail-fulls, and took out——by Gills.

In a wet Seaſon——he would ſkip about,
Placing his Buckets under ev'ry Spout;
From falling Show'rs collecting freſh Supply,
And grudging ev'ry Cloud——that paſſed by;
Curſing the dryneſs of the Times, each Hour,
Altho' it rain'd as faſt as it could pour.
Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty Spot,
Where any little Moiſture could be got;
And when he had done draining of a Bog,
Still kept himſelf as dirty as a Hog:
And cry'd whene'er Folks blam'd him, what d'ye mean?
It coſts——a World of Water, to be clean!

If ſome poor Neighbour crav'd to ſlake his Thirſt,
What!——rob my Pond! I'll ſee the Rogue hang'd firſt:
A burning Shame, theſe Vermin of the Poor
Should creep unpuniſh'd thus about my Door!
As if I had not Frogs, and Toads enoo,
That ſuck my Pond, whatever I can do.

The Sun ſtill found him, as he roſe, or ſet,
Always in queſt of Matters——that were wet:
Betimes he roſe to ſweep the Morning Dew,
And reſted late to catch the Ev'ning too.
With Soughs and Troughs, he labour'd to enrich
The riſing Pond, from ev'ry neighb'ring Ditch;

With

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With Soughs, and Troughs, and Pipes, and Cuts, and Sluices,
From growing Plants he drain'd the very Juices;
Made ev'ry Stick of Wood upon the Hedges,
Of good Behaviour to depoſit Pledges;
By ſome Conveyance, or another, ſtill
Devis'd Recruits from each declining Hill:
He left, in ſhort, for this beloved Plunder,
No Stone unturn'd——that could have Water under.

Sometimes——when forc'd to quit his aukward Toil,
And——ſore againſt his Will——to reſt a while;
Then ſtraight he took his Book, and down he ſat
To calculate th' Expences he was at;
How much he ſuffer'd, at a mod'rate Gueſs,
From all thoſe Ways by which the Pond grew leſs;
For as to thoſe by which it ſtill grew bigger,
For them he reckon'd——not a ſingle Figure:
He knew a wiſe old Saying, which maintain'd,
That 'twas bad Luck to count what one had gain'd.

Firſt, for my Self——my daily Charges here
Coſt a prodigious Quantity a Year:
Altho', thank Heaven, I never boil my Meat,
Nor am I ſuch a Sinner as to ſweat:
But Things are come to ſuch a Paſs, indeed,
We ſpend ten Times the Water that we need:
People are grown with waſhing, cleanſing, rincing,
So finical and nice, paſt all convincing;

So

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So many proud, fantaſtic Modes, in ſhort,
Are introduc'd, that my poor Pond pays for't.

Not but I could be well enough content
With what, upon my own Account, is ſpent;
But thoſe large Articles, from whence I reap
No Kind of Profit, ſtrike me on a Heap:
What a vaſt deal, each Moment, at a ſup,
This ever thirſty Earth itſelf drinks up!
Such Holes! and Gaps! Alas! my Pond provides
Scarce for its own unconſcionable Sides:
Nay, how can one imagine it ſhould thrive,
So many Creatures as it keeps alive!
That creep from ev'ry Nook and Corner, marry!
Filching as much, as ever they can carry:
Then, all the Birds that fly along the Air
Light at my Pond, and come in for a Share:
Item, at ev'ry Puff of Wind that blows,
Away at once——the Surface of it goes:
The reſt, in Exhalations to the Sun——
One Months fair Weather——and I am undone!

This Life he led for many a Year together;
Grew old, and grey, in watching of his Weather;
Meagre as Death itſelf, 'till this ſame Death
Stopt, as the ſaying is, his vital Breath;
For as th' old Fool was carrying to his Field
A heavier Burden, than he well could wield,
He miſt his Footing, or ſome how he fumbl'd
In tumbling of it in,——but in he tumbled:

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Mighty deſirous to get out again,
He ſcream'd, and ſcrambl'd, but 'twas all in vain:
The Place was grown ſo very deep and wide,
Nor Bottom of it could he feel, nor Side,
And ſo——i'th' Middle of his Pond——he dy'd.

What think ye now from this imperfect Sketch,
My Friends, of ſuch a miſerable Wretch?——
Why, 'tis a Wretch, we think, of your own making;
No Fool can be ſuppos'd in ſuch a taking:
Your own warm Fancy——nay, but warm, or cool,
The World abounds with many ſuch a Fool:
The choiceſt Ills, the greateſt Torments, ſure,
Are thoſe, which Numbers *labour* to endure——
What! for a Pond!——why, call it an *Eſtate:*
You change the Name, but realize the Fate.

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THE

NIMMERS.

TWO Foot Companions once in deep Diſcourſe,
Tom, ſays the one——let's go and ſteal a Horſe.
Steal! ſays the other, in a huge ſurprize,
He that ſays I'm a Thief——I ſay he lies.
Well, well, replies his Friend,——no ſuch affront,
I did but aſk ye——if you won't——you won't.
So they jogg'd on——'till, in another Strain,
The Queriſt mov'd to *boneſt Tom* again;
Suppoſe, ſays he,——for Suppoſition ſake——
'Tis but a Suppoſition that I make,——
Suppoſe——that we ſhould *filch* a Horſe, I ſay?
Filch! filch! quoth *Tom*,——demurring by the Way;
That's not ſo bad as downright *Theft*——I own——
But——yet——methinks—— 'twere better let alone:
It ſoundeth ſomething pitiful, and low;
Shall we go *filch* a Horſe you ſay—— why, no——
I'll filch no filching;——and I'll tell no lye;
Honeſty's the beſt Policy——ſay I.

Struck with ſuch vaſt Integrity quite dumb
His Comrade paus'd——at laſt, ſays he,——come, come;
Thou art an *boneſt* Fellow——I agree——
Honeſt and poor;——alas! that ſhou'd not be:

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And dry into the Bargain——and *no Drink!*
Shall we go *Nim* a Horſe, *Tom*,——what doſt' think?

How clear Things are when Liquor's in the Caſe!
Tom anſwers quick, with caſuiſtic Grace,
Nim? yes, yes, yes, lets *Nim* with all my Heart,
I ſee no harm in *Nimming*, for my Part;
Hard is the Caſe, now I look ſharp into't,
That *Honeſty* ſhou'd trudge i'th' Dirt a Foot;
So many empty Horſes round about,
That *Honeſty* ſhould wear its Bottoms out;
Beſides——ſhall *Honeſty* be choak'd with Thirſt?
Were it my *Lord Mayor's* Horſe——I'd *nim* it firſt.
And——by the by——my Lad——no ſcrubby Tit——
There is the beſt that ever wore a Bit,
Not far from hence——I take ye, quoth his Friend,
Is not yon Stable, *Tom*, our Journey's End?

Good Wits will jump——both meant the very Steed;
The Top o'th' Country, both for Shape, and Speed:
So to't they went——and, with an Halter round
His feather'd Neck, they *nim'd* him off the Ground.

And now, good People, we ſhould next relate
Of theſe Adventurers the luckleſs Fate:
Poor *Tom!*——but here the Sequel is to ſeek,
Not being yet tranſlated from the Greek:
Some ſay, that *Tom* would *honeſtly* have peacht,
But by his blabbing Friend was over-reacht;

Others

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Others insist upon't, that both the Elves
Were, in like Manner, *halter-nim'd* themselves.

It matters not——The *Moral* is the Thing,
For which our purpose, Neighbours, was to sing,
If it should hit some few amongst the Throng,
Let 'em not lay the Fault upon the Song
Fair warning all: He that has got a Cap,
Now put it on——or else beware a Rap:
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
Has a long reach with it——*Videlicet*,
'Twixt right, and wrong, how many gentle Trimmers
Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers!

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CARELESS CONTENT.

I.

I Am Content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the World for me;
When Fuſs, and Fret was all my Fare,
It got no ground, as I could ſee:
So when away my Caring went,
I counted Coſt, and was Content,

II.

With more of Thanks, and leſs of Thought,
I ſtrive to make my Matters meet;
To ſeek what antient Sages ſought,
Phyſick and Food, in ſour and ſweet:
To take what paſſes in good Part,
And keep the Hiccups from the Heart.

III.

With good and gentle humour'd Hearts,
I chooſe to chat where e'er I come;
Whate'er the Subject be that ſtarts;
But if I get among the Glum,
I hold my Tongue to tell the Troth,
And keep my Breath to cool my Broth.

IV. For

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IV.

For Chance or Change, of Peace or Pain;
For Fortune's Favour, or her Frown;
For Lack or Glut, for Loſs or Gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But ſwing what Way the Ship ſhall ſwim,
Or tack about, with equal Trim.

V.

I ſuit not where I ſhall not ſpeed,
Nor trace the Turn of ev'ry Tide;
If ſimple Senſe will not ſucceed,
I make no Buſtling, but abide:
For ſhining Wealth, or ſcaring Woe,
I force no Friend, I fear no Foe

VI.

Of *Ups* and *Downs*, of *Ins* and *Outs*,
Of *they're i'th' wrong*, and *we're i'th' right*,
I ſhun the Rancours, and the Routs,
And wiſhing well to every Wight,
Whatever Turn the Matter takes,
I deem it all but Ducks and Drakes.

VII. With

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VII.

With whom I feaſt I do not fawn,
Nor if the Folks ſhould flout me, faint;
If wonted Welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no Kind of a Complaint:
With none diſpos'd to diſagree,
But like them beſt, who beſt like me.

VIII.

Not that I rate myſelf the Rule
How all my Betters ſhould behave;
But Fame ſhall find me no Man's Fool,
Nor to a Set of Men a Slave:
I love a Friendſhip free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a Hank.

IX.

Fond of a true and truſty Tie,
I never looſe where'er I link;
Tho' if a Buſ'neſs budges by,
I talk thereon juſt as I think:
My Word, my Work, my Heart, my Hand,
Still, on a Side, together ſtand.

X. If

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X.

If Names or Notions make a noiſe,
Whatever Hap the Queſtion hath,
The Point impartially I poiſe,
And read, or write, but without Wrath;
For ſhould I burn, or break my Brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my Pains?

XI.

I love my Neighbour as myſelf,
Myſelf like him too, by his Leave;
Nor to his Pleaſure, Pow'r, or Pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtleſs has deſign'd
A Man, the Monarch of his Mind.

XII.

Now taſte and try this Temper, Sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your Breaſt;
Or if ye ween, for worldly Stirs,
That Man does right to mar his Reſt,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am Content, I do not care.

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On PATIENCE.

Written at the Requeſt of a Friend.

PART I.

"A *Verſe on Patience?*" yes;——but then prepare
Your Mind, Friend *T--e---t*, with a reading Share;
Or elſe 'twill give you rather leſs than more,
To hear it mention'd, than you had before:
If *mine* to write, remember, 'tis *your* Taſk
To bear the Lines, which you are pleas'd to aſk.

PATIENCE the Theme?——a bleſſed Inmate this!
The nurſing Parent of our Boſom Bliſs:
Abroad for Bliſs ſhe bids us not to roam,
But cultivate its real Fund at Home:
A noble Treaſure——when the patient Soul
Sits in the Center, and ſurveys the whole.

The buſtling World, to fetch her out from thence,
Will urge the various, plauſible Pretence;
Will praiſe Perfections of a grander Name,
Sound great Exploits, and call her out to Fame;
Amuſe, and flatter, till the Soul, too prone
To Self-activity, deſerts her Throne.

Be

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Be on your Guard——the Bus'neſs of a Man
Is, to be ſure, to do what good he can;
But firſt at Home; let *Patience* rule within,
Where *Charity*, you know, muſt firſt begin:
Not *monied Love*, as fondly underſtood,
But calm, ſedate Propenſity to Good;

The genuine Product of the Virtue, Friend,
Which you oblige me here to recommend;
The Tryal, this, of all the reſt beſide,
For, without *Patience* they are all but *Pride*:
A ſtrong *Ambition* ſhines within its Sphere,
But proves its Weakneſs——when it cannot bear.

There lies the Teſt; bring ev'ry thing to that;
It ſhows us plainly, what we would be at:
Of gen'rous Actions we may count the *Sum*,
But ſcarce the *Worth*, till Diſappointments come:
Men oft are, then, moſt gen'rouſly abſurd,
Their own *good* Actions have their own *bad* Word.

Impatience hates *Ingratitude*, forſooth!
Why?——it diſcovers an *ungrateful* Truth;
That having done, for *Intereſt*, or *Fame*,
Such, and ſuch doings, ſhe has loſt her Aim;
While thankleſs People, really in her Debt,
Have all got theirs——and put her in a Fret.

Poſſeſt of *Patience*, a right humble Mind,
At all Events, is totally reſign'd;

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Does good for *ſake of good*, not for th' *Event*,
Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its Content:
Good, to be done, or, to be ſuffer'd, Ill,
It acts, it bears, with meek, ſubmiſſive Will,——

" *Enough, enough*——*Now tell me, if you pleaſe,*
" *How is it to be had, this* MENTAL EASE?"
God knows, I do not, how it is acquir'd——
But this I know——if *heartily* deſir'd,
We ſhall be thankful for the Donor's Leave
To aſk——to hope——and wait till we receive.

PART II.

" *Virtues, you ſay, by* Patience *muſt be tried*——
" *If that be wanting, they are all but* Pride,
" *Of Rule ſo ſtrict, I want to have a Clue*"——
Well, if you'll have the ſame Indulgence too,
And take a freſh Compliance in good Part,
I'll do the beſt I can, with all my Heart.

PRIDE is the grand Diſtemper of the Mind;
The Source of ev'ry Vice of ev'ry Kind:
That Love of *ſelf*, wherein its Eſſence lies,
Gives Birth to vicious Tempers, and Supplies:
We coin a world of Names for them, but ſtill,
All comes to *Fondneſs* for our *own dear* Will.

We ſee, by Facts, upon the triple Stage
Of preſent Life, Youth, Manhood, and old Age,

How,

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How, to be *pleas'd*——be *honour'd*——and be *rich*——
Theſe three Conditions commonly bewitch:
From young to old, if human Faults you weigh,
'Tis *ſelfiſh Pride*, that grows from green to grey.

Pride is, indeed, a more accuſtom'd Name
For queſt of Grandeur, Eminence, or Fame;
But that of Pleaſure, that of Gold betrays
What inward Principle it is, that ſways:
The Rake's *young* Dotage, and the Miſer's *old*,
One ſame enſlaving Love to *Self* unfold.

If *Pride* be thus the Fountain of all Vice;
Whence muſt we ſay that Virtue has its riſe,
But from HUMILITY? and what the ſure,
And certain ſign, that even this is pure?
For Pride, itſelf, will in *its* Dreſs appear,
When nothing touches that ſame *Self* too near.

But when provok'd, and, ſay, unjuſtly too,
Then Pride diſrobes; then, what a huge ado!
Then, who can blame the Paſſion of a Pride,
That has got Reaſon, Reaſon of its Side?
He's in the wrong —— and, I am in the right——
Reſentment come, Humility, good Night!

Now, the *Criterion*, I apprehend,
On which, if any, one may beſt depend,
Is PATIENCE;——is the *Bear*, and the *Forbear*;
To which the truly virtuous adhere;

Reſolv'd

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Reſolv'd to *ſuffer*, without *Pro* and *Con*,
A thouſand Evils, rather than *do* one.

Not to have *Patience*, and yet not be *proud*,
Is Contradiction not to be allow'd:
All Eyes are open to ſo plain a Cheat,
But of the blinded by the Self-deceit;
Who, with a like Conſiſtency, may tell,
That nothing ails them, tho' they are not well.

Strict is the Rule; but notwithſtanding, *true*;
However *I* fall ſhort of it, or *you*:
Beſt to increaſe our Stock, if it be ſmall,
By dealing in it with our Neighbours all;
And then, who knows? but we ſhall, in the End,
Learn to have Patience *with ourſelves*——and mend.

REMARKS

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REMARKS

UPON

Dr. *Akenſide*'s and Mr. *Whitehead*'s Verſes

Which were publiſhed and addreſſed to the People of England, in the Year 1758.

" *WHITHER is* EUROPE'S *antient Spirit fled?**
How came this Query in the Doctor's Head?
Whither is BRITAIN'S——one had ſooner gueſs'd,
In Ode to his own Countrymen addreſs'd:
But as outlandiſh Rivers ſoon infer it,
(Six, in three Lines) it muſt be EUROPE'S Spirit.

Of " *valiant Tenants of her Shore,*" 'tis ſaid,
" *Who from the warrior Bow the ſtrong Dart ſped*"——
Let Bow be Warrior, and let Dart be ſtrong;
Verſe does not ſpeed ſo ſpeedily along;

" The

* ——*rapacium maſcula militum*
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
verſare glebas Hor.

Whither is Europe's antient Spirit fled?
Where are the valiant Tenants of her Shore?
Who from the warrior Bow the ſtrong Dart ſped,
Or with ſtrong Hand the rapid Poleax bore?
See an Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, by Dr. Akenſide.

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" The *ſtrong Dart ſped*"——does but go thump, thump, thump,
That quick as thrown ſhould pierce the Liver plump.

" *And with firm Hand the rapid Poleax bore*"——
If it had been the *rapid* Dart, before,
And the *ſtrong* Poleax, here, it had agreed
With a firm Hold as well, and darting ſpeed:
Whither are fled from Ode-Verſification,
The ancient——*Pleaſures of Imagination?**

Really theſe fighting Poets want a Tutor,
To teach them——*Ultra crepidam ne Sutor:*
To teach the *Doctor*, and to teach the *Laureat*,
Ex HELICONE *ſanguinem ne hauriat:*
Tho' Blood and Wounds infect its limpid Stream,
It ſhould run clear before they ſing a Theme.

Ye——" BRITONS *rouſe to Deeds of Death!*——ſays one,†
Whither, the next, *is Europe's Spirit gone?*
While real Warriors think it all a Farce
For them to bounce of either *Mors* or *Mars:*

Safe

* Alluding to a celebrated Poem, written by Dr. Akenſide, entitled, the Pleaſures of the Imagination.

† ——*Animos in martia bella*
Verſibus exacuit Hor.

Britons, rouſe to Deeds of Death!——
See Verſes to the People of England, 1758, by William Whitehead, Eſq; Poet Laureat.

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Safe as one *ſacks it*, under bloodleſs Bay;
And ſure as t'other even *Death* muſt pay.

But you ſhall hear what *Captain* ***** ſaid,
When he had heard both Ode and Verſes read:
On Mottos—— *Verſibus exacuit*——
And——*Proles militum*—— he mus'd a bit;
Then, having caſt his hunting Wits about,
In queſt of Rhimes, he thus, at laſt, broke out.——

Poh! let my *Serjeant*, when his Doſe is taken,
BRITONS STRIKE HOME! with moiſten'd Pipe rehearſe,
To *Deeds* of *Death* 'twill ſooner much awaken,
Than a Cart Load full of ſuch Ode and Verſe.

If theſe two Bards will, by a *tuneful* Labour,
Show, without *ſham*, their Love to *killing* Life,
Let AKENSIDE go *thump* upon the Tabor;
And WHITEHEAD graſp th' *exacuating* Fife.

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A

HINT to a young Perſon,

For his better Improvement by Reading or Converſation.

IN reading Authors, when you find
Bright Paſſages that ſtrike your Mind,
And which perhaps you may have Reaſon
To think on at another Seaſon,
Be not contented with the Sight,
But take them down in *Black* and *White*;
Such a Reſpect is wiſely ſhown
That makes another's Senſe one's own.

When you're aſleep upon your Bed
A Thought may come into your Head,
Which may be of good uſe, if taken
Due Notice of when you're awaken;
Of midnight Thoughts to take no heed,
Betrays a ſleepy Soul indeed;
It is but dreaming in the Day
To throw our nightly Hours away.

In Converſation, when you meet
With Perſons chearful, and diſcreet,
That ſpeak, or quote, in Proſe, or Rhime,
Things or facetious, or ſublime,

Obſerve

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Obſerve what paſſes, and anon,
When you come Home think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not,
A good Thing ſay'd 's a good Thing got.

Let no remarkable Event
Paſs with a gaping Wonderment,
A Fool's device——*Lord, who would think!*
Commit it ſafe to Pen and Ink
Whate'er deſerves Attention now,
For when 'tis paſs'd, you know not how,
Too late you'll find it, to your Coſt,
So much of human Life is loſt.

Were it not for the written Letter,
Pray, what were living Men the better
For all the Labours of the Dead,
For all that *Socrates* e'er ſaid?
The Morals brought from Heav'n to Men
He would have carried back again:
'Tis owing to his Short-Hand Youth
That *Socrates* does now ſpeak Truth.

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TO

Lady B—— W——,

Upon her preſenting the Author with the Moiety of a Lottery Ticket.

THIS Ticket is to be divided——well;
To Lady Betty let theſe Preſents tell
How much I value, Chances all apart,
This gentle token of her friendly Heart;
Without regard to Prizes or to Blanks,
My Obligation is immediate Thanks;
And here they come as hearty and as free,
As this unlook'd for Favour came to me.

Five Thouſand Pounds perhaps——a handſome Sum——
Ay, but in Specie *Five* may never come——
That as you pleaſe, Dame Fortune; in my Mind
I have already taken it in kind;
Am quite contented with my preſent Lot,
Whether you're pleas'd to ſecond it, or not:
Chance is but Chance; however, great or ſmall,
The Spirit of a loving Gift is all.

" Three Tickets offer'd to make choice of one,
" And write the Memorandum thereupon"——

Spread

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Spread in ſucceſſive order, as they lie,
May all be Prizes, for her ſake, thought I!
That, upon which my Fancy choſe to fix,
Was (let me ſee) Four hundred fifty-ſix:
Four, five, and ſix——they are, if I can read,
Numbers that *regularly ſhould ſucceed.*

Thou backward Fortune, that in Days of Yore
Haſt read from ſix to five, from five to four,
Once, for the Lady's ſake, reverſe thy Spight,
And trace a luckier Circle to the right,
If thou art angry that I ſhould deſpiſe
Thy Gifts, which never dazzl'd much my Eyes;
Now ſpeak me fair, nor let th' Occaſion ſlip
Of ſuch an honourable Partnerſhip.

Stand ſtill a Moment on thy Bridge's Pier,
And the Conditions of Succeſs let's hear;
Say what the Bard ſhall offer at thy Shrine,
Any thing leſs than Worſhip, and 'tis thine.
If not ſo quite (as they relate thee) blind,
See both our Names, which thus together join'd,
I'd rather *ſhare* Ten Thouſand Pounds, I own,
Than court thee for ten Millions *alone.*

" Thouſands and Millions, Sir, are pompous Sounds
" For Poets, ſeldom converſant in Pounds"——
Yes; but I'm only looking on th' Event
As correſponding to a kind Intent.

Should

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Should it turn out its Thouſands, more or leſs,
I ſhould be ſomewhat puzzl'd, I profeſs,
And muſt upon a Caſe ſo new, ſo nice,
Fly to my Benefactreſs for Advice.

What ſhall I do with ſuch a monſtrous Prize?
But——we'll poſtpone the Queſtion——'till it riſe——
Let it's To-morrow manage that——To-day
Accept the Thanks which I am bound to pay;
Enrich'd, if you permit me ſtill to ſhare
Your wiſh of Welfare, and your gen'rous Care:
The greateſt Bliſs, if I have any Skill,
Of human Life is mutual Good-will.

This, without Queſtion, has your Hand confeſt;
This, without Flatt'ry, warms a willing Breaſt:
So much good Nature ſhown with ſo much Eaſe;
Beſtow your Sums, Dame Fortune, where you pleaſe:
That kind of Satisfaction, which I feel,
Comes not within the Compaſs of your Wheel;
No Prize can heighten the unpurchas'd Grace,
Nor Blanks the grateful Sentiments efface.

THE

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THE CENTAUR fabulous.*

ZEUXIS of old a Female *Centaur* drew,
To ſhow his Art; and then expos'd to View:
The *human* Half, with ſo exact a Care,
Was join'd to Limbs of a *Theſſalian* Mare,
That, ſeeing, from a different Point, the Piece,
Some prais'd the *Maid* and ſome the *Mare* of Greece,

Like to this *Centaur*, by his own Relation,
Is *Doctor Warburton*'s DIVINE LEGATION:
Which ſuperficial Writers, on each Hand,
Chriſtians, and Deiſts, did not underſtand;
Becauſe they both obſerv'd, from *partial* Views,
Th' incorporated *Church* and *State* of Jews.

Th' ingenious Artiſt took the pains to draw,
Full and entire, the *Compound* of the *Law*;

The

* The delicate Poignancy of the Wit with which this allegorical Piece is enlivened, will be obvious to the Reader who is acquainted with the Writings of the celebrated Author of the Divine Legation; and therefore any Extracts to illuſtrate the Epithets and Alluſions which refer to them in the following Verſes, would only ſerve to ſwell the Notes into a tedious Prolixity: However, one Quotation is annexed, in order to juſtify a Charge, which might be ſuſpected of Exaggeration by thoſe, who are Strangers to the learned Writers manner of treating his Opponents.

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The two Societies, the *civil* Kind,
And the *religious*, perfectly combin'd;
With GOD ALMIGHTY, as a *Temp'ral* Prince,
Governing both, as all his Proofs evince;

Without the Doctrine of a future State——
Here, with Opponents, lies the *main* Debate:
They cannot reconcile to serious Thought
GOD's Church and State——with LIFE TO COME, *untaught;*
With *Law*, or *Gospel* cannot make to suit
VIRGIN of SION sinking down to *Brute*.

ZEUXIS the *new*, they argue, takes a Pride
In Shapes so incompatible *allied:*
And talks away, as if he had pourtray'd
A *real* Creature, mixt of *Mare* and *Maid:*
All who deny th' Existence of the Pad,
He *centaurizes* into *Fool* and *Mad*.*

If one objected to a Maiden *Hoof;*
Why, 'tis an *Animal*——was all his Proof:
If to an Animal with *human* Head;
O! 'tis a beauteous *Woman*——ZEUXIS said:
What?

* *Who has not signalized himself against the* Divine Legation? *Bigots, Hutchinsonians, Methodists, Answerers, Free-thinkers, and Fanatics, have in their Turns been all up in Arms against it. The Scene was opened by a false Zealot, and at present seems likely to be closed by a Behmenist. A natural and easy Progress, from* FOLLY *to* MADNESS. See the Dedication prefixed to the 1st V. of the 2d Part of the D. L.

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What! *Animal* and *Woman* both at once?
Yes——that's *eſſential* to the *whole ye Dunce.*

His *primary*, and *ſecondary* Senſe,
Like *Mare* and *Maid*, ſupport his fond Pretence;
From joining Spot, he ſkips to each Extreme;
Or *ſtrides* to both, and guards the motley Scheme;
Solving, with like centauriformal Eaſe,
Law, Prophets, Goſpel, quoted as you pleaſe.

Thus *both* went on, long labour'd Volumes thro'——
Now what muſt fair impartial Readers do?
Muſt they not grieve, if either of them treat
On *Law*, or *Grace*, with Rudeneſs, or with Heat?
Of either *Zeuxis*, they allow the ſkill;
But that—— *the* CENTAUR *is a* FABLE *ſtill.*

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THOUGHTS

ON THE

Conſtitution of HUMAN NATURE,

As repreſented in the Syſtems of modern Philoſophers.

STRONG Paſſions draw, like Horſes that are ſtrong,
The Body Coach, of Fleſh and Blood, along;
While ſubtle Reaſon, with each Rein in Hand,
Sits on the Box, and has them at Command;
Rais'd up aloft, to ſee and to be ſeen,
Judges the Track, and guides the gay Machine.

But was it made for nothing elſe,——beſide
Paſſions to draw, and *Reaſon* to be Guide?
Was ſo much Art employ'd, to drag and drive,
Nothing *within* the Vehicle, alive?
No ſeated *Mind*, that claims the moving Pew,
Maſter of Paſſions, and of Reaſon too?

The grand Contrivance, why ſo well equip
With ſtrength of Paſſions, rul'd by Reaſon's Whip?
Vainly profuſe had *Apparatus* been,
Did not a reigning *Spirit* reſt within;

Which

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Which Paſſions carry, and ſound Reaſon means
To render preſent at pre-order'd Scenes.

They, who are loud in human Reaſon's Praiſe,
And celebrate the Drivers of our Days,
Seem to ſuppoſe, by their continual Bawl,
That Paſſions, Reaſon, and Machine, is all;
To them the Windows are drawn up, and clear
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

Matter and Motion, and ſuperior Man
By Head and Shoulders, form their reas'ning Plan;
View'd, and demurely ponder'd, as they roll;
And ſcoring Traces on the Paper Soul,
Blank, ſhaven white, they fill th' unfurniſh'd Pate,
With *new* Ideas, none of them *innate*.

When theſe Adepts are got upon a Box,
Away they gallop thro' the gazing Flocks;
Trappings admir'd, and the high mettl'd Brute,
And Reaſon, balancing its either Foot;
While ſeeing Eyes diſcern, at their Approach,
Fullneſs of Skill, and emptineſs of Coach.

'Tis very well that lively Paſſions draw,
That ſober Reaſon keeps them all in Awe;
The one to run, the other to controll,
And drive directly to the deſtin'd Goal:
What Goal?——Ay, there the Queſtion ſhould begin;
What *Spirit* drives the willing Mind within?

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Senſe, Reaſon, Paſſions, and the like, are ſtill
One ſelf ſame Man, whoſe Action is his *Will*;
Whoſe Will, if right, will ſoon renounce the Pride
Of an *own* Reaſon, for an *only* Guide;
As God's unerring Spirit ſhall inſpire,
Will ſtill direct the *Drift* of his Deſire.

ON THE

PATRON of ENGLAND,

In a Letter to Lord Willoughby, Preſident of the Antiquarian Society.

WILL you pleaſe to permit me, my very good Lord,
Some Night when you meet upon ancient Record,
Full worthily filling Antiquity's Throne,
To propoſe to your Sages a Doubt of my own,
A certain moot Point of a national Kind;
For it touches all ENGLAND to have it defin'd
With a little more Fact, by what Kind of a Right
Her Patron, her Saint, is a *Cappadow Knight*.

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I know what our Songs, and our Stories advance,
That ST. GEORGE is for ENGLAND, ST. DENYS for FRANCE;
But the French, tho' uncertain what DENYS it was,
All own he converted, and taught 'em their Maſs;
And moſt other Nations, I fancy, remount
To a Saint, whom they choſe upon ſome ſuch Account,
But I never could learn, that for any like Notion,
The Engliſh made Choice of a *Knight Cappadocian*.

Their Converſion was owing (Event, one would hope,
Worth remembring at leaſt) to a Saint, and a Pope,
To a *Gregory* known by the *Firſt*, and the *Great*,
Who ſent, to relieve them from Pagan Deceit,
St. *Auſtin* the Monk; and both *Sender* and *Sent*
Had their Days in old Faſti, that noted th' Event:
Now my Lord I would aſk of the Learn'd, and Laborious,
If *Ge-orgius* ben't a Miſtake for *Gregorius*.

In Names ſo like letter'd it would be no Wonder,
If haſty Tranſcribers had made ſuch a Blunder;
And Miſtake in the Names, by a Slip of their Pen,
May perhaps have occaſion'd Miſtake in the Men.
That this has been made, to omit all the reſt,
Let a Champion of yours, your own *Selden*, atteſt;
See his Book upon Titles of Honour——that Quarter
Where he treats of St. GEORGE, and the *Knights* of the *Garter*.

There

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There he quotes from *Froiſſart*, how, at firſt, on the Plan
Of a Lady's blue Garter, blue Order began,
In one thouſand, three hundred and forty and four,
But the Name of the Saint in *Froiſſart* is *Gregore;*
So the Chronicle Writer or printed, or wrote
For *George*, without Doubt, ſays the marginal Note:
Be it there a Miſtake——but, my Lord, I'm afraid
That the ſame, *viee verſa*, was anciently made.

For tho' much has been ſaid by the great Antiquarian
Of an Orthodox *George*——*Cappadocian*——and *Arian;*
How the Soldier firſt came to be Patron of old,
I have not, ſays he, Light enough to behold:
A Soldier-like Nation, he gueſſes (for want
Of a Proof that it did ſo) would chuſe him for Saint;
For in all his old Writings no Fragment occurr'd,
That ſaluted him Patron, 'till EDWARD the Third.

His Reign, he had gueſs'd to have been the firſt Time,
But for old Saxon Proſe, and for old Engliſh Rhyme,
Which mention a *George*, a great Martyr, and Saint,
Tho' they ſay not a Word of the Thing that we want;
They tell of his Tortures, his Death, and his Pray'r,
Without the leaſt Hint of the queſtion'd Affair;
That Light, I ſhould gueſs, with Submiſſion to *Selden*,
As he was not the Patron, he was not beheld in.

The Name in French, Latin, and Saxon, 'tis hinted,
Some three or four Times, is miſ-writ or miſ-printed;

He

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He renders it *George*——but allowing the Hint,
And the Juſtice of Change, both in Writing and Print,
Some *George*, by like Error (it adds to the Doubt)
Has turn'd, our Converter, ST. GREGORY out:
He, or Auſtin the Monk, bid the faireſt by far
To be Patron of *England*——till Garter and Star,

In the old Saxon Cuſtom of crowning our Kings,
As *Selden* has told us, amongſt other Things
They nam'd in the Pray'rs, which his Pages tranſplant,
The VIRGIN——ST. PETER——and one other Saint;
Whoſe Connection with England is alſo expreſt;
And yields, in this Caſe, ſuch a probable Teſt,
That, a Patron ſuppos'd, we may fairly agree,
Such a Saint is the Perſon, whoever it be.

Now with MARY, and PETER, when Monarchs were crown'd,
There is only a SANCTUS GREGORIUS found;
And his Title——ANGLORUM APOSTOLUS——too;
With which a ST. GEORGE can have nothing to do:
While *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, and *France*, and *Spain* claims
A ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRIC, ST. DENYS, ST. JAMES,
Both Apoſtle, and Patron——for Saint ſo unknown
Why ſhould *England* reject an Apoſtle her own?

This, my Lord, is the Matter——the plain ſimple Rhimes
Lay no Fault, you perceive, upon Proteſtant Times:

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I impute the Miſtake, if it ſhould be one, ſolely
To the Pontifs ſucceeding, who chriſten'd Wars holy,
To Monarchs, who madding around their round Tables,
Prefer'd, to Converſion, their Fighting, and Fables:
When Soldiers were many, good Chriſtians but few,
ST. GEORGE was advanc'd to ST. GREGORY's Due.

One may be miſtaken——and therefore would beg
That a *Willis*, a *Stukeley*, an *Ames*, or a *Pegge*,
In ſhort, that your Lordſhip, and all the fam'd Set
Who are, under your Auſpices, happily met,
In perfect good Humour——which you can inſpire,
As I know by Experience——would pleaſe to enquire,
To ſearch this one Queſtion, and ſettle, I hope,
WAS OLD ENGLAND'S OLD PATRON A KNIGHT, OR A POPE?

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ON

Specious and Superficial WRITERS.

HOW rare the Caſe, tho' common the Pretence,
To write on Subjects from a real Senſe!
'Tis many a celebrated Author's Fate,
To print Effuſions, juſt as Parrots prate:
He moulds a Matter, that he once was taught,
In various ſhapes, and thinks it to be Thought.
Words, at Command, he marſhals in Array,
And proves whatever he is pleas'd to ſay;
While Learning, like a Torrent, pours along,
And ſweeps away the Subject, right or wrong:
One follows, for a while, a rolling Theme,
Toſs't in the middle of the rapid Stream;
Till, out of Sight, with like impetuous Force,
Torn from its Roots, another takes the Courſe;
While Froth and Bubble glaze the flowing Mud,
And the Man thinks all clear and underſtood:
A ſhining Surface, and a tranſient View,
Makes the ſlight-witted Reader think ſo too:
It entertains him, and the Book is bought,
Read, and admir'd, without Expence of Thought:
No Tax impos'd upon his Wits, his Caſh
Paid without Scruple, he enjoys the Traſh.

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THE

Paſſive Participle's Petition,

TO THE

Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine.

URBAN, or SYLVAN, or whatever Name
Delight thee moſt, thou foremoſt in the Fame
Of Magazining Chiefs, whoſe rival Page
With monthly Medley courts the curious Age;
Hear a poor paſſive *Participle*'s Caſe,
And, if thou can'ſt, reſtore me to my Place.

'Till juſt of late, good *Engliſh* has thought fit
To call me *written*, or to call me *writ*;
But what is writ, or written, by the Vote
Of Writers now, hereafter muſt be *wrote*:
And what is *ſpoken* too, hereafter *ſpoke*;
And Meaſures never to be *broken*, *broke*.

I never could be *driven*, but, in ſpite
Of Grammar, they have *drove* me from my Right.
None could have *riſen* to become my Foes;
But what a World of Enemies have *roſe*!
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Paſſive

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Paſſive I am, and would be, and implore
That ſuch Abuſe may be henceforth *forbore*,
If not *forborn*, for, by all Spelling Book,
If not *miſtaken*, they are all *miſtook*:
And, in plain Engliſh, it had been as well
If what has *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell*.

Since this Attack upon me has *began*,
Who knows what Lengths in Language may be *ran*?
For if it once be *grew* into a Law,
You'll ſee ſuch Work as never has been *ſaw*;
Part of our Speech, and Senſe, perhaps, beſide,
Shakes when I'm *ſhook*, and dies when I am *di'd*.

Then let the præter, and imperfect Tenſe
Of my own Words to me remit the Senſe:
Or, ſince we two are oft enough agreed,
Let all the learned take ſome better heed;
And leave the vulgar to confound the due
Of Præter Tenſe, and Participle too.

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THE
BEAU and the BEDLAMITE.

A Patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,
Was permitted ſometimes to go out of his Cell:
One Day, when they gave him that Freedom, he ſpi'd
A beauiſh young Spark with a Sword by his Side;
With an huge Silver Hilt, and a Scabbard for Steel,
That ſwung at due Length, from his Hip to his Heel.

When he ſaw him advance on the Gallery Ground,
The Bedlamite ran, and ſurvey'd him all round;
While a Waiter ſuppreſt the young Captain's Alarm,
With——"*You need not to fear Sir, he'll do you no Harm.*"
At the laſt he broke out——Aye, a very fine Show!
May I aſk him one Queſtion?——What's that? ſaid the Beau——

Pray what is that long, dangling, cumberſome Thing,
That you ſeem to be ti'd to with Ribband and String?——
Why, that is my Sword——and what is it to do?——
Kill my Enemies, Maſter, by running them thro'——
Kill your Enemies!——Kill a Fool's Head of your own;
They'll die of themſelves, if you'll let them alone.

AN

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A N

Anſwer to the following Letter,

REQUESTING

The Author's Solution of a REBUS,

Commonly aſcribed to Lord Cheſterfield,

Good Mr. DIAPHANUS,

I have a very great Opinion of your Ingenuity, and I know you love to employ it: If you'll not think the aſking the Favour to unravel the following Rebus, too great an Impertinence, you will by the Diſcovery, very much oblige

Your Friend,

Cheſter, And moſt obedient Servant,

March 22, 1765. APHANUS.

You'll pleaſe to direct to your old Acquaintance Benj. N———s.

The REBUS.

THE nobleſt Object in the Works of Art,
The brighteſt Scene that Nature can impart,
The well-known Signal in the time of Peace,
The Point eſſential in the Tenant's Leaſe,
The Farmer's Comfort when he holds the Plough,
A Soldier's Duty and the Lover's Vow,

A Contract

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A Contract made before the Nuptial Tye,
A Bleſſing Riches never can ſupply,
A Spot that adds new Charms to pretty Faces,
An Engine us'd in fundamental Caſes,
A Planet ſeen between the Earth and Sun,
A Prize which Merit never yet has won,
A Loſs which Prudence ſeldom can retrieve,
The Death of Judas and the Fault of Eve,
A Part between the Ancle and the Knee,
A Patriot's Toaſt, and a Phyſician's Fee,
A Wife's Ambition, and a Parſon's Dues,
A Miſer's Idol and the Badge of Jews.
If now your happy Genius can divine
The Correſpondent Words to every Line,
By the firſt Letters will be plainly found
An ancient City that is much renown'd.

The ANSWER.

PAUCIS, Friend *Aphanus*, *abhinc Diebus*,
With no ſmall Pleaſure, I receiv'd a Rebus:
Not that the Rebus gave it, underſtand,
But old Acquaintance BENJAMIN's own Hand;
For all the Bleſſings due to mortal Men,
Rebus in omnibus, I wiſh to BEN.

At his Requeſt I ſought for ancient City,
That lay conceal'd in cabaliſtic Ditty;
So did we all——for, when his Letter came,
Some Friends were chair'd around the focal Flame;

But

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But Rebus out not one of all could make;
Diaphanus himſelf was quite *vpake*,

Tho' pleas'd with pleaſing, when he can do ſo,
His Ingenuity he loves to ſhow;
If ſuch a Thing falls out to be his Lot;
He is as free to own when it does not:
Here he had none, nor any *Succedaneum*,
That could diſcover this ſame *Herculaneum*.

Altho' it ſeem'd to aſk, when it appear'd,
No great *Herculean* Labour to be clear'd;
So many different Wits at work, no doubt,
The City's Name would quickly be found out;
But, notwithſtanding *variorum Lecture*,
The Name lay ſnug without the leaſt Detecture.

You ſtand intitl'd, hereupon, to laugh
At hapleſs Genius in your Friend *Diaph*.
But in excuſe for what he muſt confeſs,
Nor Men, nor even Ladies here could gueſs;
To *Variorum* ſeen, or *Variarum*,
No more of ancient City than old *Sarum*.

One Thing, however, roſe from this Occaſion,
It put an End to Fears of French Invaſion;
And Wits, quite frighten'd out of Dames, and Men,
When Rebus came, came into 'em again:
Tho' little ſkill'd to judge of either Matter,
Yet the more pleaſing Puzzle was the latter.

You'll

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You'll think, I'm thinking, upon ſecond Thought,
That, tho' we miſt of City that was ſought,
We might have told you ſomewhat of the Gueſſes
Of luckleſs Neighbours, and of Neighboureſſes;
So let us try to give you juſt an *Item*;
For it would take a Volume to recite 'em.

I can't divine, ſaid *Chloe*, for my Part,
What the Man means by *nobleſt Work of Art*——
From Clock to Temple, Pyramid, and Ship,
And twenty diff'rent Handyworks you ſkip;
Now, I dare ſay, when all your Votes are paſt,
City, or Work——tis *Dreſden* at the laſt.

Nor I, ſaid *Phillis*, what the Man can mean
By his next Hint of——*Nature's brighteſt Scene*——
Amongſt ſo many of her Scenes, ſo bright,
Who can deviſe which of 'em is the right?
To name a Word where brighteſt Scene muſt lie,
And ſpeak my own Opinion, Sirs,—— *'tis Eye.*

Peace, ſaid a Third, of I forget what Sex,
Has *well known Signal* that may well perplex;
It ſhould be Olive-Branch, to be well known,
But Rebus, unconfin'd to that alone,
May mean Abundance, Plenty, Riches, Trade——
Who knows the Signal that is here diſplay'd?

Thus they went on——but, tho' I ſtir its Embers,
It is not much that Memory remembers:

Two

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Two Ladies had a long diſputing Match,
Whether *Charm-adding Spot* was Mole or Patch;
While none would venture to decide the Vole——
One had a Patch and t'other had a Moſe.

So *Wife's Ambition* made a parted School;
Some ſaid——to *pleaſe* her Huſband——ſome, to *rule*——
On this moot point too Rebus would create,
As you may gueſs, a pretty ſmart Debate;
'Till one propos'd to end it thus, with Eaſe;
The only way to *rule* him——is to *pleaſe*.

Hold! I forgot——One ſaid, a *Parſon's Dues*
Was the ſame Thing with rhiming *Badge of Jews*,
And *Tithe* was it——but Corn, or Pig, or Goose;
What Earth, or Animals of Earth produce,
From Calf and Lamb, to Turnip and Potatoe,
Might be the Word——which he had nought to ſay to.

Made for Excuſe, you ſee, upon the whole,
The too great Number of the Words, that poll
For Correſpondency to ev'ry Line;
And make the meant one tedious to divine:
But we ſuſpect that other Points ambiguous,
And eke unfair, contribute to fatigue us.

For firſt, with due Submiſſion to our Betters,
What ancient City could have eighteen Letters?
Or more?——for, in the latter Lines, the Clue
May have *one* correſpondent Word, or two:

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Clue ſhould have ſaid, if only one occurr'd,
Not correſpondent *Words* to each, but *Word*.

From ſome Suſpicions of a Bite, we gueſs
The Number of the Letters to be leſs;
And, from Expreſſion of a certain Caſt,
Some Joke, unequal to the Pains at laſt:
Could you have ſaid that all was right, and clever,
We ſhould have try'd more fortunate Endeavour.

It ſhould contain, ſhould this ſame JEU DE MOTS,
Clean-pointed Turn, ſhort, fair, and A PROPOS;
Wit without Straining; Neatneſs without Starch;
Hinted, tho' hid; and decent, tho' 'tis arch;
No vile Idea ſhould diſgrace a Rebus——
SIC DICUNT MUSÆ, SIC EDICIT PHÆBUS.

This, *Aphanus*, tho' ſhort of Satisfaction,
Is what Account occurs of the Tranſaction,
Impertinent enough——but you'll excuſe
What your own Poſtcript half enjoin'd the Muſe:
She, when ſhe took the ſudden Taſk upon her,
Believe me, did it to oblige your Honour.

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS

On Rhime and Blank Verſe.

WHAT a deal of impertinent Stuff, at this Time,
Comes out about Verſes in Blank or in Rhime!
To determine their Merits by critical Proſe,
And treat the two Parties, as if they were Foes!——
It's allotting ſo gravely, to ſettle their Rank,
All the Bondage to Rhime, all the Freedom to Blank,
Has provok'd a few Rhimes to ſtep forth, and repreſs
The pedantical Whim, grown to ſuch an exceſs:

Not to hinder the Dupes of this fanciful Wit
From retailing its Maxims, whene'er they think fit;
But to caution young Bards, if in danger to waſte
Any Genius for Verſe on ſo partial a Taſte:
That (allowing to Blank all the real Pretence
To what Freedom it has) if ſupported by Senſe,
For Words without any, they may not neglect
Of as free flowing Rhime the delightful Effect.

Here are two ſpecial Terms which the Sophiſters mingle,
To be Sauce for the reſt, to wit, Fetters, and Jingle;
And, becauſe a weak Writer may chance to expoſe
Very ill-choſen Words to ſuch Phraſes as thoſe,

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The unthinking Reflecters ſit down to their Rote,
And pronounce againſt Rhime th' undiſtinguiſhing Vote:
Sole Original this, in the petulant School,
Of its idle Objections to Metre, and Rule.

For to what other Fetters are Verſes confin'd,
Whether made up of blank, or of metrical Kind?
If a Man has not Taſte for poetical Lines,
Can't he let them alone; and ſay what he deſigns,
Upon ſome other Points, in his unfetter'd Way;
And contemn, if he will, all numerical Lay?
But the Faſhion, forſooth, muſt affect the Sublime,
The Grand, the Pathetic, and rail againſt Rhime.

Blank Verſe is the Thing——tho', whoever tries both,
Will find of its Fetters a plentiful Growth;
Many Chains to be needful to meaſure his Ground,
And keep the Sublime within requiſite Bound:
If a laudable Product in Rhime ſhould, perhaps,
Extort an Applauſe from theſe exquiſite Chaps,
They expreſs it ſo ſhily, for fear of a Fetter——
Had the Rhime been neglected, it would have been better.——

And ſo they begin with their Jingle (or Rattle,
As ſome of them call it) the delicate Battle;
The Senſe muſt be cramp'd, they cry out, to be ſure,
By the Nature of Rhime, and be render'd obſcure:
As if Blank, by its Grandeur, and magnifi'd Pauſe,
Was ſecure in its Freedom from any ſuch Flaws;

Tho'

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Tho' ſo apt, in bad Hands, to give Readers Offence,
By the rattling of Sound, and the darkneſs of Senſe.

All the Arguments form'd, as they proſe it along,
And twiſt them and twine, againſt metrical Song,
Preſuppoſe the poor Maker to be but a Dunce;
For, if that be not true, they all vaniſh at once:
If it be, what Advantage has Blank in the Caſe,
From counting bad Verſes by Unit, or Brace?
Nothing elſe can reſult from the critical Rout,
But,——A Blockhead's a Blockhead, with Rhime, or without.

It came, as they tell us, from ignorant Moors,
And by Growth of fine Taſte will be turn'd out o'Doors:
Two inſipid Conceits, at a Venture entwin'd,
And void of all Proof both before and behind:
Too old its Reception, to tell of its Age;
Its Downfall, if Taſte could but fairly preſage,
When the Bees of the Country make Honey no more,
Will then certainly come——not a Moment before.

Till then it will reign, and while, here and there ſpread,
Blank Verſe, like an Aloe, rears up its Head;
And, freſh from the Hot-houſe, ſucceſsfully tow'rs
To make People ſtare at the Height of its Flow'rs;
The Variety, Sweetneſs, and Smoothneſs of Rhime
Will flouriſh, bedeck'd, by its natural Clime,
With numberleſs Beauties; and frequently ſhoot,
If cheriſh'd aright, into Bloſſom and Fruit.

But

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But ſtuffing their Heads, in theſe claſſical Days,
Full of *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Horace*, and *Plays*;
And finding that Rhime is in none of the four,
'Tis enough, the Finetaſters have gotten their Lore:
And away they run on with their Words in a String,
Which they throw up at Rhime with a finical Fling;
But to reach its full Sweetneſs nor willing, nor able,
They talk about Taſte, like the Fox in the Fable.

To the Praiſe of old Metre it quitted the Stage,
In Abhorrence of tragical Ranting and Rage;
Which with Heights, and with Depths of Diſtreſſes enrich'd,
Verſe and Proſe, Art and Nature, and Morals bewitch'd;
All the native Agreements of Language diſgrac'd,
That theatrical Pomp might intoxicate Taſte;
Still retaining poor Blank, in its Fetters held faſt,
To bemoan its hard Fate in romantic Bombaſt.

'Tis the *Subject*, in fine, in the Matter of Song,
That makes a blank Verſe, or a Rhime to be wrong:
If unjuſt, or improper, unchaſte or prophane,
It diſgraces alike all poetical Strain:
If not, the Poſſeſſor of tunable Skill
Unfetter'd, unjingled, may take which he will;
Any Plan, to which Freedom and Judgment impel——
All the Bus'neſs he knows, is to *execute well*.

St.

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St. PHILIP NERI

AND THE

YOUTH.

ST. *Philip Neri*, as old Readings ſay,
Met a young Stranger in *Rome*'s Streets one Day;
And, being ever courteouſly inclin'd
To give young Folks a ſober Turn of Mind,
He fell into Diſcourſe with him; and thus
The Dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle Youth, to *Rome?*

Y. To make myſelf a Scholar, Sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a *Prieſt*, I hope, Sir, in the End.

St. Suppoſe it ſo——what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a *Canon* too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a *Biſhop*.

St. Be it ſo——
What then?

Y. Why, *Cardinal*'s a high degree——
And yet my Lot it poſſibly may be.

St.

St. Suppoſe it was——what then?

Y. Why, who can ſay
But I've a Chance for being *Pope* one Day?

St. Well, having worn the Mitre, and red Hat,
And triple Crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is Nothing further, to be ſure,
Upon this Earth, that Wiſhing can procure:
When I've enjoy'd a Dignity ſo high,
As long as God ſhall pleaſe, then——*I muſt die*

St. What! *muſt* you die? fond Youth! and at the beſt
But *wiſh* and *hope*, and *may be* all the reſt?
Take my Advice——whatever *may* betide,
For that which *muſt be*, firſt of all provide;
Then think of that which *may be*; and indeed,
When well prepar'd, who knows what may ſucceed?
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
Prieſt, *Canon*, *Biſhop*, *Cardinal*, and *Pope*.

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A D V I C E

TO THE

Rev. Meſſrs. H---- and H----

To PREACH SLOW.

BRETHREN, this comes to let you know
That I would have you to preach ſlow;
To give the Words of a Diſcourſe
Their proper Time, and Life, and Force;
To urge what you think fit to ſay,
In a ſedate, pathetic Way;
Grave and delib'rate, as 'tis fit
To comment upon holy Writ.

Many a good Sermon gives Diſtaſte,
By being ſpoke in too much Haſte;
Which, had it been pronounc'd with Leiſure,
Would have been liſten'd to with Pleaſure:
And thus the Preacher often gains
His Labour only for his Pains;
As (if you doubt it) may appear
From ev'ry *Sunday* in the Year.

For how indeed can one expect
The beſt Diſcourſe ſhou'd take Effect,

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Unleſs the Maker thinks it worth
Some Care and Pains to ſet it forth?
What! does he think the Pains, he took
To write it fairly in a Book,
Will do the Buſ'neſs? not a Bit——
It muſt be ſpoke as well as writ.

What is a Sermon, good or bad,
If a Man reads it like a Lad?
To hear ſome People, when they preach,
How they run o'er all Parts of Speech,
And neither raiſe a Word, nor ſink,
Our learned Biſhops, one wou'd think,
Had taken School-boys from the Rod,
To make Embaſſadors of God.

So perfect is the Chriſtian Scheme,
He that from thence ſhall take his Theme,
And Time to have it underſtood,
His Sermon cannot but be good:
If he will needs be preaching Stuff,
No Time indeed is ſhort enough;
E'en let him read it like a Letter,
The ſooner it is done, the better.

But for a Man that has a Head,
Like yours or mine, I'd like to have ſaid,
That can upon Occaſion raiſe
A juſt Remark, a proper Phraſe;

For

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For ſuch a one to run along,
Tumbling his Accents o'er his Tongue,
Shows only that a Man, at once,
May be a Scholar and a Dunce.

In point of Sermons, 'tis confeſt,
Our Engliſh Clergy make the beſt:
But this appears, we muſt confeſs,
Not from the *Pulpit*, but the *Preſs*:
They manage, with disjointed Skill,
The Matter well, the Manner ill;
And, what ſeems Paradox at firſt,
They make the beſt, and preach the worſt.

Wou'd they but ſpeak as well as write,
Both Excellencies wou'd unite,
The outward Action being taught,
To ſhew the Strength of inward Thought:
Now, to do this, our Short-hand School
Lays down this plain and general Rule,
Take Time enough——all other Graces
Will ſoon fill up their proper Places.

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To the SAME,

ON

PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

THE Hint I gave, ſometime ago,
Brethren, about your preaching ſlow,
You took, it ſeems; and thereupon
Could make too Sermons out of one:
Now this Regard to former Lines,
Paid ſo ſucceſsfully, inclines
To ſend Advice the ſecond Part:
Try if you cannot preach by Heart——

Be not alarm'd, as if Regard
To this would prove ſo very hard;
The firſt Admoniſhment you fear'd
Would ſo turn out, 'till it appear'd
That Cuſtom, only, made to ſeem
So difficult in your Eſteem,
What, upon Trial, now procures
Your Hearers Eaſe, and alſo yours.

Do but conſider how the Caſe
Now ſtands in fact, in ev'ry Place,

All

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All Chriſtendom almoſt, around,
Except on our reformed Ground:
The greateſt Part, untaught to brook
A Preacher's reading from a Book,
Would ſcarce advance within his reach,
Or, then, acknowledge him to preach.

Long after preaching firſt began,
How unconceiv'd a reading Plan!
The riſe of which, whatever Date
May be aſſign'd to it, is late:
From all Antiquity remote
The manuſcriptal reading Rote:
No Need, no Reaſon prompted, then,
The *Pulpit* to conſult the *Pen*.

However well prepar'd before,
By pond'ring, or by writing o'er
What he ſhould ſay, ſtill it was SAID
By him that preach'd; it was not READ:
Could ancient Memory, then, better
Forbear the poring o'er the Letter,
Brethren, than yours? if you'll but try,
That Fact I'll venture to deny.

Moderns, of late, give Proofs enoo
(Too many, as it ſeems to you)
That Matters of religious Kind,
Stor'd up within the thoughtful Mind,

With

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With any Care and Caution ſtor'd,
Sufficient Utterance afford,
To tell an Audience what they think,
Without the Help of Pen and Ink.

How apt to think too, is the Throng,
A *Preacher* ſhort, a *Reader* long!
Claiming, itſelf, to be the Book
That ſhould attract a Paſtor's Look:
If you lament a careleſs Age
Averſe to hear the Pulpit Page,
Speak from *within*, not from without,
And Heart to Heart will turn about.

Try it; and if you can't ſucceed,
'Twill then be right for you to read;
Altho' the Heart, if that's your choice,
Muſt ſtill accompany the Voice;
And tho' you ſhould ſucceed, and take
The Hint, you muſt not, merely, make
Preaching *extempore* the View,
But EX ÆTERNITATE too.

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ON

Clergymen preaching POLITICS.

To R—— L—— Eſq;

INDEED, *Sir Peter*, I could wiſh, I own,
That Parſons would let *Politics* alone;
Plead, if they will, the cuſtomary Plea,
For ſuch like Talk, when o'er a Diſh of Tea:
But when they teaze us with it from the Pulpit,
I own, *Sir Peter*, that I cannot gulp it.

If on their Rules a *Juſtice* ſhould intrench,
And preach, ſuppoſe, a Sermon, from the Bench,
Would you not think your Brother Magiſtrate
Was touch'd a little in his hinder Pate?
Now which is worſe, *Sir Peter*, on the total,
The *Lay* Vagary, or the *Sacerdotal?*

In ancient Times, when Preachers preach'd indeed
Their Sermons, e're the Learned learnt to read,
Another Spirit, and another Life,
Shut the Church Doors againſt all Party ſtrife:
Since then, how often heard, from ſacred Roſtrums,
The lifeleſs Din of *Whig* and *Tory Noſtrums!*

'Tis

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'Tis wrong, *Sir Peter*, I inſiſt upon't;
To common Senſe 'tis plainly an Affront:
The Parſon leaves the *Chriſtian* in the Lurch,
Whene'er he brings his *Politics* to Church;
His Cant, on either Side, if he calls Preaching,
The Man's wrong-headed, and his Brains want Bleaching.

Recall the Time from conquering *William*'s Reign,
And gueſs the Fruits of ſuch a preaching Vein:
How oft its Nonſenſe muſt have veer'd about,
Juſt as the Politics were in, or out:
The Pulpit govern'd by no Goſpel *Data*,
But new Succeſs ſtill mending old *Errata*.

Were I a King (God bleſs me) I ſhould hate
My Chaplains meddling with Affairs of State;
Nor would my Subjects, I ſhould think, be fond,
Whenever theirs the *Bible* went beyond,
How well, methinks, we both ſhould live together,
If theſe good Folks would keep within their Tether!

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MOSES's VISION.

MOSES, to whom, by a peculiar Grace,
God ſpake (the Hebrew Phraſe is) Face to Face,
Call'd by an heav'nly Voice, the Rabbins ſay,
Aſcended to a Mountain's Top one Day;
Where, in ſome Points perplex'd, his Mind was eas'd,
And Doubts, concerning Providence, appeas'd.

During the Colloquy divine, ſay they,
The Prophet was commanded to ſurvey,
And mark what happen'd on the Plain below:
There he perceiv'd a fine, clear Spring to flow,
Juſt at the Mountain's Foot; to which, anon,
A Soldier, on his Road, came riding on;
Who, taking Notice of the Fountain, ſtopt,
Alighted, drank; and, in remounting, dropt
A Purſe of Gold; but as the precious Load
Fell unſuſpected, he purſu'd his Road:
Scarce had he gone, when a young Lad came by,
And, as the Purſe lay juſt before his Eye,
He took it up; and, finding its Content,
Secur'd the Treaſure; and away he went:
Soon after him, a poor, infirm old Man,
With Age, and Travel, weary quite, and wan,
Came to the Spring, to quench his Thirſt, and drank,
And then ſat down, to reſt him, on the Bank:

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There while he ſat, the Soldier, on his Track,
Miſſing his Gold, return'd directly back;
Light off his Horſe, began to ſwear, and curſe,
And aſk'd the poor old Fellow for his Purſe:
He ſolemnly proteſted, o'er and o'er,
With Hands, and Eyes uplifted, to implore
Heav'ns Atteſtation to the Truth, that he
Nor Purſe, nor Gold, had ever chanc'd to ſee:
But all in vain; the Man believ'd him not,
And drew his Sword, and ſtab'd him on the Spot.

Moſes, with Horror and Amazement ſeiz'd,
Fell on his Face——The Voice divine was pleas'd
To give the Prophet's anxious Mind Relief,
And thus prevent expoſtulating Grief——
Be not ſurpriz'd; nor aſk how ſuch a Deed
The World's juſt Judge could ſuffer to ſucceed:
The Child has caus'd the Paſſion, it is true,
That made the Soldier run the old Man thro;
But know one Fact, tho' never yet found out,
And judge how *that* would baniſh ev'ry Doubt——
This ſame old Man, thro' Paſſion once as wild,
Murder'd the Father of that very Child.

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ON THE

AUTHOR's COAT of ARMS.

THE *Hedge-hog* for his Arms, I would ſuppoſe,
Some Sire of ours, beloved Kinsfolk, choſe,
With aim to hint Inſtruction wiſe, and good,
To us Deſcendants of his *Byrom* Blood:
I would infer, if you be of this Mind,
The very Leſſon, that our Sire deſign'd.

He had obſerv'd that Nature gave a Senſe,
To ev'ry Creature, of its own Defence;
Down from the Lion, with his tearing Jaws,
To the poor Cat, that ſcratches with her Paws;
All ſhow'd their Force, when put upon the Proof,
Wherein it lay, Teeth, Talons, Horn, or Hoof.

Pleas'd with the Porcupine, whoſe native Art
Is ſaid to diſtance Danger by his Dart;
To rout his Foes, before they come too near,
From ev'ry Hurt of cloſe Encounter clear——
This, had not one Thing bated of its Price,
Had been our worthy Anceſtor's Device.

A Foe to none; but ev'ry Body's Friend;
And loath, altho offended, to offend;
He ſought to find an Inſtance, if it could,
By any Creature's Art, be-underſtood,

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That might betoken Safety, when attack'd;
Yet where all Hurt ſhould be a Foe's own Act.

At laſt the *Hedge-hog* came into his Thought,
And gave the perfect Emblem, that he ſought:
This little Creature, all Offence aſide,
Rolls up itſelf in its own prickly Hide,
When Danger comes; and they that will abuſe
Do it themſelves, if their own Hurt enſues.

Methinks, I hear the venerable Sage——
Children! Deſcendants all thro' ev'ry Age!
Learn, from the prudent Urchin in your *Arms*,
How to ſecure yourſelves from worldly Harms:
Give no Offence;——to you if others will,
Firmly wrapt up within yourſelves, be ſtill.

This Animal is giv'n for outward Sign
Of inward, true Security divine:
Sharp, on your Minds, let pointed Virtues grow,
That, without injuring, reſiſt a Foe;
Surround with theſe an honeſt, harmleſs Heart,
And he, that dwells in it, will take your Part.

Whatever Ills your chriſtian Peace moleſt,
Turn to the Source of Grace, within your Breaſt:
There lies your Safety——O that all my Kin
May ever ſeek it——where 'tis found——*within!*
That Soul no Ills can ever long annoy,
Which makes its GOD the Centre of its Joy.

VERSES

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VERSES

Intended to have been Spoken at the

Breaking-up of the Free Grammar-School in Manchester, in the Year 1748,

WHEN

Lauder's charge of Plagiarism upon Milton engaged the publick Attention.

The MASTER's SPEECH.

I.

OUR worthy Founder, Gentlemen, this Day,
Orders the Youth an Hours poetic Play:
Me, on its annual Return, to chuse
One single Subject for their various Muse:
That you may see how Fancy will create
Her diff'rent Image in each Youngster's Pate.

II.

Now, since our *Milton*, a renowned Name,
Had been attack'd for stealing into Fame;

I told

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I told 'em——Lads, now be upon your Guard;
Exert yourſelves, and ſave your famous Bard:
He's call'd a Plagiary——'tis your's to ſhow
The vain Reproach, and ſilence *Milton*'s Foe.

III.

The Point, ſaid I, at which ye now take Aim,
Remember, as ye rhime, is Milton's Fame;
Fame as a Poet only, as attack't
For plund'ring Verſes——ne'er conteſt the Fact;
Defend your Bard, tho' granted; and confine
To three times ſix, at moſt, your eager Line.

IV.

Then lend a fav'ring Ear, whilſt they rehearſe
Short, and almoſt extemporary Verſe:
A Thought work'd up, that came into the Mind,
With Rhimes the firſt, and fitteſt, they could find.
Such was their Taſk——the Boys have done their beſt;
Take what you like, Sirs,——and excuſe the reſt.

FIRST LAD.

MILTON purſu'd, in Numbers more ſublime,
Things unattempted yet in Proſe, or Rhime:
'Tis ſaid,——the Bard did but pretend to ſoar,
For ſuch,——and ſuch——*attempted* them before.

II.

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II.

'Tis now an Age ago ſince *Milton* writ;
The reſt——are ſunk into Oblivion's Pit:
A Critic diving to their Wrecks, perhaps,
Has, now and then, bro't up ſome looſen'd Scraps.

III.

We'll not diſpute the Value of them now——
But, ſay one Thing which Critics muſt allow;
Which all the Nations round us will confeſs——
Milton alone——*attempted* with *Succeſs*.

SECOND LAD.

WHEN *Milton*'s Ghoſt into Elyſium came,
To mix with Claimants for poetic Fame,
Some roſe, the celebrated Bard to meet;
Welcom'd, and laid their Laurels at his Feet.

II.

Immortal Shades, ſaid he, if aught be due
To my Attempts——'tis owing all to you:
Then took the Laurels, freſh'ning from his Hand,
And crown'd the Temples of the ſacred Band.

III.

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III.

Others, in Crouds, ſtood muttering behind,
Who is the Gueſt?——He looks as he were blind——
O! this is *Milton*, to be ſure——the Man
That ſtole, from others, all his rhimeleſs Plan;

IV.

From thoſe conceited Gentlemen, perchance,
That ruſh to hail him with ſuch Complaiſance;
Ay——that's the Reaſon of this fawning Fuſs;
I like him not——he never ſtole from *us*.

THIRD LAD.

CRIME in a Poet, Sirs, to ſteal a Thought?
No, that 'tis not; if it be good for aught:
'Tis lawful Theft; 'tis laudable to boot;
'Tis want of Genius if he does not do't:
The Fool admires——the Man of Senſe alone
Lights on a happy Thought——and makes it all his own;

II.

Flies, like a Bee, along the Muſes Field,
Peeps in, and taſtes what any Flow'r can yield,
Free, from the various Bloſſom that he meets
To pick, and cull, and carry Home the Sweets;

While

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While, ſaunt'ring out, the heavy, ſtingleſs Drone
Amidſt a thouſand Sweets —— makes none of 'em his own.

FOURTH LAD.

A Critic, once, to a *Miltonian*, made
Of *Milton*'s Plagiariſms a long Parade;
To prove his Work not owing to his Genius,
But to *Adamus Exul*, and *Maſenius*:
That he had ſtol'n the greater Part, by much,
Both of his Plan, and Matter, from the *Dutch*:

II.

His *Abdiel*, his fine Characters, he took
And heav'nly Scenes, from ſuch, and ſuch a Book;
His helliſh too the ſame; from ſuch a one
He ſtole his *Pandemonium*,——and ſo on——
Till *Milton*'s Friend cry'd out, at laſt, quite giddy,
Poh! hold thy Tongue——he ſtole the Devil, did he?

FIFTH LAD.

WHEN *Oxford* ſaw, in her *Radclivian* Dome,
Greek ſkill, and *Roman* rival'd here at Home;
Wond'ring ſhe ſtood; 'till one judicious Spark
Addreſs'd the Crowd, and made this ſage Remark——

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The moſt unlicenc'd Plagiary——this *Gibbs*——
Nothing in all his Pile, but what he cribs.

II.

The Ground, he builds upon, is not his own——
I know the Quarry whence he had his Stone——
The Foreſt too where all his Timber grow'd——
The Forge wherein his fuſed Metals flow'd——
In ſhort, ſurvey the Edifice intire,
'Tis all a borrow'd Work, from Baſe to Spire.

III.

Thus, with our Epic Architect, he deals,
Who ſays that *Milton* in his Poem ſteals:
Steals, if he will——but, without Licence? no;
Pedlars in Verſe, unmeaningly, do ſo:
Him *Phœbus* licenc'd; and the *Muſes* Nine
Help'd the rare Thief to raiſe up——A DESIGN.

SIXTH LAD.

LAUDER,——thy Authors *Dutch*, and *German*,
There is no need to diſinterr, Man:
To ſearch the mould'ring Anecdote,
For Source of all that *Milton* wrote:
We'll own——from theſe, and many more,
The Bard enrich'd his ample Store.

II. *Phœbus*

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II.

Phœbus himſelf could not eſcape
The Tricks of this poetic Ape;
For, to complete his daring *Vole*,*
From *his* enliven'd Wheels he ſtole,
Prometheus-like, the Solar Ray,
That animated all his Clay.

III.

Prometheus-like, then, chain him down;
Prey on his Vitals of Renown;
With critic Talons, and with Beak,
Upon his Fame thy Vengeance wreak:
It grows again, at ev'ry Hour,
Faſt as the *Vultur* can devour.

SEVENTH LAD.

I.

MILTONUM, Vir, O facinus nefarium!
Exagitavit tanquam Plagiarium:
Miramur, hanc qui protuliſſet Theſin,
Quid eſſe, Momus, crederet Poeſin.
Num, quæſo, vult ut, hâc obſtetricante,
Dicendum ſit quod nemo dixit ante?

* From the French Word *Vol*, ſignifying Theft.

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II.

O admirandam hominis verſuti
Calliditatem, quâ volebat uti!
Dixiſſet ipſe, nimium ſecurus,
Quod nemo dicet præſens, aut futurus,
Dum Felis ungues perſequentur murem,
Miltonum, ſcilicet, fuiſſe Furem.

III.

Exulent ergo, (ejus ex Effatis)
Quicunque Nomen uſurparint Vatis;
Nullum vocemus, prorſus, ad Examen
Eorum Senſum, Vim, aut Modulamen;
Furantur omnes——habeamus verum
Poetam, exhinc, unicum Lauderum!

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A Dialogue on Contentment.

J. WHAT Ills, dear *Phebe*, wou'd it not prevent,
To learn this one ſhort Leſſon——*be content!*
No very hard Preſcription, in effect,
This ſame Content; and yet, thro' its neglect,
What mighty Evils do we human Elves,
As *Prior* calls us, bring upon ourſelves!
Evils that Nature never meant us for,
The Vacuums, that ſhe really does abhor:
Of all the Ways of judging Things amiſs,
No Inſtance ſhows our Weakneſs more than this,
That Men on Earth won't ſet their Hearts at reſt,
When God in Heaven does all Things for the beſt:
What ſtrange, abſurd Perverſeneſs!——

P. Hold good Brother,
Don't put yourſelf, I pray, in ſuch a Pother;
'Tis a fine Thing to be Content; why, true;
'Tis juſt, and right, we know, as well as you;
And yet, to be ſo, after all this Rout,
Sometimes has puzzled you yourſelf, I doubt.
Folks in the Vigour of their Health, and Strength,
May rail at Diſcontent, in Words at length;
Who yet, when diſappointed of their Wiſhes,
Will put you off with ſurly Humphs, and Piſhes;

Let's

Let's be content and eaſy ;——gen'ral Stuff!
Your happy People are content enough ;
If you wou'd reaſon to the Purpoſe, ſhow,
How they who are unhappy may be ſo ;
How they who are in Sickneſs, Want, or Pain,
May get their Health, Eſtate, and Eaſe again :
How they——

J. Nay, *Phebe*, don't go on ſo faſt ;
Your juſt Rebuke now ſuits yourſelf at laſt ;
Methinks you wander widely from the Fact——
'Tis not how you, or I, or others act,
That we are talking of, but how we ſhou'd——
A Rule, tho' ill obſerv'd, may ſtill be good :
Nor did I ſay that a contented Will
Wou'd hinder all, but many Sorts of Ill :
This it will do ; and, give me Leave to ſay,
Much leſſen ſuch as it can't take away ;
You ſaid your ſelf, 'twas juſt, I think you did——

P. Yes, yes ; I don't deny it——

J. Senſe forbid
That e'er you ſhou'd ; it's Practice then, perchance,
Is monſtrous hard, in many a Circumſtance——

P. Monſtrous ? why Monſtrous ? let that Word be barr'd,
And I ſhan't ſtick to ſay, I think it hard,
And very hard, nay, I cou'd almoſt add,
That, in ſome Caſes, 'tis not to be had——

J. Not

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J. Not to be had! *Content!* it coſts us nought;
'Tis purchas'd only with a little Thought;
We need not fetch it from a diſtant Clime,
It may be found at Home, at any Time;
Our very Cares contribute to its Growth,
It knows no Check, but voluntary Sloth;
None but our ſelves can rob us of its Fruit;
It finds, whene'er we uſe it, freſh Recruit;
The more we gather, ſtill the more it thrives,
Freſh as our Hopes, and laſting as our Lives:
Not to be had is wrong;——but I forgot,
You did not ſay quite abſolutely not,
But cou'd *almoſt* have ſaid ſo; the *almoſt*,
Perhaps, was meant againſt a florid Boaſt
Of ſuch Content as, when a Tryal came
Severe enough, wou'd hardly own its Name——

P. Perhaps it was, and now your Fire is ſpent,
You can reflect, I find, that this Content,
Which you are fond of celebrating ſo,
May, now and then, be difficult to ſhow,
So difficult that——

J. Hold a bit—— or ten
To one the Chance, that I ſhall fire again;
'Tis juſt and right, you own, as well as me;
Now, for my Part, I rather chuſe to ſee
The Eaſineſs of what is juſt and right,
Which makes it more encouraging to Sight;

Than

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Than ſcarecrow Hardſhips, that almoſt declare
Content an un-come-at-able Affair;
And, conſequently, tempt one to diſtruſt,
For Difficulties, what is right and juſt:
Thus I object to Hardſhip; if you pleaſe,
Show for what Reaſon you object to Eaſe——

P. Why, for this Reaſon,——tho' it ſhou'd be true,
That what is juſt and right, is eaſy too,
Such Eaſe is nothing of a talking kind,
But of right Will, that likes to be reſign'd,
And cheriſhes a Grace which, with regard
To the unpractis'd, may ſometimes be hard:
You treat Content as if it were a Weed,
Of neither Coſt, nor Culture; when indeed,
It is as fine a Flower as can be found,
Within the Minds beſt cultivated Ground;
Where, like a Seed, it muſt have light and Air
To help its Growth, according to the Care
That Owners take, whoſe philoſophic Skill
Will much depend upon the Weather ſtill;
Good ſhou'd not make them careleſs, nor ſhou'd bad
Diſcourage——

J. Right, provided it be had,
I'll not diſpute; but own, what you have ſaid
Has hit the Nail, directly, on the Head:
Eaſy or hard, all Pains, within our Pow'r,
Are well beſtow'd on ſuch a charming Flow'r.

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TOM the PORTER.

AS *Tom* the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
A ſwinging Show'r oblig'd him to ſtand ſtill;
So, in the Right-hand Paſſage thro' the Gate,
He pitch'd his Burden down, juſt by the Grate,
From whence the doleful Accent ſounds away,
" *Pity——the Poor——and Hungry——Debtors——pray.*"

To the ſame Garriſon, from *Paul's* Church-yard,
An half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the Guard:
Now *Tom*, it ſeems, the *Ludgateer*, and he
Were old Acquaintance, formerly, all three;
And as the Coaſt was clear, by cloudy Weather,
They quickly fell into Diſcourſe together.

'Twas in *December*, when the *Highland Clans*
Had got to *Derbyſhire* from *Preſton Pans*;
And ſtruck all *London* with a general Panic——
But mark the Force of Principles *Britannic*.

The Soldier told 'em freſh the City News,
Juſt piping hot from *Stockjobbers*, and *Jews*;
Of *French* Fleets landing, and of *Dutch* Neutrality;
Of Jealouſies at Court amongſt the Quality;
Of *Swarſton*-Bridge, that never was pull'd down;
Of all the Rebels in full March to Town;

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And of a hundred Things beſide, that made
Lord May'r himſelf, and Aldermen afraid;
Painting with many an Oath the Caſe in View,
And aſk'd the Porter——what he thought to do?

Do? ſays he, gravely——what I did before;
What I have done theſe thirty Years, and more;
Carry, as I am like to do, my Pack,
Glad to maintain my Belly by my Back;
If that but hold, I care not; for my Part,
Come as come will, 'tſhall never break my Heart;
I don't ſee Folks that fight about their Thrones,
Mind either Soldiers Fleſh, or Porters Bones;
Whoe'er gets better, when the Battle's fought,
Thy Pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat——
——But to the Purpoſe——now we are met here,
I'll join, if t'will, for one full Mug of Beer.

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprize
To ſee his Friend's Indifference, replies——
What you ſay, *Tom*, I own, is very good,
But——OUR RELIGION! (and he d——n'd his Blood)
What will become of OUR RELIGION?——True!
Says the Jail-Bird——and of OUR FREEDOM too?
If the PRETENDER (rapt he out) comes on,
OUR LIBERTIES AND PROPERTIES are gone!

And ſo the Soldier and the Priſ'ner join'd
To work up *Tom* into a better Mind;
He ſtaring, dumb, with Wonder ſtruck and Pity,
Took up his Load, and trudg'd into the City.

A LAN-

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A

LANCASHIRE DIALOGUE,*

Occaſioned by a

CLERGYMAN'S preaching without Notes.

JAMES.

WUS yo at Church o' Sunday Morning, *John?*

JOHN.

Ay *Jeeams*, I wus—— and wou'd no' but ha' gone
For nc're ſo mich——what, wur no' yo theer then?

JAMES.

Nou; and I ha' no' miſt, I know no' when.

JOHN.

Whoy, yo had e'en faoo Luck on't.

* It is hoped that the Wit and Humour of the following Dialogues will apologize for their being preſented to the Publick, in a Stile, which perhaps may not be very intelligible, to Perſons who are Strangers to the *Lancaſhire* Dialect.

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JAMES.

So I hear,
'At maes me aſh ye, whether yo wur theer.
They tell'n me that a Pairſon coome, and took
His Text bi Hairt——and preacht withaoot a Book.

JOHN.

He did, for ſartin——and hauf freeten'd mee——
And moor beſoide——but he ſoon leet us ſee
He wanted noane.

JAMES.

Whoy, cou'd he do withaoot?

JOHN.

Yoi, better, Mon, bi hauf, for being baoot.
It gan me ſich a Notion——for my Pairt,
I think 'at au true Preaching is by Hairt:
Sich as we han I do not meean to bleeame,
But conno' cau it——fairly——bi that Neeame.
A Book may do at Whooam——for Larning ſeeake,
But——in a Pilpit——wheer a Mon ſhid ſpeeake,
And look at th' Congregation i' their Feeace,
He conno' do't——for Pappers, in a Keeaſe:
He ta'es fro' them what he mun ſay——and then——
Juſt looks——as if he gan it 'um again.

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It is i'th Church —— or one cou'd hairdly tell
But he wur conning ſummat to himſel.
Monny a good Thing, theer, I ha' hard read oo'er,
But never knew what Preeaching wus befoor.

JAMES.

And prei ye, *John*, haoo done ye know it naoo?

JOHN.

Lukko——this Mon has tou't it me, ſumhaoo.

JAMES.

A ready Scholar!

JOHN.

Scholar? whoy——a Dunce,
May ſee, beloike, what's ſhown him au at wunce.

JAMES.

It ma'es me think——yo're allivated ſoa——
O' one that's gloppen'd, 'at has ſeen a Shoa.

JOHN.

Wou'd yo had ſeen——and hard, as weel as I——
And if I ſhid ſay——felt——I ſhid no' lie——

Whot

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Whot it wus moy good Luck to hyear, and ſee——
Yo'd a bin gloppen'd too——as weel as me.

JAMES.

Happen, I meeght——but con I underſtond
Onny thing on't, good *John*, at ſecond Hond?
Yo han this preeaching Seeacret, at a Hit——
Con yo remember——haoo it wus——a Bit?

JOHN.

Con yo remember——comes into mi Hyead——
Yoar telling once o' whot yoar Lowyer ſaid
Agen *ou'd Hunks*——the Juſtice o'the Peeace,
'At wou'd ha' ta'en away yoar Faither's Leeaſe;
Haoo yo diſcroib'd him——what a Mon o'th Lows!
What a fine Tungue! and haoo he geet the Coaze:
Haoo thooas, at wur not at the Soizes too,
Cou'd no' believe t'one hauf o' whot wus true!

JAMES.

Remember? ay! and ſhall do, while I'm whick,
Haoo bravely he fund aoot a knaviſh Trick.
He ſeeav'd my Faither monny a Starling Paoond,
And bu' for him I had no' bin o'th' Graoond.
That wus a Mon worth hyearing——if yoar Mon
Cou'd tauk loike him——I ſhid be gloppen'd, *John*.

But,

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But, lukko' me——theeas Lowyers are au tou't
To ſpeeak their Nomminies, as ſoon as thou't:
Haoo done yo think wou'd Judge and Jury look,
If onny on 'um ſhid go tak a Book
Aoot of his Pockett——and ſo read away?
They'd'n ſoon think, he had no' mich to ſay.
Aoor honeſt Lowyer had my Faither's Deed,
But, Mon, he gan it th' Clark o'th' Coort to read——
And then——he ſpooak! and if yo had bu' ſeen——
Whoy, th' Judge himſel cou'd ne'er keep off his Een;
The Jury gaupt agen——and weel they meeght;
For e'ry Word, 'at he had ſaid, wus reeght.

JOHN.

Weel *Jeeams*——and if a Mon ſhid be as wairm
Abaoot his Hev'n, as yo abaoot yoar Fairm,
Dunno' yo think, he'd be as pleeaſt to hear
A Pairſon mak his Reeght to hou'd it clear?
And ſhow the De'el to be as fauſe a Foe,
As that ou'd Rogue the Juſtice wus to yo?

JAMES.

Naoo, *John*, I ſee what you been droiving at——
And I'm o' yoar Oppinion——as to that——
I ſhid no' grutch at takking a lung Wauk
To hyear a Clargyman, that cou'd bu' tauk
As that Mon did——cou'd ſarch a Thing to th' Booan——
And in good yarneſt——mak the Coaze his ooan.

I ſeeldom

I ſeeldom miſs a *Sunday* hyearing thooas,
'At preeachen weel enugh——as preeaching gooas——
But I ha' thou't, ſometimes, haooever good,
A Sarmon meeght be better, if it wou'd:
'At if it cou'd no' make Folks e'en to weep,
It, ſartinly——mit keep 'um aw fro' Sleep:
Yet I ha' ſeen 'um nodding, Toimes enoo,
Not ooanly Childer——but *Church-Wairdens* too.
Cou'd yoar foine Preeacher——Morning wus too ſoon——
Ha' kept Folks wakken, *John*, i'th' Afternoon?

JOHN.

I wiſh he wou'd ha' tri'd——and, I dare ſay,
That Morning meeght have onſwer'd for aw Day:
He muſt ha' ta'en a pratty Doſe, I think,
'At cou'd ha' gen that Afternoon a Wink.
Sich looking! and ſich liſt'ning! one mit read
In e'ry Feeace——*ay, beer's a Mon indeed!*
Some meeght ha' ſlept, if he had com'n agen,
Befoor he ſpooak——I'm ſhure they cou'd no' then.

JAMES.

They wurn, its loike, whaint fond o' ſummut new.

JOHN.

Nea, nea——that winno' hou'd a Sarmon throo——
Aw they that liſten'd, when he firſt begun,

Kept

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Kept liſt'ning moor, and moor, 'till he had done.
Had he gone eend away——I gi' mi Word——
He had me faſt bi th' Ears——I'd not ha' ſtir'd.
Naoo yo mun think, 'at he taukt weel, at leeaſt,
And paſſing weel——'at Eich-body wur pleeaſt.
They wou'd no', likly, give him au their Vooats,
Ooanly, becoſe o' Preeaching withaoot Nooats.

JAMES.

Whoy, but according to my Thinking, *John*,
It gi's a hugeous Vontidge to a Mon,
To preeach withaoot Book——if he con bu' do't——
And he mun needs be better hard to boot.
Aoor Lowyer had noane——and, I hauf con feel,
It wus the Reeaſon whoy he ſpooak ſo weel:
Yet, as yo ſen——that ooanly winno' do——
For th' Mon agen him praited like a Foo.

JOHN.

Jeeams——its een haird upon a Lowyer's Tungue;
They hoirn it aoot to oather reeght or wrung——
A diff'rent Keeaſe to that o' Pairſons woide,
They ar——or ſhid be——au o' the ſame Soide,
It makes, may hap, aoor Lowyers reeadier far
To pleead withaoot Book, til aoor Pairſons are.

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JAMES.

It's loike it duz——for Folks will larn to ſpeeak
Sannner bi hauf, for Contradickſhon ſeeak;
And ſpecially, if when their Tale is tou'd
I' Truth, or Loies, they mun be paid i' Goud.
Pairſons are paid——and, if they win, may pay
Thir Curates, *John*, to preeach for 'um, or pray;
And then——they do not, when they ma'en a Raoot,
Tungue it ſo mich——as fling thir Book abaoot.
Yet Word o' Maooth, if it be reeght, 's no Sin;
Whoy conno' Pairſons preeach by't, if they win?

JOHN.

I know no'——Cuſtom's druven to Extreeams;
This may be one 'at they han getten, *Jeeams*;
Some feeamous Fellies meeght, at firſt, begin;
And au the reſt han follow'd 'um e're ſin:
When a Bell Weather leeaps——but o'er a Stray——
At that ſame Pleck, au th' reſt mun jump away.

JAMES.

Marry, I wiſh 'at Pairſons, one i' ten,
Wou'd bu' jump back into th' oud Way agen.
Some han great Books, enoo to fill a Cairt——
Straunge! 'at they conno' lay a Thing to Hairt,
Sich as they loiken beſt, and ha'-the Paoor
To dray it fro' within, for one hauf Haoor!
Haoo coome this Mon to do't?

JOHN.

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JOHN.

I conno' tell——
Do it he did——ſo yeeaſy to himſel——
And yet wi' ſo mich Yarneſtneſs, and Fooarce,
Of Tungue, and Hond, and Look, and good Diſcooarſe,
Aw ſmooth, and clear——and 'ery turn it took,
Still woinding to't, like Weater in a Brook:
'At onny Mon o' Larning, takking Aiam,
Meeght ha' larnt fro' him to ha' done the ſaiame.

JAMES.

Larning! when Preeachers firſt coome in, they ſen,
They wurn no' monny on 'um larned Men,
Nor Gentry nooather.——

JOHN.

Whoy, and they ſen true——
But in aoor Days, I daoot it woono' do,
To ha' thooas preeach 'at comn ſo meeghty ſhort
O' th' firſt Beginners, ſo weel fitted for't.
Wou'd but aoor Gentlemen o' Larning troy
To preeach fro' th' Hairt, and lay their Pappers bye;
We ſhid no' think warſe on 'um for thir Kin,
Nor loike 'um leſs, haooever larn'd they bin:
Aoor Folks i' Church Toime, wou'd be moor devaoot,
And moin'd the Bus'neſs, 'at they wurn abaoot:

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And thooas good Sarmons, 'at mooaſt o'n 'em ma'en,
By aw good Folks wou'd be mich better ta'en.
Witneſs this Gentlemon——o' Sunday Morn——
The beſt 'at I e're hard ſin I wur born.
But——come; I'll ſay no moor——yo'ſt hear him firſt——
I wiſh with au my Hairt he wur the worſt.

JAMES.

Ay, yo may wiſh——but will he preeach agen?
Haoo ar yo ſhure o' that?

JOHN.

Nay——ſoa they ſen——
Yo're loike to tak yoar Chaunce, as weel as I.

JAMES.

If onny comes I'll tak it——*John*——Good bye.

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A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sir JOHN JOBSON and HARRY HOMESPUN,

Occaſioned by the March of the Highlanders into Lancaſhire in the Year 1745.

Sir John. WAS ye not ſadly frighten'd, honeſt *Harry*,
To ſee thoſe *Highland* Fellows——

Harry. *Not I, marry,*——

Sir J. No! how comes that?——

H. *Whoy, Sur, I conno' ſee*
What theer wur in 'um that ſhid freeten me——

Sir J. So many armed Ruffians as came here,
Was there not cauſe enough for all to fear?——

H. *Aw whoa, Sur* John? *it happen mit be ſo*
Wi' ſich foine loardly Gentlemen as yo:
But we poor Foke——

Sir J. Why, prithee, poor or rich,
Is it not much the ſame?

H. *neu, not ſo mich;*
We warken hard, as't iz, for meeat and clooas,
And connot eem to be ſo feert, God knooas.

Sir J.

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Sir J. But, *Harry*, to ſee Fire and Sword advance!
To have ſuch Enemies as *Rome* and *France*!
Shou'd not this move alike both Rich and Poor,
To drive impending Ruin from their Door?

H. *As for the Rich, Sur* John, *I conno' tell,*
But for the Poor, I'll onſer for myſel;
If Fire ſhid come, I ha' nout for it to brun,
Nor wark to find for oather Swooard, or Gun:
For France *and* Rome *my feering is no greater,*
They lyen, I think, o'th' tother Side o'th Weater.

Sir J. You don't conſider what may be the End
Of ſuch a ſtrange Indifference, my Friend;
Pray, whether you have more or leſs to loſe,
Wou'd you not guard your Country from its Foes?

H. *My Country, Sur? I have, yo' underſtond,*
In aw the Country not one Inch o' Lond:
They that wood'n feight, and ha' Mon's Blood be ſpilt,
May if they win, but whoy mun I be kilt?

Sir J. Your Country, Friend, is not the Ground alone;
There is the King, that ſits upon the Throne;
The *Proteſtant Succeſſion* lies at Stake,
That bloody-minded *Papiſts* want to ſhake:
Now you have ſome Religion left, I hope,
And wou'd not tamely give it to the *Pope*.

H. *He wou'd no' have it, happen, if I wou'd,*
Th' oud Mon beloike mit think his ooan as gud;
And true Religion, Sur, if I have onny,
No Mon i'th' Ward con tak it fro me, con he?

Sir J.

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Sir J. If you but knew, Friend *Harry*, what a Scene
Of Miſchiefs happen'd in King *James*'s Reign;
How, but for *Orange*'s immortal Prince,
The *Proteſtants* had all been kill'd long ſince;
If I ſhould tell you——

H. *Nay, we aw, Sur* John,
Known weel enough that yo're a larnid Mon;
So wus my Gronfayther, and ore his Ale
Monny a Toime has toud another Tale;
And I darr ſay mi Gronfayther toud true;
For, lukko me, th' oud Felly wus no Foo,
Nor Rebbil noather——

Sir J. And what was't he tou'd?

H. *Whoy! moor a deeal than my Brainpon con boud.*
Its like yo known as baod Sur, th' Oliverians
Cut off th' King's Hyead——

Sir J. Yes,

H. *And baoo th' Preſbyterians*
Turnt aoot his Son, and maden a Rebelution.

Sir J. They did it Man to ſave the Conſtitution;
'Twas Churchmen too that brought King *William* in,
As well as they——

H. *Whoy, be they whoa they winn,*
One Egg, he ſed, wus ne'er moor loike another,
Than thoeas two mac o' Foke, wurn like tone tother:

They

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They wurn at ew toimes En'mies to th' blood Royal,
And naoo wond'n ha' it, that none but hom are loyal:
Haoo con that be Sur?

Sir J. Why, I'll tell thee how——

H. *Nay, but yo connot——*

Sir J. Well, but hear me now——
Our Kings are Stewards——

H. *Sur, yo meean they wurn,*
For Things, yo knowun, han tan another Turn;
The Stuarts *Race is——*

Sir J. Poh! thou takes me wrong——

H. *Haoo mun I tak o'reet?*

Sir J. I say, ſo long
As Kings are our Protectors——

H. *Luk'ye theer!*
Oud Oliver *agen——*

Sir J. Nay, prithee hear,
And keep thy Nonſenſe in, till I have done——

H. *Weel, weel, I'ze hear yeors firſt then, if I mun.*

Sir J. The People, *Harry*, when they all agree——

H. *Aw Sur!*

Sir J. Be quiet——chooſe them a Truſtee,
And

And call him King; now, if he break his Truſt,
They have a Right to turn him out, and muſt;
Unleſs they wou'd be ruin'd; doſt thou think
For one Man's ſwimming all the reſt ſhou'd ſink?

H. *Yo lov'n a King, Sur, waintly; ſink or ſwim,*
No Mon, I ſaiud, is to be draoont but him.
This chozzen King mit happen draoon yo furſt,
Then yo mit ſink him after, an yo durſt.
If Folks may tak whot Kings they han a Moind,
Whot Faut wi' aw theeſe Scotchmen *con yo ſoind?*

Sir J. Hang 'em all——have they not a King already,
That keeps his Contract with the People ſteady?
Rebels!

H. *Whoy, ay, that's reet, for they wur byetten;*
They loſt the Feight; but, haeo, if they had getten,
Wou'd yo ha' lik't it, Sur, if an Heelonder
Had toud o' Sauce for th' Gooſe wur Sauce for th' Gonder—

Sir J. Thou'rt a ſly Tyke, I'll talk with thee no more—

H. *Whoy, if yo pleeaſen then, Sur, ween give ore,*
Wiſhing that e'ry Mon may have his Reet,
Feight as feight winn, and ſo, Sur John, *good Neet.*

Sir J. Thou'lt look, I find, to thy own Carcaſs ſtill——

H. *Yoi, Sur, as lung as ere I con, I will*——.

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A DIALOGUE

Between the SAME,

About compelling a Perſon to take the Oaths to the Government.

Sir John. WHY ſo grave *Harry?* what's the matter pray?
What makes thee look ſo ſorrowful To-day?

Harry. *Whoy, Sur, I geet ſore trubbl'd i' my Moind,*
At whot yon Folk han tou'd me, wheer I doind.

Sir J. Prithee what's that?

H. *They touden me, Sur* John,
That yo han ſent a Summons *to a Mon*
To tak an Ooath, a meety lung on' too;
An' they aw ſen its moore till he con doo.

Sir J. Do, or not do, what Bus'neſs is't of thine?

H. *Bus'neſs? whoy, he's a Naibor, Sur, o'mine;*
An' yo han hard, beloike, aoor Pairſon tell,
That one mun love their Naibor, as theirſel;
Beſoides 'at he's a ſarviſeable Felly,
As onny 'at we han o'th' Bus'neſs, welly.
And, then, an Ooath yo ſhanno' hyear come aoot
O' that Mon's Maooth, Sur John, *the year abaoot;*
And if he be i'th' Moind, 'at he has been,
Yo'n foind it mich ado to cram one in.

Sir J.

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Sir J. *Harry*, that Matter we ſhall ſoon diſcuſs;
Trial of Skill is now 'twixt him and us.
We muſt, and will ſubdue him, if we can,
He's a *ſeditious*, *refractory* Man.

H. *Nay, if ye bin for giving, aoot o' Hond,*
Hard Words, Sur, at one connot underſtond,
I'll ſay no moor; or elſe I ha' ta'en a Wauk,
That yo and I mit'n have a Bit o' Tauk:
But happen naoo yo're not ith' Humour——

Sir J. Yes;
Talk what thou wilt——

H. *And' yo'n no' tak't amiſs?*

Sir J. No——

H. *Then I'll tell 'o, Maſter, whot I think.*

Sir J. Sit thee down firſt; wilt have a little Drink?

H. *Nou; nor yo noather; we'n be ſoaber booath,*
God willing, Sur, and tauk abaoot this Ooath.

Sir J. What doſt thou know about it?

H. *Whoy, no' mich,*
That's true enough, thank God, I'm no' ſo rich;
But I con guex abaoot it weel enough:
Foke, 'at han tan it, ſen it's weary tough;
There's monny a one that wou'd ha' gen a Craoon
With aw his Heart, he neer had leet it daoon.

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Sir J. But it ſhall coſt this Fellow more than ſo,
If he don't take it, that I'll let him know.

H. *Win ye, Sur?*

Sir J. Yes, I will.

H. *And if ye win,*
Sur John, *yo're guilty of a* wicked Sin.

Sir J. Am I? how ſo?

H. *Whey, dunnot yo maintain*
That Mon may tak God's holy Name i' vain?

Sir J. No indeed, don't I; 'tis what I abhor.

H. *Then, pray ye naoo, whot is this* Summons *for?*
Is it not ſent to make a Mon to ſwear
Sumwhot abuoot the King, *and his* reet Heir?
And are not yo weel ſatisfy'd, to boot,
That he mun tak God's Name i' vain *to do't?*

Sir J. That's his Affair to look to, and not ours;
We act according to the legal Pow'rs:
If private Conſcience ſlight the public Call,
It muſt e'en take the Conſequence, that's all.

H. *Marry, enough o'Conſcience, and good Feeake*
Too mich by hauf, if Conſciences may ſpeeak,
What mak' han yo'——to make another Mon
T' ſwear agen his——what eawn ye that, Sur John?

Sir J.

Sir J. We cannot make him, Man, unleſs he will.

H. *Sur, Sur, it comes to the ſame Miſchief ſtill,*
Or warſe, if oather; for, if he fears God,
And winno' ſwear, then yo tan up the Rod:
Here's a Commandment kept, that God has ſpokken,
And he mun pay—for one o' yo'rs that's brokken:
I ſay agen, that ſhift it baoo yo win,
Sur John, *yo're guilty of a wicked Sin.*

Sir J. *Harry*, as Juſtice of the Peace, I'm ty'd
For public Peace and Safety to provide;
So are my Brethren; now with this Intent,
The Law directs our Summons to be ſent;
If diſaffected Perſons will not give
The Conſtitution, under which they live,
Proper Security, they muſt be made
To feel the Force of what they wou'd evade:
If we ſhou'd ſuffer theſe *nonjuring* Knaves,
We ſhall in Time be *Papiſts* all, and *Slaves.*

H. *Papiſts and Slaves! whoy, good Sur* John, *the* Pope,
The Deel *himſel, con do no moor, I hope,*
Then tempt a Mon to utter with his Tung,
*I' th' Name o'*God, *whot he believes is rung.*
Mun we be Papiſts, *if we dunnot make*
A Mon belye his Maker, for aoor Sake?
Mun we be Slaves, *except we forcen Foke*
To come, and put their Necks into aoor Yoke?

Sir J.

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Sir J. Thou doſt not, Harry, underſtand the Laws——

H. *Whoy, han they, Sur, ſich deſperate lung Claws,*
That a Mon's Conſcience, hid within his Hairt,
Mun be ſcratch'd aoot on't by 'um? for my Pairt,
Laws, or noa Laws, I'm ſure we ſhidden do,
As we aw wiſhen to be done unto.

Sir J. Good Faith! thou preacheſt tolerably well;
But wouldſt thou have thy Neighbour to rebell?
To make Diſturbances in Church and State,
And not be puniſh'd till it is too late?
Magiſtrates, Man, muſt have a Care in Time,
And in the Bud muſt nip the ſprouting Crime.

H. *Nip it i'th' Bud? and ſo it mun be doon,*
Yo thinken then, by puniſhing too ſoon?
Magiſtrates, Sur, ſo haeſty, and ſo hard,
Ma'en aw th' Rebellions, 'at thir ar i'th' Ward.
Let Foke be quiet, when they are ſo, Sur,
And noather Church nor State will mak a Stur;
But to be made to pay, or be forſwaurn,
Vexes 'em booath, as ſure as yo are baurn.
Whoy mun yo mak my Naibor pay ſich Scores?
His Sowl is his, as weel as yoars is yoars.

Sir J. The Law, not I, obliges him to pay.

H. *Whoy win yo tak that Law agen him, hay?*
If yo mun do't, whether yo win or not,
Are yo a Papiſt, *or a* Slave, *or whot?*

Tell

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Tell me, if this faoo Play be not yoar ooan,
What mun yo pay for letting him alooan?

Sir J. I pay? no Law obliges me to that——
What is it, *Harry*, that thou would'ſt be at?

H. *Whoy, Sur, at this——When Laws ma'en mich adoo,*
Monny a wife Mon is made into a Foo;
Freeten'd, o'th' ſudden, aoot of his reet Senſe,
He'll ſell his Wits and aw, to ſave his Pence.
But, pray, whot Mon, with hauf o' yoar good Thout,
Wou'd do his Naibor an ill Turn for Nout?
When he himſel gets nere a Farthing by't,
But ſhaum of hurting aoot of arrant Spite:
This is the Wark, if yo'n conſider weel,
Not of a Mon, *Sur* John, *but of a* Deel;
If one cud tak a Look i' that Mon's Breaſt,
We ſhudden ſee him what they cawn poſſeſt.

Sir J. Thou mak'ſt a Devil of me——very well!

H. *Nou, nou; it's yo that ma'en one o' yo'rſel;*
I'd make a Mon o' ye, Sur, if I coud,
A gradely Mon, that ſeeches to do good;
And not to labbor Books, and ſarch a Cawſe
For hately Doings in hard favord Laws.

Sir J. Thou ſarches me, I'm ſure---where haſt thou had
This ſame Book-ſearching Information, Lad?
We have, 'tis true, been ſtudying in what Shape
We beſt might catch thy Neighbour in a Scrape;

But

But, by thy Talking, we might ſpare the Pains,
And better Bus'neſs might employ our Brains.

H. *Ay marry mought it; thooas, that letten aoot*
Their Breeans to Miſchief, mit as weet be baoot;
Whoile they done ſo, it con be no greeat News,
That Fokes ſhid caw 'um ſummat warſe then Foos.

Sir J. *Harry*, thou'rt got into a talking Cue.

H. *Yo gin me Leeaf, Sur, do not ye*——

Sir J. I do.

Now, prithee, tell me then, and talk away,
Nor mince the Matter, what do People ſay?

H. *I'll tell o', Sur*——*aoor* Juſtices, *they ſen,*
That tan themſels to be ſich loyal Men,
Makken moor Enemies to th' King and Craoon,
Till onny Twenty Men beſoide i'th' Taoon;
They praiſen mich this Government of aoors,
Becoſe it has no harbittary Paoors:
For Trade, Religion, Liberties *enjoy'd,*
It ſheds aw th' Governments i'th' Ward beſoide:
His ooan Oppinion *e'ry Mon may take;*
Noa Parſecution *in't for* Concience *Sake:*
Monny ſich Words *they han, as* ſmooth *as* Oyl,
And Deeds *as* ſharp *as* Alegar *au th' whoile;*
They getten to a CORNER *by 'umſels,*
And there they done, i'th' Ward o' God, nowt elz,

But

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But tan their Bookt, *their* Bacco, *and their* Beer,
And conjurn up poor Fellows to appear;
And then the geſt'ring, what'n ye caw it, Corum,
Mun huff and ding, and carry au before 'um,

Sir J. A fine Deſcription truly! and quite freed!
But, *Harry*, how did it appear to thee?
Could'ſt thou not find, where thou haſt been to dine,
One Word to ſay for an old Friend of thine.

H. *Yoi, Sur, I ſaid as mich as e'er I coud,*
But whaint ado I had to mak it good.
This Summons, *Sur, this* Summons! *fie upon't!*
Whot arguſ'd my Tung *agen yoar* Hondt?
Whene'er they thrutten that into my Diſh,
It ſtrick me dumb aootreet as onny Fiſh:
Had I gooan on, I know, Sur, what I know,
They'd ſoon ha' ſaid I wur as bad as yo.
Yo conno' think, if I may be believ'd,
Yo conno' think, Sur, haoo my Heart wus griev'd;
I'd fain ha' yo belov'd, Sur, in yoar Turn,
As aw your Anciters before ye wurn;
And I believe that none o' th' Race before,
Be who they win, cou'd e'er deſarve it moor;
If thooas good Qualities, that God has gin ye,
Mit but appear withaoot, as they are in ye:
But i' this one faoo Pleck, I need mun ſay,
Yo generaten *fro' 'um quite away.*
I hope you tan it i' good Part, Sur John:
I meean to ſarve ye——

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Sir J. Honeſt Lad, go on,
I think thou doſt; thee I ſhall ſooner heed
Than twenty prating Wiſeacres —— proceed.

H. *Whoy then, Sur* John, *if I may be ſo boud,*
Good Will, *when gotten, is as good as* Goud:
Yoar Faither left ye here a ſoine Eſtate,
He ſowt his Naibirs Love, *and not their* Hate;
His Principles wurn of another Mack
From thooas, 'at yo han been advoisd to tak:
This greeat lung Ooath *he ne'er coud underſtond;*
If yo bin wiſer, naoo yo han his Lond,
Better for yo——and yet I conno' ſkill,
Haoo it ſhid happen——but be that as't will;
Yet for yoar Faither's *Seeake, 'at's deead and gone,*
Yo ſhid'n conſider wi' yoar ſel, Sur John,
Whether its hondſom for his Son and Heir
To foorce loike-moinded Men to come and ſwear:
Monny han ſaid, that ſeen ye ſo behave,
Sur John *here* tramples on his Faither's Grave.
If, when th' oud Meſter *wur alive himſel,*
The Juſtices, *for Fear he ſhid rebell,*
Had uſend him as yo done other Foke,
Yoar Wheels *had wanted monny a pratty* Spoke:
Had he been made, agen his ooan Conſent,
A Papiſh, *Sur, by* Act o' Parliament,
Yo woud'n ha' caw'd 'um by their proper Name,
That did the Thing, tho naoo yo done the ſame;
Th' oud Mon's hard yoozitth woud ha' raisd yoar Blood——

Sir J. So really, *Harry*, I believe it wou'd;

I ſhou'd

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I ſhou'd not quietly have ſitten ſtill,
Had any of 'em us'd *my Father* ill.

H. *Whoy, Sur, and conno' yo think at it then,*
And ſhow ſome Marcy naoo to other Men?
Suppoſe this Mon, becoſe he conno' think
Juſt as yo done, had nooather Meeat nor Drink;
Coud no', becoſe 'at Laws ma'en ſich a Paooſe,
Wark in his Bus'neſs, and maintain his Haooſe:
But aw his Children wurn to beg i'th' Street——
Wouden yo think it ſich a bleſſed Seet?
Woud no' yo ſay, at ſeeing Rags and Ruin,
The Deel wus in me! what wus I adoing?——
Yo gan me Leeaf to tauk, Sur——

Sir J. So I did,
And muſt confeſs that I am fairly chid;
Thy honeſt Bluntneſs oft has made me ſmile,
Harry, but I ne'er hed thee all the while:
Now I believe that *thou* haſt gain'd thy End;
And *I*, a better Temper tow'rds thy Friend.

H. *Eh! Sur! God ſend it! if yoar Heart wur oppen'd*
To loving Thouts, haoo Naibors wou'd be gloppen'd!
Before this Juſticing *made ſich a Pother,*
Haoo naiburly we liven'd with t'one t'other!
But naoo——

Sir J. Well, *Harry*, thou haſt ſaid enough;
I hope, I ſhan't hereafter be ſo rough;
Nor ſharpen, when they come within my Sphere,
Laws, of themſelves, ſufficiently ſevere;

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When thou ſhalt ſee him, tell *thy Friend* from me,
If he'll be quiet, quiet he ſhall be;
Tell all thy Neighbours that the Thing is done,
The *Father*'s Memory ſhan't reproach the *Son*;
Tho' all his Thoughts and mine were not the ſame,
His Worth and Virtues ſhall direct my Aim.
And now I have confeſt to thee, Friend *Harry*,
We'll call another Cauſe, if thou canſt tarry;
This thou haſt richly merited to win:
Here! who's in waiting? bring a Tankard in.

H. *Nay, Sur, yo mun excuſe me, if yo pleeaſen;*
Yoar Kindneſs here, in harkening to Reeaſon,
Has made my Hairt, (dry as a Kex, Sur John,)
Weeter and leeter, till good Likkor con:
I'll go my Ways; Sur, whoosam, afore it's dark,
And let aoor Naibors know o' this Day's Wark;
I lung to ſee 'am, feeling what I feel,
At preſent, Sur, God bleſs 'ye! and farewel.

A genuine

A genuine DIALOGUE

Betwen a Gentlewoman at Derby, and her Maid Jenny,

In the Beginning of December 1745.

Mrs. JENNY come here: I'm told that you have been
To ſee this Man.

Jen. *What Man?*

Mrs. Why you have ſeen
The young *Pretender*, Huſſy, at his Lodging——
Is it not ſo? —— come, tell me without dodging.

Jen. *Why really, Madam, I was paſſing by,*
Thinking no harm——not in the leaſt——not I;
And ſomebody or other that I met——

Mrs. What ſomebody?

Jen. *Indeed, now I forget——*
Said what a handſome Man he was——and ſo,
Begging your Pardon, Madam, I did go,
But had no ill Intention in the Thing——
A Cat may look——as Folks ſay——at a KING.

Mrs. King——do you call him? ye rebellious Slut!

Jen. *I did not call him ſo, good Madam, but——*

Mrs. But

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Mrs. But me no butting, not another Day,
Shall any Rebel in my Service ſtay;
I owe you Twenty Shillings——there's a Guinea——
Pack up, and go about your Buſineſs, *Jenny*——
Matters are come indeed to a fine Paſs!
The next Thing, I ſuppoſe, you'll go to Maſs.

Jen. *To Maſs? What Road? For I don't know the Place,*
Nor cou'd I tell which Way to turn my Face.

Mrs. Turn!——you'll turn *Papiſt*, and believe Black's White.

Jen. *Why, bleſs me, Madam, I han't loſt my Sight!*

Mrs. And then the Prieſt will bid you cut my Throat.

Jen. *Dear loving Miſtreſs; how you talk by Rote!*
I wou'd not hurt a Hair of your dear Head,
Were all the Prieſts in Maſs to kill me dead;
And I don't ſay it with Deſign to brag,
Since I've been with you——you han't loſt a Rag:
I cut your Throat! becauſe I ſaw the P——e,
And never thought of Black or White e'er ſince.

Mrs. Good! this is you that did not call him K——g;
And is not P——e, ye Minx, the ſelf-ſame Thing?

Jen. *You are ſo haſty, Madam! with your Snarles——*
Wou'd you have me call the Gentleman plain Ch——s?

Mrs. P—— *Ch——s* again!——ſpeak out your Treaſon Tales;
His R——l H——s, *Ch——s*, the P—— of *W——s!*

Jen. *Oh!*

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Jen. *Oh! Madam, you ſay more of him than me,*
For I ſaid nothing of his Pedigree.

Mrs. Pedigree! Fool——what would the Wench be at?
What Pedigree has any Baſtard Brat?——

Jen. *Nay, I'm no Harold, be he what he will,*
He is a charming Man to look at, ſtill:
When I was got in there, amongſt the Throng,
His R——l H——s——

Mrs. Huſſy, hold your Tongue.

Jen. *You call'd him ſo yourſelf, but juſt e'en now.*

Mrs. Yes, ſo I did——but then, the Manner how?

Jen. *And will you turn a Servant out o'Doors,*
Becauſe her Manners ben't ſo fine as yours?

Mrs. Jenny! I ſay, you had no Buſineſs neither
To ſee the *Creature*, or go near him either.

Jen. Creature?---*Nay, Pardon, Madam, be's no Creature.*
But a ſweet comely Chriſtian, ev'ry Feature.

Mrs. No *Creature!*---Wou'd you worſhip him, you Dunce?

Jen. *I wou'd——you were to ſee his Worſhip once.*

Mrs. How can the Girl croſs Queſtions like a Fool!
Or think that I ſhould go and ſee the Tool!
Jenny!——tho' you have done ſo much amiſs,
I pity——ſuch an Ignorance as this,

If

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If you'll go mind your Work as heretofore,
And keep at home, I'll pass the Matter o'er.

Jen. *Ah! Madam, you're so good, let me but speak*
My simple Mind,——or else my Heart will break ——
I've such a strange foreboding in my Heart,
If you but saw him once,——we shou'd not part:
Do see him once——what harm is there in seeing?
If after that there be not an agreeing,
Then call me twenty Rebel Sluts——if you,
When you have seen him, ben't a Rebel too.

Now, whether *Jenny* did persuade her Dame,
Is not, as yet, betrumpeted by Fame:
Sometimes there happen to be secret Views,
That are not put into the publick News:
But, by Report, that private Rumour gives,
She'll never part with *Jenny* while she lives.

The

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THE CONTRAST

Between Two Executed LORDS.

AS Crouds attended when the fatal Blow
Took off KILMARNOCK, and BALMERINO,
Men were ſurpriz'd, that Warriors on a Side
Should in the common Field of Death divide;
By the ſame Path deſcending to the Grave,
In the ſame Cauſe ſo widely to behave!
What turns of Anger, Pity, Cenſure, Praiſe,
Did ſuch a Contraſt of Deportment raiſe!

ONE——ſtruck with Horror, at Rebellion's Crime,
Seeks, by Repentance, to redeem the Time;
Begs of offended Majeſty the Grace,
That future Conduct may the paſt efface;
Wou'd live——but——only 'till his Blood be ſpilt
In ſuch a Cauſe——as may atone for guilt;
Wou'd die——if ſuch ſhall be his Sovereign's Doom,
And, praying for his Race, approach the Tomb.

Approach he muſt——and be the firſt to bleed;
The Scene beheld——*'tis terrible indeed!*
The ſable Scaffold, Coffin, Ax, and Block,
And circling Eyes on him concenter'd, ſhock,

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Yet——not confound; inſtructed to prepare,
He meets with Death——too ſerious to dare:
Receives (his Crime avow'd, and Mercy clos'd)
Th' impending Stroke——reluctantly compos'd.

The OTHER——firm, and ſteady in the Cauſe
Of injur'd Monarchs, and of ancient Laws,
By change of Conduct never ſtain'd his Fame,
Child, Youth, and Man, his Principles the ſame:
How greatly generous his laſt Adieu!
That from his Friend one more Confeſſion drew:
He clears his Prince's Honour, and his own,
And only ſorrows——not to die alone.

Pledge me, he cries, *one Step to Heav'n,* my Friends;
And, in his wonted Dreſs, thereon aſcends;
Scorning, when paſt through Life with Conſcience clear,
In Death to play the Hypocrite——and fear:
His Head adorned with the *Scottiſh* Plaid,
His Heart confiding upon God for Aid,
He, as a Gueſt, invites his welcome Fate,
Gallant, Intrepid, Fearleſs, and *Sedate.*

What ſhall we ſay? If both of them were bad,
The one was *Coward*——and the other *Mad:*
If one was wrong——the other in the Right;
The which——'tis plain to ev'ry Party-Wight:
If each obey'd the Dictates of his Breaſt,
And of true Worth Sincerity be Teſt;
Then, to KILMARNOCK's Penitence give Quarter,
And write BALMERINO——a valiant Martyr.

AN

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AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND,

On the Art of ENGLISH POETRY.

THE Art of Engliſh Poetry, I find,
At preſent, *Jenkins*, occupies your Mind;
You have a vaſt Deſire to it, you ſay,
And want my Help to put you in the Way;
Want me to tell what Books you are to read;
How to begin, at firſt, and how proceed——

Now, tho' in Short-hand I may well pretend
To give Directions, my *Salopian* Friend,
As having had the Honour to impart
Its full Perfection to that *Engliſh* Art;
Which you, and many a ſagacious Youth,
By ſure Experience, know to be the Truth;
Yet how, in Matters of poetic Reach,
Untaught myſelf, ſhall I pretend to teach?
Well I remember that my younger Breaſt
The ſame Deſire, that reigns in yours, poſſeſt;
Me, Numbers flowing to a meaſur'd Time,
Me, ſweeteſt Grace of *Engliſh* Verſe, the Rhime,
Choice Epithet, and ſmooth deſcriptive Line,
Conſpiring all to finiſh one Deſign,

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Smit with Delight, full negligent of Profe,
And, thro' mere liking, tempted to compoſe,
To rate, according to my Schoolboy Schemes,
Ten Lines in Verſe worth half a hundred Themes.

Without one living Perſon to conſult,
The Years went on, from tender to adult;
And, as for poring to conſult the dead,
Truly, that never came into my Head:
Not *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace!* (if you aſk)
Why, yes, the Rod would ſend me to the Taſk;
But all the Conſultation that came out
Had its own End——to ſcape the whipping Bout.
Beſide, if Subject wanted to be ſung,
The Muſe was queſtion'd in the vulgar Tongue;
Who, if ſhe could not anſwer well in that,
Would hardly mend herſelf in *Greek* or *Lat.*

But poor Encouragement for you to hope
That my Inſtructions will attain the Scope:
Yet ſince the Help, which you are pleas'd to ſeek,
Does not concern the *Latin*, or the *Greek*;
In ancient Claſſics, tho', but little read,
I know, and care as little what they ſaid,
In plain, familiar *Engliſh*, for your Sake,
This untri'd Province I will undertake;
And Rules, for Verſe, as readily inſtill,
As if Ability had equall'd Will:
Fair Stipulation, firſt, on either Side,
In Form, and Manner, here annex'd, imply'd——

Conditions

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Conditions are——that, if the Muſe ſhould err,
You gave th' Occaſion, and muſt pardon her:
If aught occur, on ſitting down to try,
That may deſerve the caſting of your Eye;
If Hint ariſe, in any Sort, to ſuit
With your Intent——you ſhall be welcome to't.

You may remember, when you firſt began
To learn the truly tachygraphic Plan,
How tracing, Step by Step, the ſimpleſt Line,
We grounded, rais'd, and finiſh'd our Deſign:
How we examin'd Language, and its Pow'rs,
And then adjuſted ev'ry Stroke to ours;
Whilſt the ſame Method, follow'd, in the main,
Made other Matters more conciſely plain;
Made *Engliſh*, *French*, *Italian*——*Hebrew* too——
Appear the cleareſt in a Short-hand View;
Which, in all Points, where Language was concern'd,
Explain'd how beſt, and ſooneſt they were learn'd;
Shew'd where to end, as well as to commence,
At that one, central, point of View——Good Senſe.

There fix your Eye then,——if you mean to write
Verſe that is fit to read, or to recite:
A Poet, ſlighting this initial Rule,
Is but, at beſt, an artificial Fool;
Of learning Verſe quite needleſs the Expence,
Plain Proſe might ſerve to ſhow his want of Senſe.

But

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But you, who have it, and would give to Proſe
The Grace, that Engliſh Poetry beſtows,
Conſider how the Short-hand Scheme, in Part,
May be appli'd to the poetic Art:
To write, or read in that, you underſtood,
There muſt be Senſe, and Senſe that muſt be good;
The more that Words were proper, and exact,
In Book, or Speech, the more we could contract:
The *Hand*, you know, became a kind of Teſt,
In this Reſpect, what Writings were the beſt:
If incorrect the Language, or abſurd,
It coſt the fuller noting of each Word;
But, when more apt, grammatical, and true,
Full oft, a Letter for a Word would do.

Form to yourſelf, directly, the Deſign
Of ſo conſtructing a poetic Line;
That it may coſt, in writing it *our* Way,
The leaſt Expence of Ink, as one may ſay;
That Word, or Phraſe——in Meaſure that you pleaſe,——
May come the neareſt to proſaic Eaſe:
You'll ſee the Caſes from the Rule exempt,
Whilſt it directs, in gen'ral, your Attempt;
How Word, or Sentence, you may oft tranſpoſe,
And Verſe be, ſtill, as natural as Proſe.

As natural——for, tho' we call it Art,
The Worth in Poetry is Natures Part:
Here—— *Artis eſt celare artem*——here,
Art muſt be hid that Nature may appear;

So

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So lie conceal'd behind the ſhining Glaſs,
That Nature's Image may the beſt repaſs:
All o'er, indeed, muſt Quickſilver be ſpread,
But all its uſeleſs Motion muſt lie dead.

The Art of Swimming——next that comes to Mind——
Perhaps may ſhow you what is here deſign'd:
A young Beginner ſtruggling, you may ſee,
With all his Might——'twas ſo at leaſt with me——
With all the Splutter of his Limbs to ſwim,
And keep his Brains, and Breath, above the Brim;
Whilſt, the more eager he to gain his Art,
The ſooner ev'ry Limb is thrown athwart;
Till by Degrees he learns, with leſs Ado,
And gentler Stroke, the Purpoſe to purſue;
To Nature's Motions poiſing he conforms,
Nor puts th' unwilling Element in Storms;
Taught, as the ſmoother Wave ſhall yield, to yield,
And rule the Surface of the watry Field.

Soon as you can then, learn to lay aſide
All wild Endeavours againſt Nature's Tide;
Which Way ſhe bends take Notice, and comply;
The Verſe that will not, burn, or throw it by:
May be the Subject does not ſuit your Skill——
Diſmiſs, diſmiſs——till one comes up that will:
If Senſe, if Nature ſuccour not the Theme,
All Art and Skill is Strife againſt the Stream;
If they aſſiſt to waft your Verſes o'er,
Stretch forward, and poſſeſs the wiſh'd-for Shore.

'Twas

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'Twas from a certain native Senſe, and Wit,
That came——*Poeta naſcitur, non fit*——
Adage forbidding any rhiming Blade,
That was not born a Poet, to be made:
For if to ſing, (in Muſic) or to hear,
Require a natural good Voice, or Ear;
If Art and Rule but awkwardly advance,
Without a previous, pliant Shape, to dance,
Well may the Muſe, before ſhe can inſpire,
Verſatile Force of ſupple Wit require.

Of this if Critics ſhould demand a Sign,
Strong Inclination ſhould be one of mine;
A fair Deſire is ſeldom known to ſpring,
But where there is ſome Fitneſs for the Thing:
Tho', by untoward Circumſtances check'd,
There lies a Genius, but without Effect;
Many a fine Plant, uncultivated, dies;
And worſe, with more Encouragement, may riſe:
Des Mecænates——what had Maro been,
Had not *Mecænas* rais'd the Muſe within?

Yours, honeſt Pupil, when you are inclin'd,
May verſify, according to your Mind;
She has no Reaſon, to no Patron ty'd,
To proſtitute her Favours to a Side;
Nor to falſe Taſte, if any ſuch the Age
Shall run into, to ſacrifice her Page;
Much leſs, with any vicious Topic vile,
An Art of chaſter Offspring to defile:

All

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All Verſe unworthy of an Engliſh Muſe,
Of Short-hand Race, ſhe may, and muſt refuſe;

Ancient, and modern Aptitude to run
Into ſome Errors, which you ought to ſhun,
Will now and then occaſion, I foreſee,
In Place, or out, a Precipe from me:
When this ſhall happen, never ſtand to try
The *Where* of its Appearance, but the *Why*:
Leſt, by Authorities, or old, or new,
You ſhould be tempted to incur them too;
Since the moſt celebrated Names infer
No Sort of Privilege in you to err;
Far from it —— even, where they may excell,
Barely to imitate is not ſo well;
Much leſs ſhould their Authority prevail,
Or warrant you to follow, where they fail.

'Tis not to ſearch for Precedents alone,
But how to form a Judgment of your own;
In writing Verſe that is your main Affair,
Main End of all my monitory Care,
Who hate Servility to common Law,
That keeps an equitable Right in Awe;
By Uſe and Cuſtom juſtifies its Lot,
Its Modes, and Faſhions, whether right, or not;
Cramps the free Genius, clips the Muſe's Wing,
And to one Poet ties another's String;
Producing, from their hardly various Lines,
So many Copies, and ſo few Deſigns.

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By neither Names, nor Numbers, be deter'd;
Nor yield to mix amongſt the ſervile Herd:
Exert the Liberty, which all avow,
Tho' Slaves in Practice——and begin juſt now,
Begin with me, and conſtrue what I write,
Not to preclude your Judgment, but excite;
Juſt as you once examin'd what I taught,
From Firſt to laſt, with unaddicted Thought,
So while, at your Requeſt, I venture here
To play the Maſter, ſee that all be clear;
Preſerve the Freedom, which you always took,
Nor, if it teach amiſs, regard the Book.

Thus, unencumber'd, let us move along,
As Road ſhall lead us, to the Mount of Song;
Still keeping, ſo far by Agreement ti'd,
Good Verſe in Proſpect, and good Senſe for Guide.

SENSE preſuppos'd, and reſolute Intent
To regulate thereby poetic Bent,
Let us examine Language once again,
As erſt we did to regulate the Pen;
And then obſerve how the peculiar Frame
Of Words, in Engliſh, may aſſiſt your Aim.

The End of Speech, vouchſaf'd to human Kind,
Is to expreſs Conceptions of the Mind:
By painted Speech, or Writing's wond'rous Aid,
The Lines of Thought are legibly diſplay'd;

In

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In any Place, at any Time appear,
And ſilent Figure ſpeaks to mental Ear;
Surprizing Permanence of Meaning, found
For diſtant Voice, and momentary Sound:
Whether by Heav'n, at firſt, the huge Effect
Reveal'd, or by inventive Wit——reflect
What good may follow, if a Man exert
The Talent right, what Ill, if he pervert;
And to Exertion, whether good, or bad,
What Strength engaging Poetry may add;
That, if ſucceſsful in your preſent Drift,
You may not riſk to deſecrate the Gift.

You ſee, in ſpeaking, or by Sound, or Ink,
The grand inceptive Caution is——to think;
To meaſure, ponder, ruminate, digeſt,
Or Phraſe whatever, that betokens beſt
A due Attention to make Art, and Skill,
Turn all to Good, or leaſt of all to Ill;
Never to give, on any warm Pretence,
To juſt Obſervers Cauſe of juſt Offence:
To Truth, to Good, undoubtedly, belong
The Skill of Poets, and the Charms of Song.

In Verſe, or Proſe, in Nature, or in Art,
The Head begins the Movement, or the Heart;
If both unite, if both be clear and ſound,
Then may Perfection in a Work be found;
Then does the Preacher, then the Poet ſhine,
And juſtly take the Title of Divine.

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By common Senſe the World has been all led
To make Diſtinction of the Heart and Head;
Diſtinction worthy of your keeneſt Ken,
In paſſing Judgment upon Books, and Men;
Upon Yourſelf, before you ſhall ſubmit
To other Judges what Yourſelf has writ.

The Heart, the Head, it may ſuffice to note,
Two diff'rent Kinds of Poetry promote;
One more ſublime, more ſacred, and ſevere,
That ſhines in Poetry's celeſtial Sphere;
One of an uſefull, tho' an humbler Birth,
That ornaments its lower Globe of Earth;
Theſe we ſhall here aſcribe, if you think fit,
One to good Senſe, the other to good Wit;
And grant that, whichſoever be diſplay'd,
It muſt have ſomething of the others Aid;
Without ſome Wit Solidity is dull,
As bad the ſprightly Nonſenſe, to the full.

To clothe them both in Language, and by Rule,
Let us again reviſe the Short-hand School,
And trace the branching Stamens of Diſcourſe
From their moſt plain and *primmerly* Reſource.
Four Parts of Speech, you know, we us'd to make
The beſt Arrangement, for Enquiry's Sake;
And how, ſpontaneous, to determine thoſe,
The Noun, and Adnoun, Verb, and Adverb roſe.
Occurring Hints, but to no Stiffneſs ti'd
Of formal Method, let theſe four divide;

They

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They do, in Fact, partition out, you know,
The Senſe of Words, as far as Words can go;
For of a Thing the clear ideal Senſe,
The Properties that really ſpring from thence,
Actions, and Modes of Action that enſue,
Muſt all unite to make the Language true;
If falſe, ſome one or other of theſe four
Unvails Deluſion ent'ring at its Door;
But——wonted Leſſons I ſhall here paſs by,
Truſting to your Remembrance——and apply.

The Noun, the Name, the Subſtantive, the Thing,
Let repreſent the Subject that you ſing;
The main, eſſential Matter, whereupon
You mean to ſet the Muſe at Work anon:
E'er you begin the Verſe that you intend,
Reſpice finem——think upon its End;
One ſingle Point, on which you are to fix,
Muſt govern all that you ſhall intermix;
Before you queſt for Circumſtances round,
Peg down, at firſt, the Center of your Ground;
Each periodic Incident when paſt,
Examine gently whether *that* be faſt:
How can you help, if it ſhould e'er come out,
Miſtaking quite the Point you are about?
How, with no Tether fix'd to your Deſigns,
Help incoherent, looſe, unmeaning Lines?

You need not aſk of claſſic Rome, or Greece,
Whether your Work ſhould all be of a Piece;

The

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The Thing is plain —— and all that Rule can tell
Is —— Memorandum to obſerve it well;
To frame, whatever you ſhall interſperſe
Of Decoration, well connected Verſe;
That ſhall, whatever may acroſs be ſpread,
From End to End, maintain an equal Thread;
That Botch, or Patch, or clumſy, aukward Seam
Mar not poetic Unity of Theme.

This Theme, or Subject, for your Engliſh Muſe
Belongs, of right, to you and her to chooſe:
Your own unbias'd Inclinations beſt
The *freeer* Topics for a Verſe ſuggeſt;
All, within Bound of Innocence, is free;
And you may range, without conſulting me,
The juſt, delightfull, and extenſive Sphere;
All elſe —— what need of Caution to forbear?
None —— if the Bards, and ſome of them renown'd,
Had not tranſgreſt, and overleap'd the Bound;
This may indeed bid you to have a Care,
Me, to renew the Warning to beware;
While, unreſtrain'd, you ſet yourſelf the Taſk,
Let it be harmleſs, and 'tis all I aſk.

Some, to be ſure, more excellent, and grand,
Your practic'd Genius may in Time demand;
To theſe in View, no Doubt, you may, in Will,
Devote, at preſent, your compleater Skill;
And whilſt, in little Eſſays, you expreſs,
Or clothe a Thought in verſifying Dreſs,

On

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On fair Ideas they may turn, and juſt,
And pave the Way to ſomething more auguſt:
If well your earlier Specimens intend,
From ſmall Beginnings you may greatly end;
Write what the Good may praiſe, as they peruſe,
And bleſs, with no unfruitfull Fame, the Muſe.

A youthfull Muſe, a ſprightly one, may crave
To intermix the Chearfull with the Grave——
Indulge her Choice, nor ſtop the flowing Stream,
Where Verſe adorns an inoffenſive Theme.
Unwill'd Endeavour is the ſame as faint,
And Briſk will languiſh if it feel Conſtraint:
From Taſk impos'd, from any Kind of Force,
A ſtiff, and ſtarch'd Production comes, of courſe;
Unleſs it ſuit, as it may chance to do,
The preſent Humour of the Muſe, and you:
Sooner, ſo aſk'd, that willing Numbers flow,
The more acceptable, and *a propos*;
Tho' prompt, if proper the Occaſion riſe,
Her nimbler Aid no gen'rous Muſe denies;
But if a fair, and friendly Call invite,
Speeds on the Verſe to opportune Delight;
Cuts all Delays to Satisfaction ſhort,
When Friends, and Seaſons are in Temper for't:
As, by this preſent Writing, one may ſee,
Dear Muſe of mine, is juſt the Caſe with thee.

A gen'rous Muſe, I muſt again repeat,
Diſdains the poor, poetical Conceit

Of

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Of poaching Verſe, for perſonal Repute,
And writing —— only to be thought to do't;
Without regarding one of its chief Ends,
At once to profit, and to pleaſure Friends.
Tho' to the Bard ſhe dictate firſt the Line,
The Readers Benefit is her Deſign:
Miſtaken Pocts ſeek for private Fame;
'Tis gen'ral Uſe that ſanctifies the Name.

Be free, and chooſe what Subject then you will,
But keep your Readers in Remembrance ſtill,
Your future Judges—— tho' 'tis in your Choice
In what Committees who ſhall have a Voice:
Their Satisfaction if the Muſe prefers,
And their Eſteem, who juſtly merit hers,
They who do not, however prompt of Throat,
Stand all excluded from the legal Vote.
Verſe any Readers, for whom Verſe is writ,
May to the Preſs, or to the Flames commit:
A Poet ſigns the Judgment on his Verſe,
If Readers, worthy to be pleas'd, rehearſe;
But, when the Blockheads meddle in the Cauſe,
Laughs at their Blame, and ſmiles at their Applauſe.

'Twill add to future verſifying Eaſe
To think on Judges, whom you ought to pleaſe;
To fancy ſome of your ſelected Friends
Diſcuſſing Points, to which a Subject tends;
By whom you gueſs it would be well diſcuſs'd,
And Judgment form'd, that you might ſafely truſt;

If

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If you conceive them ſitting on the Bench,
Hints, what is fit to add, or to retrench,
Anticipating Fancy may ſupply,
And ſave the Trouble to the real Eye:
Judgment awaken'd may improve the Theme
With righter Verdict, tho' the Court's a Dream.

To R. L. Eſquire.

On his ſending

The AUTHOR a HARE,

According to an annual Cuſtom.

*WHAT! another Hare *Peter!* well, ſo much the better;
I acknowledge myſelf to be doubly your Debtor;
Shou'd ha' thank'd you indeed for the laſt afore now,
But the Forelock of Time has been ſhort, of ſomehow:
I hope you wont take it, Sir, as an Affront;
'Twas an excellent good one, for what there was on't;
But ſince, by your Favour here, two at a Time;
Let that be for Senſe, and this other for Rhime.

* N. B. The Author had, this Year, received two Hares from his Friend, and wrote the following Verſes in Anſwer to the Receipt of the latter.

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II.

Indeed when old *Jackſon* your Nameſake, and Neighbour,
Had brought, what you call'd there, the Fruits of your Labour,
Of a whole Days whole Labour! ſo labour'd the Mountain,
Thought I, and when got to the End of her Counting,
While the Neighbours all round her, with Wonder ſtruck dumb,
Stood to ſee what huge Monſter was coming to come,
At laſt, and with much ado, bro't forth a Hero,
When dreſt, wou'd have made much the ſame Bill of Fare-o.

III.

Not that I lik'd your Preſent one Penny the worſe;
No, if you think ſo, you are out of your Courſe;
Your Intention had had the ſame Courteſy in't, if
The Fruits of your Labour were ne'er ſo dimin'tive:
Nor ſhould I have fail'd of my Thanks, if old *Jackſon*
Had not told me, that he was oblig'd to go back ſoon;
I began once to write, but I could not proceed in't,
And indeed, as it happens——'tis well that I didn't.

IV.

Had I anſwer'd your *Minor*, perhaps, 'tis a Wager
Whether ever, or no, I had heard of your *Major;*

But

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But now, having laid down your *Premiſes* twain,
The *Concluſion* is good, and the *Conſequence* plain:
For as old *Ariſtotle* ſaid, ſome Time agon,
Two Hens, and two Bacons are better than one;
Second Hares are the beſt, as a Body may ſay,
D'ye take Sir the Force of the Argument? hay?

V.

But as after your ſhort Hare you ſent a long Ditto,
So you ſhou'd by your Letter, and lengthen out it too:
You made me to cry, with your bit of a Scrawl,
Like our *Trinity* Friend, you know who——is this all!
I expected to find an Account of Miſs Puſs
As long as my Arm, and to fob me off thus!——
I thought, when a *Cheſhire Squire* ſent a Hare hither,
That, at leaſt, he'd ha' ſent——the Hare's Pedigree with her.

VI.

*Sir *Peter* of *Cheſter* wou'd ne'er have been hind'red
From ſearching of Writings, to find out their Kindred;
The *Field* they were in he'd ha' blazon'd, I trow;
And ha' ſhow'd if your *Hares* had been *Coheirs*, or no;
With many ſuch Queſtions, ſo nice, and ſo knotty,
Of which you have ſaid——not a Syllable ———
Yet you fancy that I ſhou'd have ſomewhat to ſay t'em,
As if I had an'thing to do——but to eat 'em.

* Sir *P. Leiceſter*, who publiſhed the Antiquities of *Cheſhire*,

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VII.

" Dr. JOHN, *'tis long ſince I receiv'd any Poe-*
" *try, Argol I've ſent Hare and Service unto ye.*"
Very good, Maſter *Peter*; you think, I ſuppoſe,
That Verſes, with me, are as common as Proſe——
" *I ſend you a Hare——ſend you me a Conceit*"——
Is the old Grammar Rule then gone out of your Pate?
Did your Maſter ne'er tell you, amongſt other Stories,
The Diff'rence betwixt *Lepŏres*, and *Lepōres*?

VIII.

The laſt Time, indeed, that you ſent me a Hare,
My Fury was mov'd with another Affair;
And the Creature arriv'd juſt as I had my Head full
Of a **Butcher-Hall* Challenge, ſo dire, and ſo dreadful——
But now our dear Friend is remov'd to *Cheapſide*,
With right Hand, and left Hand, and Pen laid aſide;
And, for fear I ſhou'd take his *Bread* from him, has
fled ſtreight,
From *Butcher-Hall* Lane, to the Corner of *Bread-ſtreet*.

IX. Having

* Alluding to an Advertiſement appearing, at that Time, in the public News-papers, wherein Weſton (concerning whom ſee the Note P. 16.) aſſerted the ſuperior Excellence of his own Method of writing Short-hand, in point of Expedition; and offered to make Tryal of Skill therein with our Author or any of his Scholars.

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IX.

Having put our Antagoniſh therefore to Flight,
I return to the Hare here——adzooks what a Weight!
The laſt that you ſent us was preſently gone,
But this, o' my Word, is a Whopper o' one——
Adzookus, whenn'er we begin to ſee th' End on't,
We'll remember, old *Arnold*! thy worthy Deſcendant;
With Knives, and with Forks, and with Spoons we will thump her,
And then to the *Ladies* of *Toſt*——in a Bumper.

To the SAME,

In Anſwer to the following Letter,

DEAR BYROM,

A Toſt Hare was uſed in former Days to produce a Copy of Verſes, and I hope you ſtill like Hares as well as I do Verſes; be that as it will, I ſhall be glad to hear in Verſe or Proſe that you are as well as I could wiſh you to be. I grow old, ſtir little from home, and lament I am not able to put myſelf in your way as formerly.

P. S. K. George *and Mr.* Pitt *are it ſeems at preſent the Darlings of the Nation. I ſhall hereafter be ſurpriſed at nothing.*

Killed 13th Nov.

DEAR

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DEAR *Peter*, this tells you, as ſoon as it cou'd,
That the Hare, which you ſent us, was tender, and good;
And we ſend you thanks for it——You ſay, "*a Toſt Hare*
Was wont to produce a Verſe copied Affair"——
Which is true, in the main; but Philoſophers, oft,
Give Effects to wrong Cauſes; it neither was *Toſt*,
Nor Hare, that was really productive of Metre;
But, as here you may ſee by Self-evidence——*Peter*.

II.

The Hare was no more than occaſional *Item*,
That, if Verſes were willing, one might as well write 'em;
And *Toſt*, tho' within but a few *Mille Paſſus*,
Was as fit for the Purpoſe, as foreign *Parnaſſus*:
It's good-natur'd Owner was proximate Cauſe
Of the free-flowing Rhime, and its modifi'd Pauſe;
The *Phœbus*, at whoſe *Innuendo*, the Muſe
Her Aſſiſtance, *jam nunc*, knows not how to refuſe.

III.

Still, it ſeems, *you like Verſe, as you hope I like Hare*——
Ay, for Intercourſe ſake, not the worth of the Ware:
Shops would anſwer your Taſte with a much better Line;
And Shambles, with full as good Provender, mine:
Nay, if one ſhou'd reflect upon Cruelty's Source,
In the Gentlemen Butchers, the HUNT, and the COURSE,
'Twere

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'Twere enough to prevent either Pudding, or Jelly,
From ſtoring ſuch Carcaſs within a Man's Belly.

IV.

Still I think of old *Elwall*, invited to ſup
At your *Cheſter* Abode, when a Hare was cut up,
How he gave me this Anſwer, concerning this Prog,
——*Doſt thou ever eat Hare?*——*Do'ſt thou ever eat Dog?*——
Don't think that, hereby, one intends to degrade
The Preſentment, *Sir Peter*, which now you have made;
I would only ſuggeſt that the Thanks, which I render,
Stand up, on their Feet, not to Hare, but Hare-ſender;

V.

Whoſe Caſe you deſcribe ſo exactly like mine,
That it runneth almoſt in a parallel Line;
You grow old——I grow older——*ſtir little from home*——
I leſs; and abroad more unable to roam——
You lament that you cannot come in a Friend's way,
As you formerly could——the ſame alſo I ſay.
Now, the Caſe being common, how ſhould it affect us?
Seeing——*Aliter non fit, Avite, Senectus*——

VI.

With *Gratitude* firſt, as I take it——a Truth,
Which is common, indeed, both to Age, and to Youth;
But

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But, if Youth has neglected to fill up that Page,
(My caſe) it belongs to *Executor* Age
To ſupply the defect, which, tho' negligent, ſtill,
We ſuppoſe the ſaid Youth to have had in its *Will*;
Old *Senectus* is ti'd then, for Benefits lent us,
To pay the juſt Debts of *Teſtator Juventus*.

VII.

With *Temperance* next——ſince if Gratitude binds,
For the ſake of paſt Youth, our *Senescenter* Minds,
They muſt, in a Body more ſubject to Phthiſic,
Guard againſt all Excels, and turn Food into Phyſic:
One ſees how corpuſcular Eating, and Drinking,
Make Youth, in its Mentals, ſo ſtout, and unthinking;
Age, therefore, altho' not ſo paunchful, or pateful,
Will be much better off, being ſober, and grateful.

VIII.

Two Helps, without which the meer animal Pow'r,
In young or old Blood, grows inſipid, or ſour:
If the two Ventilators of Life do not mix,
Old Age would, I find, be as croſs as two Sticks:
O grant me, ye Pow'rs both of Verſe, and of Proſe,
To be thoughtful, and thankful, chooſe how the World goes!
Not (tho' the old Man ſhould become twice a Child)
To be peeviſh and fretful, but placid and mild.

IX. Now

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IX.

Now as touching K. GEORGE, and his Penſioner PITT,
Your two preſent Darlings of national Wit;
And the ſtrange Alterations, that ſeem, in your Eyes,
So great, as if nothing henceforth could ſurpriſe;
If you have not yet ſeen Men, and Matters ſo vary,
As to bring you, before, to a *Nil admirari*,
In this changeable Iſland, one need not be told
That you are but a Youngſter——but newly grown old.

X.

What a Pleaſure to come has our Coming to Age,
To emancipate Thought from ſo ſhifting a Stage!
And to fix it on Matters, that will, in all Caſes,
Stand firm on their ſolid, immoveable Baſes;
Real Objects!——Your Epitaph, elſe, on the Hare——
KILL'D *November* 13th——is but one of a Pair
With a poor hunted Peer's, DECOLLAT. ſuch a Day——
What more than the *Puſs* has the *Peerage*, I pray?

XI.

It would elſe be too true, what comes into my Mind,
How our old Maſter *Bentley* divided Mankind——
He was talking of Short-Hand, and how an erroneous
Natare the Blockheads had made *Sueſonius*
To write, for *Notare*——the World, he then ſaid,
Was made up of two Sorts——*Worriers*——*Worried*——

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Dick, he told me, ſhould learn, and amidſt the World's Hurry,
As the potenter Choice, be a *Lawyer*——and worry.

XII.

You ſee now, old Friend, how intentional Aim
Sets out, to comply with your *Copyhold* Claim;
And how Age would run on, if the Muſe did not fix
The Rythmus of Dactyls to ninety and ſix;
And prompt what the Houſhold requires me to add——
That, to hear of *Toſt* Wellfare, they always are glad;
Being always poſſeſs'd of a competent Stock
Of the beſt of good Wiſhes for all your whole Flock.

On INOCULATION.

Written when it firſt began to be practiſed in ENGLAND.

I.

I Heard two Neighbours talk, the other Night,
About this new Diſtemper-giving Plan,
Which ſome ſo wrong, and others think ſo right;
Short was the Dialogue——and thus it ran.

II. If

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II.

If I had twenty Children, of my own,
I would inoculate them ev'ry one.——
Ay, but ſhould any of them die! what Moan
Would then be made, for vent'ring thereupon?

III.

No; I ſhould think that I had done the beſt;
And be reſign'd, whatever ſhould befall.——
But could you really be ſo quite at Reſt?
I could——Then why inoculate at all?

IV.

Since to reſign a Child to God, who gave,
Is full as eaſy, and as juſt a Part,
When ſick, and led by Nature to the Grave,
As when in Health, and driv'n to it by Art.

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AN

ANSWER to ſome ENQUIRIES,

CONCERNING

The AUTHOR's Opinion of a SERMON preached at—— upon the Operation of the Holy Spirit.

SAY to the Sermon? —— Why, you all were by,
And heard its whole Contents, as well as I——
Without diſcuſſing what the Preacher ſaid,
I'll tell you, Sirs, what came into my Head.

While he went on, and learnedly perplext
The genuine Meaning of his choſen Text,
I caſt my Eyes above him, and explor'd
The Dove-like Form upon the ſounding Board.

That Bird, thought I, was put there as a Sign
What Kind of Spirit guides a good Divine:
Such as, at firſt, taught Preachers to impart
The pure and ſimple Goſpel to the Heart:

A perfect, plain, intelligible Rule,
Without the dark Diſtinctions of the School;

That,

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That, with a nice, ſophiſtical Diſguiſe,
Hide the clear Precepts from the People's Eyes.

Whatever Doctrine in one Age was true
Muſt needs be ſo in all ſucceeding too;
Tho' Circumſtance may change—its inward Aim,
Thro' ev'ry outward Stage, is ſtill the ſame.

No thinking Chriſtian can be pleas'd to hear
Men, who pretend to make the Scripture clear,
With low Remarks, upon the Letter play,
And take the Spirit of it quite away.

Be Time, or Place, or Perſon, or what will,
Urg'd in Support of ſuch a wretched Skill,
It all amounts but to a vain Pretence,
That robs the Goſpel of its real Senſe.

Taught by the SAVIOUR, and by holy Men,
'Tis, now, the very ſame that it was then;
Not to be alter'd by unhallow'd Pains;
The World may vary, but the Truth remains.

Its conſecrated Phraſes, one would think,
That Prieſts, and Pulpits, were not made to ſink;
Profaner Wits can do it that Diſgrace—
What Need of *holy Orders* in the Caſe?

The modiſh, critical Haranguer, heard,
May be admir'd; may be perhaps prefer'd;

Who

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Who ſinks the Dictates of the ſacred Page
Down to the Maxims of the preſent Age.

But, o'er his ſounding Canopy, why bring
The harmleſs Dove to ſpread its hov'ring Wing?
How, in the Church, by ſuch a Shape, expreſt
Fullneſs of Brain, and Emptineſs of Breaſt?

Of Heads ſo fatten'd, and of Hearts ſo ſtarv'd,
A different Emblem ſhould, methinks, be carv'd;
The *Owl* of *Athens*, and not *Sion's Dove*,
The Bird of Learning,——not the Bird of Love.

Remarks on Dr. BROWN's Eſtimate,

Written in the Character of a Lady.

I.

THE Book appears, to my peruſing Sight,
So rambling, ſcambling, florid, and polite,
That, tho' a manly ſkill may trace the Clue,
A ſimple Female knows not what to do;
Where to begin Remark, or where to cloſe,
Loſt in a thouſand——Beauties, I ſuppoſe.

II. One

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II.

One ſeeming Proof of ſuch a Coalition
Of num'rous Beauties is——a fifth Edition;
As, reading Authors, I have juſt now found
In the *Whitehall*——Price Three and Six-pence bound:
Many a good Book, but leſs of Print conciſe,
Leſs clean of Margin, ſells for half the Price.

III.

So that the Nation grows in Books, 'tis plain,
* *Luxurious*, *effeminate* and *vain*:
That is, the Purchaſers——or, if I durſt,
I would have ſaid the Writers of 'em firſt;
And the luxuriant Framer of this Plan,
Firſt of the firſt, ſhould be the leading Man.

IV.

Somewhere, before the Middle of the Book,
It ſeems, the AUTHOR, whom I really took
But for a POLITICIAN, was in fine,
To my Surprize, a PROTESTANT DIVINE:

* *We may with Truth and Candour conclude that the ruling Character of the preſent Times is that of a vain, luxurious, and ſelfiſh Effeminacy. Brown's Eſtimate, Sect. 6th.*

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A PROTESTANT DIVINE! in whoſe high Flight
*The *Queſtion capital* is—— who ſhall *fight?*

V.

Not who ſhall *pay*——as ſome Divines have plan'd,
One has heard tell, the *capital Demand:*
Both needleſs Queſtions, when Divines aroſe,
Who neither ſu'd their Friends, nor fought their Foes.
Now, what more *vain, effeminate, luxurious,*
Than Parſon's Talk, ſo *capitally* furious?

VI.

Truly, the Works of Diſtaff, and of Needle
Are worth whole Volumes of courageous Tweedle;
With the Sum total——" BRITONS! all be free;
" Take the BROWN MUSKET up, and follow me:
" Let us be *ſtrong*, be *hardy, ſturdy, rough;*
" TILL WE ARE ALL BEATIFI'D IN BUFF.

I. With

* *It hath been urged indeed as a Proof that the natural Spirit of Defence is not yet extinguiſhed, that we raiſed ſuch large Sums during the Rebellion, and ſtill continue ſuch plentiful Supplies for the ſupport of our Fleets and Armies. This is weak Reaſoning: For will not Cowardice at leaſt, as ſoon as Courage, part with a Shilling, or a Pound, to avoid Danger?—The capital Queſtion therefore ſtill remains—" Not who ſhall pay, but who ſhall fight? Sect. 6th.*

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I.

*WITH Manners juſt the ſame, as we are told,
Men are effeminate, and Women bold:
†If aught like Satire, or like Ridicule,
Should ſeem to riſe, we muſt apply this Rule
To ſolve the Caſe——and ſo, I think, we may——
"It comes from Folly's natural Diſplay."

II.

Perſon and Dreſs is left us to apply,
And little elſe, to know the Sexes by:
Characteriſtics, formerly made out,
Are now confounded by a preſent Rout:
All would be loſt, if, as the Caſſock warm,
With Rage as juſt, the Petticoat ſhould arm.

III.

But while Men fight, both clergyfi'd and lay,
Who left but Women to cry——*Let us pray!*

* *The Sexes have now little other apparent Diſtinction beyond that of Perſon and Dreſs: Their peculiar and characteriſtic Manners are confounded and loſt: The one Sex having advanced into Boldneſs, as the other have ſunk into Effeminacy.* Sect. 5.

† *Thus we have attempted a ſimple Delineation of the ruling Manners of the Times: If any Thing like Ridicule appears to mix itſelf with this Review,* it ariſeth not from the Aggravation, but the natural Diſplay of Folly. *Sect.* 5.

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While Men are marſhalling in *Proſe Pindaric*
Religion, Virtue, Warburton, and *Garrick,*
Women muſt pray, that Heav'n would yet annex
Some little Grace to the Talk-valiant Sex.

IV.

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY is the manly Sound,
That clads, in Armour, all the Virtues round:
Where is this lovely Country to be ſought?
Why, 'tis GREAT BRITAIN, in their LITTLE Thought:
And the two States, which theſe Divines advance,
The *Heav'n* of *England,* and the *Hell* of *France.*

V.

Women muſt pray——and, if Divines can reach
No higher a Theology——muſt preach.
This World——this Sea-bound Spot of it——may ſeem
The central Paradiſe, in Men's Eſteem,
Who have great Souls; but Women, who have none,
Have other Realms to fix their Hearts upon.

VI.

If ſuch there be——the only certain Scheme
To guard againſt each poſſible Extreme,
Is to put on, amidſt the World's Alarms,
With a good Heart, our *real* Country's Arms;
FAITH, HOPE, and PATIENCE, from the Tow'rs above,
ALL-BEARING MEEKNESS, AND ALL-CONQU'RING LOVE.

REMARKS

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REMARKS on a PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

*EPISTLES to the GREAT,

From ARISTIPPUS in Retirement.

In a LETTER to Dr. S——.

DOCTOR, this new poetic Species
Semel may do; but never *decies*:
For a *Chapelle*, or a *Chaulieu*,
The new devis'd Conceit may do;
In rambling Rhimes, *La Farre*, and *Greſſet*,
And eaſy Diction, may expreſs it;
Or Madam's Muſe, *Deſhoulieres*,
Improve it farther ſtill than theirs:
But, in the Name of all the Nine,
Will an epiſtolary Line,
In Engliſh Verſe, and Engliſh Senſe,
Admit, to give them both Offence,

* Theſe Epiſtles were publiſhed in the Year 1757.——"*The Species of* "*Poetry*, (ſays the Editor) *in which they are written, has been uſed with* "*great Succeſs among the French, by* CHAPELLE, CHAULIEU, LA "FARRE, GRESSET, Madam DESHOULIERES, and Others."——To quote from them all the Expreſſions alluded to in the following Verſes, would but ſwell out the Notes to an unneceſſary Length. It is thought ſufficient therefore to diſtinguiſh ſuch Alluſions by Italic Characters.

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" *The Gaulbred Inſipiditee*
Of this new fangl'd Melodee?
Indeed it won't——if Gallic Phraſe
Can bear with ſuch enervate Lays,
Nor *Pleaſure*, nor *Pain-pinion'd Hours*
Can ever ſuffer them in ours;
Or, *Ivy-crown'd*, endure a Theme
Silver'd with *Moonſhine's Maiden Gleam*:
Not tho' ſo *garlanded*, and *flowry*,
So *ſoft*, ſo *ſweet*, ſo *Myrtle-bowry*;
So *balmy*, *palmy*——and ſo on——
As is the Theme here writ upon:
Writ in a Species that, if taking,
Portends ſad future Verſe unmaking:
Brown's Eſtimate of Times, and Manners,
That paints Effeminacy's Banners,
Has not a Proof, in its Detail,
More plain than this, if this prevail:
Forbid it ſenſe, forbid it Rhime,
Whether familiar, or ſublime;
Whether ye guide the Poets Hand
To eaſy Diction, or to grand;
Forbid the Gallic Namby Pamby
Here to repeat its crazy Crambe:
One Inſtance of ſuch ſpecial Stuff,
To ſee the Way on't, is enough;
Excus'd for once; if *Ariſtippus*
Has any more within his *Cippus*,
Let him ſuppreſs;——or ſing 'em He
With " *gentle Muſe*, *ſweet Euterpe*;

Free

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Free to ſalute her, while they chirp,
For eaſier Rhiming——*ſweet Euterp:*
It is allow'd that Verſe, to pleaſe,
Should move along with perfect Eaſe;
But this coxcombically mingling
Of Rhimes, unrhiming, interjingling,
For Numbers genuinely Britiſh,
Is quite too finical, and ſkittiſh;
But for the maſculiner *Belles*,
And the polite He *Me'moiſelles;*
Whom *Dryads*, *Naiads*, *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*,
Meads, *Woods*, and *Groves*, and *Lakes*, and *Lawns*,
And *Loves*, and *Doves*——and fifty more
Such jaded Terms, beſprinkl'd o'er
With compound Epithets uncooth,
Prompt to pronounce 'em Verſe, forſooth!
Verſe let 'em be; tho', I ſuppoſe,
Some Verſe as well might have been Proſe,
That "*England's common Courteſy*
Politely calls good Poetry:"
For, if the Poetry be good,
Accent, at leaſt, is underſtood;
Number of Syllables, alone,
Without the proper Streſs of Tone,
Will make our Metre flat, and bare,
As *Hebrew* Verſe of Biſhop *Hare*:
Add, that Regard to Rhime is gone,
And Verſe, and Proſe, will be all one;
Or, what is worſe, create a Pother,
By Species neither one nor t'other:

A Caſe

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A Caſe, which there is Room to fear,
From Dupes of *Ariſtippus* here——
The fancied Sage, in feign'd Retreat,
Laughs at the Follies of the Great,
With Wit, Invention, Fancy, Humour
Enough to gain the Thing a Rumour;
But if he writes reſolv'd to ſhine
In unconfin'd, and motley Line,
Let him pindaric it away,
And quit the lazy labour'd Lay;
Leave to *La Farre*, and to *La France*,
The warbling, ſoothing *Nonchalance*——
When will our Bards unlearn, at laſt,
The puny Stile, and the Bombaſt?
Nor let the pitifull Extremes
Diſgrace the Verſe of Engliſh Themes;
Matter, no more, in Manner paint
Foppiſh, affected, queer, and quaint;
Nor bounce above Parnaſſian Ground,
To drop the Senſe, and catch the Sound:
Except——in writing for the Stage,
Where Sound is beſt for buſkin'd Rage;
Except——in Operas, where Senſe
Is but ſuperfluous Expence:
Be then the Bards of ſounding Pitch
Conſign'd to *Garrick*, and to *Rich*;
To *Tweedledums*, and *Tweedledees*,
The ſingy ſonging *Euterpees*.

EPILOGUE

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EPILOGUE

To Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural.*

Enter *Hurlothrumbo.*

LADIES and Gentlemen, my Lord of *Flame*
Has ſent me here to thank you in his Name;
Proud of your Smiles, he's mounted many a Story
Above the tip-top Pinnacle of Glory:
Thence he defies the Sons of Clay, the Criticks;
Fellows, ſays he, that are meer Paralyticks,
With Judgments lame, and Intellects that halt,
Becauſe a Man outruns them——they find fault.
He is indeed, to ſpeak my poor Opinion,
Out of the reach of *critical* Dominion.

[*Enter Critick.*

Adſo! here's one of 'em.——

Cr. A ſtrange odd Play, Sir;

[*Enter Author, puſhes Hurlothrumbo aſide.*

Au. Let me come to him——Pray, what's that you ſay? Sir?

Cr. I ſay,

* This Play was written by Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, a Dancing-Maſter, of *Cheſhire*, and performed in the Year 1722, at the little Theatre, in the *Hay-market*, where it had a Run of above 30 Nights—We muſt refer the Reader to the Piece itſelf, to give him a juſt Idea of the Humour and Propriety

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Cr. I ſay, Sir, Rules are not obſerv'd here——

Au. Rules,
Like Clocks and Watches, were all made for Fools.
Rules make a Play? that is——

Cr. What, Mr. Singer?

Au. As if a Knife and Fork ſhould make a Finger.

Cr. Pray Sir, which is the *Hero* of your Play?

Au. Hero? why they're all Heroes in their Way.
Cr. But, here's no *Plot!* or none that's underſtood.

Au. There's a *Rebellion* tho'; and that's as good.

Cr. No Spirit, nor Genius in't.

Au. Why didn't here
A *SPIRIT*, and a *GENIUS* both appear?

Cr. Poh, 'tis all Stuff and Nonſenſe——

Au. Lack-a-day!
Why, that's the very *Eſſence* of a Play.
Your Old-Houſe, New-Houſe, Opera, and Ball,
'Tis NONSENSE, *Critick*, that ſupports 'em all.

As

priety of the following Epilogue; which was written by our Author, with a friendly Intention to point out to Mr. *Johnſon* the Extravagance and Abſurdity of his Play—Mr. *Johnſon*, however, ſo far from perceiving the Ridicule, received it as a Compliment, and had it both ſpoken, and printed.

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As you yourſelves ingeniouſly have ſhown,
Whilſt on their Nonſenſe you have built your own.

Cr. Here wants——

Au. Wants what? why now, for all your canting,
What one Ingredient of a Play is wanting?
Muſic, Love, War, Death, Madneſs without Sham,
Done to the Life, by *Perſons* of the *Dram:*
Scenes and Machines, deſcending and ariſing;
Thunder and Lightning; ev'ry thing ſurpriſing!

Cr. Play, Farce, or Opera is't?

Au. No matter whether,
'Tis a REHEARSAL of 'em all together.
But come Sir, come, troop off, old Blundermonger,
And interrupt the *Epilogue* no longer.
[*Author drives the Critic off the Stage.*

Hurlo, proceed——

Hurlo. Troth! he ſays true enough,
The Stage has given Riſe to wretched Stuff:
Critick, or Player; a *Dennis*, or a *Cibber*,
Vie only which ſhall make it go down glibber;
A thouſand murd'rous Ways they caſt about
To ſtifle it——but Murder like——'twill out.
Our Author fairly, without ſo much Fuſs,
Shows it——in *puris Naturalibus;*
Purſues the Point beyond its higheſt Height,
Then bids his Men of fire, and Ladies bright,
Mark, how it looks! when it is out of ſight.

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So true a *Stage*, ſo fair a Play for Laughter,
There never was before, nor ever will come after:
Never, no never; not while vital Breath
Defends ye from that *long-liv'd mortal* Death.
Death!——ſomething hangs on my prophetick Tongue,
I'll give it Utterance——be it right or wrong:
Handel himſelf ſhall yield to *Hurlothrumbo*,
And *Bononcini* too ſhall cry——*Succumbo*.
That's if the *Ladies* condeſcend to Smile;
Their Looks make Senſe, or Nonſenſe, in our Iſle.

REMARKS

ON

" Dr. MIDDLETON's Examination of the Lord Biſhop of *London*'s Diſcourſes concerning the Uſe and Intent of Prophecy."

2 PETER i. 19.

" *We have alſo a more ſure Word of Prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take Heed, as unto a Light that ſhineth in a dark Place, until the Day dawn, and the Day-Star ariſe in your Hearts.*"

THIS Paſſage, Sir, which has engag'd, of late,
So many Writers in ſuch high Debate,
About the Nature of prophetic Light,
Has not, I think, been underſtood aright:

Nor

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Nor does the Critic *Middleton*'s new Tract
Relate the Meaning fairly, or the Fact.

Peter, you know, Sir, by his own Account,
Was with our Saviour in the holy Mount;
Where he, and two Apoſtles more, beheld
The *Shechinah*, or Glory that excell'd;
Saw that divine Appearance of our Lord,
Which Three of the Evangeliſts record;
His Face a Sun, and Light his whole Array;
Prophetic Glimpſe of that eternal Day,
Wherein, the Glance of Sun and Moon ſuppreſt,
God ſhall, himſelf, enlighten all the bleſt;
Shall from his Temple, from the ſacred Shrine
Shine forth of human Majeſty divine.
To this grand Viſion, which the choſen Three
Were call'd, before they taſted Death, to ſee,
Was added Proof to the aſtoniſh'd Ear,
That made preſential Deity appear;
And, by a Voice from God the Father's Throne,
His well beloved Son was then made known.

Now ſearch of Myſteries the whole Abyſs,
What more intire Conviction, Sir, than this?
Of human Reaſon ſearch the wide Pretence,
What more miraculous, and plain to Senſe?
But Reaſon oft interprets paſt Event
Juſt as the human Heart, and Will is bent:
The *Doctor*, whom his own Productions call
No hearty Friend to Miracles, at all,

Diſguiſes this, to bring his Point about,
As if both Sight, and Hearing left a Doubt;
Left ſome Perplexity on *Peter*'s Mind,
Quite againſt all that he himſelf defin'd.
* " *This wond'rous Apparition, Sir, might leave*
" *Something too hard preciſely to conceive;*
" *And Circumſtances raiſe, within his Soul,*
" *Suſpenſe about the Nature of the whole.*"

What Kind of ſaunt'ring Spirit could ſuggeſt
Such groundleſs Cavil to a Chriſtian Breaſt?
What Chriſtian Prieſt, at leaſt, would chooſe to paint
His Saviour's Glory in a Light ſo faint?——
But let this ſuit the Prieſthood, if you will,
Pray what Foundation for his critic Skill?
For *Peter*'s doubting what he *ſaw* and *heard*——
For Scruples——firſt imagin'd, then infer'd?

The Reaſon here aſſign'd is " *Fear and Dread,*
" *So great that* Peter *knew not what he ſaid;*
" *He, and his Partners in the Viſion too,*
" *Fell on their Faces at its awfull View;*

Nor

* *This wonderfull Apparition and heavenly Voice might be accompanied with ſuch Circumſtances, as would naturally leave ſome Doubt and Perplexity on the Mind, concerning the preciſe Manner, and Nature of the whole Tranſaction. For* Peter, *as we read, was in ſuch a Fright and Amazement, at what he ſaw and heard,* that he knew not what he ſaid: *And both he and the two other Apoſtles then with him,* James *and* John, *were ſo greatly terrifyed, that* they fell upon their Faces to the Ground, and durſt not ſo much as look up, *'till* Jeſus, *when the Viſion was over, came to raiſe and encourage them.*—Doctor *Middleton*'s Treatiſe, *p.* 55.

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" *Nor durſt look up, 'till* Jeſus, *at the laſt,*
" *Came to, and rais'd them, when 'twas overpaſt.*"

O vain Suggeſtion! could they ſee and hear
Without an Adoration? without Fear?
If they were ſtruck with more than mortal Awe,
Their very *Fear* was *Proof* of what they ſaw;
For Strength to ſee, and Weakneſs to ſuſtain,
Made, both alike, the heav'nly Viſion plain:
Nor has he once attempted to deviſe
What elſe ſhould ſtrike them with ſo great Surprize.

If, overcome with reverential Dread,
Th' amaz'd Apoſtle wiſt not what he ſaid,
Unbias'd Reaſon would itſelf confeſs
A greater Light diminiſhing its leſs.
Thus, in the ſacred Books, if we recall
The firſt recorded Preſence ſince the Fall,
Themſelves from God when our firſt Parents hid,
It might be ſaid, they wiſt not what they did:
Yet were they taught their comfortable Creed,
The Promiſe of the Woman's conqu'ring Seed;
As here, th' Apoſtles were empower'd to ſee
That *Jeſus* God's beloved Son was he.

If, when God ſpake, each fell upon his Face——
How oft, in ancient Times, was this the Caſe?
What Prophet, Sir, to whom he ſpake of Yore,
His Voice, or Viſion unſupported bore?

Moſes

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Moſes himſelf, when unawares he trod
On holy Ground, and heard the Voice of God,
Tho' turn'd aſide, on purpoſe, to enquire
What kept the Buſh unburnt amidſt the Fire,
Stop'd, in his Search, by the divine Rebuke,
Strait *hid his Face*, and was *afraid* to *look*.

Abram, the covenanted Sire of all,
Who, in his Faith, upon the Lord ſhould call,
When he receiv'd the Seal of it, the Sign
Of Circumciſion, from the Voice divine,
Fell on his Face——and muſt we then conceit
His Proofs, that God talk'd with him, incompleat?

Read how *Iſaiah* thought himſelf undone,
When he had ſeen God's Glory in his Son;
Until the Seraph, with a living Coal
From off the Altar, purg'd the Prophet's Soul.
Read how *Ezechiel* too, with like Surprize,
When Heav'n was open'd to his wond'ring Eyes,
Fell on his Face, at the ſame glorious Sight;
Till, by God's Spirit, made to ſtand upright.
Thus *Daniel* proſtrate, thus the great Divine
Who ſaw th' Apocaliptic Scenes——in fine,
Thus human Strength, alone, could never ſtand,
When God appear'd, unaided by his Hand.
To urge a Reaſon then from *Fear*, to doubt
The glorious Fact, that could not be without,
Only befits a feeble, faithleſs Mind,
To heav'nly Voice, and Viſion deaf, and blind.

The

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The learned Prelate, againſt whoſe Diſcourſe
This Gentleman has aim'd his preſent Force,
Thought it abſurd, in any one, to make
St. *Peter*, for his own Conviction's Sake,
Say, that old Prophecies ſhould be prefer'd
To God's immediate Voice, which he had heard:
Such a Compariſon, he thought, became
No ſober Man——much leſs the Saint——to frame;
Concluding it impoſſible, from hence,
That this could ever be St. *Peter*'s Senſe.

* Tho' "*'tis not only poſſible, it ſeems,*
"*But weak, moreover,* (as the Doctor deems)
"*To doubt it——a Compariſon ſo juſt*
"Peter *not only* might *have made, but* muſt——
And then he cites rabbinical Remarks,
To prove the *Paradox* from learned Clerks:
Not that he minds what any of them writes,
But moſt deſpiſes whom he chiefly cites.
Lightfoot's Authority, to inſtance one,
Is firſt, and laſt, and moſt inſiſted on;

"*The*

* P. 47. *Let us now return to the Biſhop's Diſcourſes, in which he goes on to demonſtrate the Inconſiſtency of the Author's* (Collins) *Expoſition, by telling us,* "*That it makes* Peter *to ſay, in his own Perſon, that the dark Prophecies* "*of the Old Teſtament were a ſurer and more certain Evidence to himſelf, than* "*the immediate Voice of God, which he had heard with his own Ears. And is* "*it poſſible,* (adds he) that St. *Peter*, or any Man in his Wits, could "make ſuch a Compariſon?" *To which Queſtion, ſo ſmartly and confidently put, I readily anſwer, That it is not only poſſible, that St.* Peter *might make ſuch a Compariſon, but even weak to imagine that he could make any other.*

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* " *The Soundneſs of whoſe Faith, he interjects,*
" *And Erudition Nobody ſuſpects :*"
Or if the Reader wants a full Diſplay
† Of theſe Endowments——" Lightfoot *ſhows the Way*
" *How, by aſſuming Liberty to take*
" *For granted, ſtrait, what Premiſes we make ;*
" *Whatever Notions, or Opinions, tend*
" *To favour that which we would recommend,*
" *We may demonſtrate, by ſuch Arts as theſe,*
" *A Doctrine true, divine, or what we pleaſe.*"

This, Sir, is his Deſcription of *ſound Faith* ——
Let us now ſee what *Argument* it hath :
This truſty Evidence, amongſt the reſt,
Is call'd to prove a Voice from Heav'n a Jeſt ;

The

* P. 52. *Doctor* Lightfoot *alſo, the Soundneſs of whoſe Faith and Erudition is allowed by all, ſpeaks ſtill more preciſely to my preſent Purpoſe, and ſays,* " *That if we obſerve two Things, firſt, that the Jewiſh Nation, under the* " *ſecond Temple, was given to magical Arts beyond Meaſure ; we may eaſily* " *ſuſpect that thoſe Voices, which they thought to be from Heaven, and noted* " *with the Name of* Bath-Kol, *were either formed by the Devil in the Air,* " *to deceive the People, or, by Magicians with Deviliſh Art, to promote their* " *own Affairs :*" *From which he draws this Inference, which I would recommend to the ſpecial Conſideration of this eminent Prelate :* Hence, *adds he,* the Apoſtle *Peter* ſaith with good Reaſon, that the Word of Prophecy was ſurer than a Voice from Heaven.

† P. 141. *Now by the ſame Method of Reaſoning, and the Liberty which his Lordſhip every where aſſumes, of ſuppoſing whatever Premiſes he wants, and taking every Thing for granted, which tends to confirm his Hypotheſis, we may prove any Doctrine to be true, or divine, or whatever we pleaſe to make of it. Dr.* Lightfoot *has ſhewn us the Way.*

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The Jews *Bath Kol*, a cunning acted Part,
A Fable, Phantaſy, or Magic Art;
Voice of the Devil, or of Deviliſh Elves,
To cheat the People, and promote themſelves:
And hence th' Apoſtle (is the Inf'rence drawn,
" *That claims the ſpecial Notice of the Lawn*;"
That comes to clear this famous Prelate's Sight)
With Reaſon good prefer'd prophetic Light.

So, introduce an Hebrew, foreign Term;
Take, all for true that quoted Lines affirm;
And then aſſume that the Apoſtle too
Juſt thought, and argued, as theſe Critics do;
And we may prove, from *Peter*'s own Deſign,
That GOD the Father's Voice was not divine.

But ſhould the Prelate think it mere Grimace
To talk of Fable, in St. *Peter*'s Caſe,
Whoſe Words exclude it, and expreſsly ſpeak
Of heav'nly Truth; how frivolous and weak,
In his more ſober and ſedate Eſteem,
Muſt all this Patch-work Erudition ſeem!
* How will a Chriſtian Biſhop, too, conceive
Of what the Doctor's Margins interweave,

Touching

* P. 48. N. B. *Thus when* Jeſus, *a little before his Death, was addreſſing himſelf to the Father, in the midſt of his Diſciples and People of Jeruſalem, and ſaying*, " Father, ſave me from this Hour; Father, *glorify* thy Name:" *There came a Voice from Heaven, ſaying*, " I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." *Upon which the People, that ſtood by, and heard it, ſaid*

 that

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Touching that Scripture, where our Saviour pray'd,
And Heav'n the glorifying Anſwer made!
While from his Note, Sir, nothing can be learn'd
But caſual Thunder, or *Bath-Kol* concern'd.

Will he not aſk——Is it this Author's Aim,
Under his *Bath Kol* Figments, to diſclaim
All Faith in Voices of an heav'nly Kind?
Is that the Purpoſe of his doubting Mind?
You ſee th' Apoſtle is extremely clear,
That ſuch a Voice himſelf did really hear:
He alſo had ſuch wondrous Proofs beſide,
That Voice concurrent cannot be deny'd.
And, when our LORD had been baptiſ'd, there came
A Voice from Heav'n, in Words the very ſame.
Here, in his anſwer'd Prayer, tho', by Miſtake,
Some ſaid it thunder'd, ſome, an Angel ſpake;
We have his own Authority divine;
This Voice, ſaid he, came for your Sakes, not mine.

Would not the Biſhop rightly thus oppoſe
Plain Scripture Facts to Learning's empty Shows?
What ſignifies it then, upon the whole,
How poor blind Jews have talk'd about *Bath-Kol?*
What jarring Critics of a later Day,
Or *Lightfoot*, here thrice ridicul'd, may ſay?

Or

that it thundered; others ſaid, that an Angel ſpake to him, [John xii. 28.] *That is, Part of the Company believed it to be nothing more, than an accidental Clap of Thunder; while others took it to be the* Bath-Kol, *or the Voice of* GOD, *or of an Angel, which was accompanied always with Thunder.*

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Or *Middleton* himſelf—whoſe pious Care
For giftleſs Churches prompts him to compare
*Voices from Heav'n, in his aſſuming Page,
To Miracles beyond th' Apoſtles Age:
Taking for granted, without more ado,
His wild Hypotheſis about *them* too.

Prodigious Effort! ſee obſtructed quite
The Goſpel Promiſe, and the Chriſtian Right;
Cut off, at once, miraculous Supply;
All Healing ceaſes, when Apoſtles dye:
No Tongue inſpir'd, no Demon diſpoſſeſt;
With them the working Spirit went to reſt:
Forgot the Prophecies that *Chriſt* had made,
And left Believers without *ſignal* Aid:
Altho' no Limit, in what Scripture ſaith,
Be put to Miracles, but want of Faith;
Altho', without one, fooliſh to pretend
To know their Nature, or to fix their End;
Yet if a daring Genius advertiſe
That all but Scripture Miracles are Lies,
What Crouds embrace the new Belief, and Hope!
It ſuits their Taſte—and ſaves them from the *Pope*.
Others contend that wond'rous Gifts ſurvive
The firſt three Centuries—or four—or five—

* P. 142, 145, 171. P. 50. *The Reality of this Oracular Voice* (Bath-Kol) *is atteſted, as I have ſaid, by all the Jewiſh Writers, after the Ceſſation of Prophecy, in the ſame poſitive Manner, as the miraculous Gifts of the Chriſtian Church by the primitive Fathers, after the Days of the Apoſtles.*

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Then, Sir, they close their jealous, partial View,
And grudge diviner Influence its Due:
Take diff'rent Stations in the *Doctor*'s Track,
Blaming, and backing his more close Attack;
All Miracles, beyond his *earlier* Fence,
Are Want of Honesty, or Want of Sense:
All Faith in Bishops, Confessors, and Saints,
Who witness Facts, a Christian Priest recants:
They must——he *says* they must——be Fables all,
That pass the Bounds of his gigantic Wall.

Such strange Delusion if a Man embrace,
Without some Voice, some Miracle of Grace,
It is in vain, to Reas'ners of his Cast,
To urge the Evidence of Ages past:
With Minds resolv'd to disbelieve, or doubt,
Small is the Force of History throughout.
Freedom of Thought exerted, and of Will,
To claim the Privilege of judging ill,
Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs cannot move,
Nor holy Church, throughout the World, disprove.

But to return——how does his first Assault
On Miracles defend a second Fault!
Or Rabbies, or rabbinical Divines,
Help *Lightfoot*'s Comment, or his own Designs!
Lightfoot, without detracting from his Skill,
Wrote, in this Instance, with a careless Quill;
Such Inf'rence, else, had never been annext;
He must have seen that the Apostles Text

Could

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Could not, with Reaſon either good, or great,
Compare the *Prophets* with a *dev'liſh Cheat*.
This learned Writer, Sir, did not attend
To *Peter*'s Meaning, or, not apprehend;
Or, if Excuſe may for his Haſte atone,
He did not well, perhaps, expreſs his own.

Since, by his preſent Citer here, you ſee
How quite forgetfull learned Men may be:
For, after all the Scraps he had amaſs'd,
And this triumphant Inference at laſt
* "*The Text, he ſays, had, in St.* Peter's *Views,*
"*No Reference to himſelf——but to the Jews.*"
Not, in his Haſte, aware that what he ſaid
Knock'd all the *Bath-Kol* Pedantry o' th' Head;
That what, he thought, his borrow'd Pages won,
His own gave up, as ſoon as he had done.
For if "*St.* Peter's *Words do* not *imply*,
"*What he himſelf was moſt perſuaded by;*

"*But*

* P. 53. *Yet St.* Peter's *Words, after all, as they are expounded by the free-thinking Author above mentioned, do not neceſſarily imply him to mean, that Prophecy was a ſurer Argument to himſelf, than the Voice from Heaven, but to the Jewiſh Converts in general, who did not hear that Voice, but received it only from the Report of others. It was not his View in this Epiſtle to declare what Sort of Arguments was the moſt convincing to himſelf, but to propoſe ſuch, as were moſt worthy of the Attention of thoſe, to whom he was writing.*——P. 54. *When St.* Peter *therefore ſays,* We have a more ſure Word of Prophecy; *the Occaſion of his Words oblige us to interpret them, as ſpoken, not with any particular Reference to himſelf, but to the general Body of the Jewiſh Converts.*

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" *But only ſhow what Arguments were fit*
" *For their Attention, Sir, to whom he writ;*"
The Biſhop's Reas'ning, which he ſtrives to cloud,
Is not unanſwer'd only, but allow'd:
The very Thing pretended to be ſhown
Is, by his own Confeſſion, overthrown.

Do but obſerve the Point in Queſtion, Sir,
On which the Doctor makes this learned Stir;
* How he, who talks of " *its perpetual Change*
" *By others*," takes the Liberty to range:
When a Compariſon was judg'd abſurd,
Peter could make no other, was the Word;
Then by a Contradiction plain and flat,
Peter's Compariſon could *not* be *that*;
And then again——ſuppoſing that it could,
Thus he attempts to make the Matter good.

† " *Let* Peter *be himſelf aſſur'd*, ſays he,
" *As fully, as 'twas poſſible to be,*

" *Of*

* P. 62. *And thus the Apoſtle's Senſe, as it is expounded by the Author,* [Collins] *is clear and conſiſtent, not liable to any Exception but what flows from that Perplexity, in which his Lordſhip has involved it, by his Uſe of equivocal Terms, and perpetual Change of the Point in Queſtion.*

† P. 52. *Let* Peter *be as perfectly aſſured, as we can ſuppoſe him to be of every Circumſtance, which paſſed in the Mount, he might ſtill take Prophecy, conſidered as a ſtanding Evidence, always lying open to the cool and deliberate Examination of Reaſon to be a firmer Argument on the whole, and to carry a more permanent Conviction with it to the ſober Senſes of Men, than the Viſion with which he here compares it.*

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" *Of ev'ry Circumſtance that paſt; he might*
" *Have ſtill prefer'd the old prophetic Light:*
" *This was a ſtanding Evidence, and lay*
" *Open to cool, delib'rate Reaſon's Sway;*
" *A firmer Argument, that brought along*
" *Conviction, Sir, more permanent and ſtrong,*
" *To Men of ſober Senſes, and ſedate,*
" *Than could the Viſion which his Words relate.*"
Set the perplext Equivocation by
" *That's here involv'd,*" how eaſy the Reply
To Reaſons void, if we diſtinguiſh right
Betwixt a *real*, and *reported* Sight:
For *be* the Proof, that Prophecies procure,
More, to the *Jews*, comparatively ſure,
As, oft, the Text is commented upon,
(Thro' a Miſtake, as will appear anon)
Yet *his* Conviction vacates the Pretence
Of Reaſon, Argument, and ſober Senſe;
Becauſe the Prophets, here to be compar'd,
As Evidences of what God declar'd,
Could but, originally, *hear*, and *ſee*;
And be as fully ſatisfy'd as he.

The Uſe of Reaſon has, I apprehend,
When full Aſſurance is attain'd, an End:
When we are certain that we ſee, and hear,
And ev'ry Circumſtance is plain, and clear,
What can Examination teach, or learn?
By what Criterion, Sir, ſhall we diſcern,

When

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When Reaſon comes to be ſo deadly cool,
The ſage Deliberator from the Fool?

Conceive St. *Peter*, if you can, entic'd
(Eye-Witneſs of the *Majeſty* of *Chriſt*:
Of what the *Father*, in the Mount, had done
By ſhowing forth the *Glory* of the *Son*)
To diſbelieve his Senſes, and to pore
Some ancient ſtanding Evidences o'er;
To ſee if that, which, on the holy Spot,
He ſaw and heard, was ſeen and heard, or not:
Would ſuch a cool deliberating Plan
Have made him paſs for a more ſober Man?
If ſo, then *Middleton* has hit the White;
Sherlock, if not, is thus far in the right;
And well may ſay that no Man, in his Wits,
Could be attack'd by ſuch cold reas'ning Fits.

But thus the frigid Argument is brought,
Why *Peter* might, in full perſuaded Thought,
Prefer Predictions in the ancient Law
To what himſelf moſt ſurely heard, and ſaw:
* " *For, after all the full convincing Scene,*
" *Which he had witneſs'd, how did he demean?* ——
" *With Faith infirm, he ſhamefully deny'd*
" *His Maſter, ſeen ſo greatly glorify'd.*"

Yes;

* P. 56. *For after all the Conviction which he himſelf had receiv'd from it, we know, that his Faith was ſtill ſo infirm, as to betray him into a ſhamefull Denial of his Maſter, whom he had ſeen ſo wonderfully glorified.*

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Yes; ſo he did——and gave an humbling Stroke
To human Confidence in Reaſon's Cloak:
Enough to lay all Syllogizing Truſt
In bare Concluſions only in the Duſt;
An ample Proof that, in a trying Hour,
Ev'n Demonſtration loſes all its Pow'r;
That, without Grace, and God's aſſiſting Hand,
In Time of Need, no Evidence can ſtand.

Suppoſe a Perſon of the cleareſt Head,
In Logic Arts well grounded, and well read;
If, with a ſelfiſh Love to Truth, alone,
He arm himſelf with Weapons all his own,
When a Temptation comes——alas! how ſoon
The valiant Reas'ner turns a mere Poltroon!

Peter, tho' void of Learning, and of Art,
Had a courageous, had an honeſt Heart;
Had natural Abilities, beyond
All thoſe of which the Critics are ſo fond:
Had hidden Qualities, beyond their Ken;
They fiſh for Words——he was to fiſh for Men.
His Faith, in outward Evidence, was ſuch
That *Peter* truſted to himſelf too much:
When his Denial plainly was foretold,
What ſhould have humbled made him grow more bold:
" *Tho' all ſhould be offended——yet not I——*
" *Not Death itſelf ſhall tempt me to deny.*"

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We see in him, Sir, what the utmost Height
Of boasted Reason, Evidence, and Light,
Of Courage, Honesty, and even Love
Could do, without Assistance from above:
It could to humbler Thoughts resist the Call;
It proudly could prefer itself to all:
It could, in short, upon Conclusions true,
Do all that Numbers upon false ones do;
Rest on itself, be confident and bounce;
And, when the Call to Suff'ring came——renounce.

As human Resolution, Courage, Skill,
Conviction, Evidence, or what you will,
Can, in their Nature, only reach so far
As Things are subject to an human Bar;
All these, tho' actuating *Peter*'s Zeal,
To Christian Doctrine could not set the Seal.
God-like Humility——the sacred Root
Whence ev'ry Virtue branches into Fruit,
Lays the Foundation of the Christian Life;
As Reason governs that of human Strife.
And, I appeal, Sir, setting Grace aside,
How oft is human Reason human Pride?
Human Desire of Victory, or Fame?
A *Babel* tow'ring to procure a Name?
A self Assurance? an untutor'd Boast?
That can but form Intention, at the most;
Which, tho' directed right, must humbly ask
Divine Assistance to perform its Task.

This

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This *Peter* fail'd in——and a Servant Maid
Made him, with all his bold Reſolves, afraid;
With all his ſure Convictions, he began
To curſe, and ſwear, and did not know the Man.
'Till, for a Leſſon, wond'rouſly addreſt
To ſink full deep into his humbled Breaſt,
The Cock pronounc'd, by an awakening Crow,
Peter the Man, whom *Peter* did not know.

But how, Sir, did his coward Speech betray
Doubt of his Maker's glorious Diſplay?
By what Account in Hiſt'ry are we taught
That e'er it came into his frighted Thought?
Or, ſince 'tis certain that he did deny,
What *Prophecy* did he *proſer* thereby?
'Tis then a cold Abſurdity to draw,
From *Peter's* Weakneſs, this pretended Flaw;
To hint Deluſion in the god-like Sight,
Becauſe the Man was put into a Fright:
If, from Diſtruſt of Evidence, his Fears,
From whence his bitter penitential Tears?
Whence was it that the *holy Priſ'ner* ſhook
The Soul of *Peter*, with one gracious *Look*?
No *Glory* then, to credit, or diſtruſt;
And yet th' Apoſtle's Penitence was juſt;
And he himſelf but Proof, upon the whole,
That Grace alone can fortify a Soul.

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" * 'Tis urg'd that, " *on the other Hand, we find,*
" *With Faith confirm'd, and with enlighten'd Mind,*
" *After the Miſſion of the Holy Ghoſt,*
" *That Argument which he apply'd the moſt*
" *Was what he calls* (for ſo the Doctor too,
Takes here a vulgar Error to be true)
" *This* more ſure Word of Prophecy, *the chief*
" *Of all his Motives to enforce Belief;*
" *From whence he prov'd that* Jeſus *was, of old,*
" *Deſcrib'd by all the Prophets, and foretold.*"

Peter's Condition, Sir, is that of all
Who, from the Heart, obey the Chriſtian Call:
They, by Experience, have the triple Sight
Of Weakneſs, Penitence, and heav'nly Light;
While others wrangle about outward Show;
Nature, and Grace, and Miracle they know:
Tho' not inſpir'd like *Peter*, and th' Eleven;
Or ſtruck, like *walking Paul*, by Voice from Heav'n,
They meet, what others fooliſhly evade,
The real Miſſion of celeſtial Aid:
Of which, howe'er the *Tokens* are perceiv'd,
No faithful Soul can ever be bereav'd.

What

* P. 56. *We know on the other Hand, that after our Lord's Aſcenſion, when his Faith was more fully confirmed, and his Underſtanding enlightened by the Miſſion of the Holy Ghoſt, the chief Argument, which he applied in all his Sermons, to evince the Truth of the Goſpel, was this* more ſure Word of Prophecy, *as he calls it; from which he demonſtrated to the Jews, how the Character, Doctrine and Miſſion of* Jeſus *were foretold and deſcribed by the Mouths of all their Prophets.*

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What does the Share of it that *Peter* had
To all the Doctor's forc'd Refinements add?
Might not the Bishop, justly, give him back
Some Compliments bestow'd in his Attack?
*Such as "*the nothing but an empty Strain*
"*Of Rhet'ric, insignificant, and vain*——
"*The choosing not to see, of any Theme,*
"*More than may suit his preadopted Scheme*——
"*The passing over what he should confute,*
"*With Matters foreign to the main Dispute*"——
And such-like Flow'rs, upon his Pages thrown,
That, full as well, become the Doctor's own.

For, has the Bishop, in his Book, deny'd
That Prophecy was properly apply'd?
No——but that *Peter* did a Thing so odd,
As to prefer it to the Voice of God.
This was the Point requir'd to be explain'd,
In Contradiction to what he maintain'd;
That which the Doctor undertook to clear,
And make the Pref'rence of the Saint appear:

But

* P. 60. *Yet all this Pomp of Words; this solemn Appeal to the whole College of the Apostles and Evangelists, is nothing else but an empty Strain of Rhetoric, without any Argument or Significancy in it whatsoever.*—P. 34. *One would be apt to suspect, that his Lordship never chooses to see more of any Subject, than what may serve that particular Hypothesis which he comes prepared to support.*—P. 39. *It is this alone, which the Nature of the Subject required him to confute, and what he had undertaken to confute; but instead he changes the Question upon us, and when we were expecting Reasons,* &c.

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But while we look'd what Reaſons he would bring
For ſo incomprehenſible a Thing,
As common Senſe muſt reckon an Appeal
From what th' Almighty ſhould himſelf reveal,
Shifting the Circumſtances, Time, and Place,
In ſhort, the Queſtion, to another Caſe,
He tells us——not of Prophecy prefer'd
To Voice from Heav'n, which he had juſt aver'd,
But——how the Saint apply'd, in his Diſcourſe,
Prophetic Words, to give the Goſpel Force;
How *Peter* argued from them, he relates,
And proves full well——what Nobody debates.

How gravely, Sir, from Fallacy ſo crude,
He prompts th' amuſed Reader to conclude
* *That any Man, eſpecially a* Jew,
(As *Peter* was) *might think the Pref'rence due!*
And what himſelf had heard th' Almighty ſpeak
Might be eſteem'd, comparatively, weak!

Under this Millſtone, oft, the ſtruggling Page
Beſtirs itſelf, but cannot diſengage.

At

* P. 56. *I might now leave it to the Reader to judge whether in Contradiction to what the Biſhop maintains, a Man in his Wits, and eſpecially a Jew, might not think Prophecy a ſtronger Argument in general, than a Voice from Heaven, which he himſelf had heard*

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" * *At all Events resolving to confute,*
" (To use his Logic) *or at least dispute,*
" *Its Author shows great Spirit, and great Art,*
" *And well performs the contradicting Part;*"
But, in his subsequent Remarks, we find
How lamely Confutation limps behind.

Fully resolv'd, and singly, to maintain
A Paradox, so quite against the Grain,
† The learned Antithaumatist must choose
" *Not to instruct his Reader, but amuse;*"
Whene'er he touches a prophetic Clause,
" *Not to illustrate, but perplex the Cause,*"
To speak some Truth, that shows the favour'd Side,
And, that which gives the whole Connection, hide.
Why, else, a total Silence on the Head
Of *Miracles*, in what St. *Peter* said?
How could recited *Prophecies*, alone,
Prove to the *Jews* that *Jesus* was foreshown?
Had not there been that other previous Proof,
To ev'ry thoughtfull *Jew*, in his Behoof?
Had not such wond'rous Facts struck up the Light,
That show'd their Application to be right?

Trace

* P. 29. *This was the Ground of his Lordship's Resolution to confute, or at all Events, to contradict them (the Free-thinker's Words) which last Part he has performed with great Spirit, but how far he has succeeded in the first, will be seen in the following Remarks.*

† P. 4. *Proper rather* (speaking of the Bishop's Works) *to perplex than to illustrate the Notion of Prophecy; and to amuse rather than instruct an inquisitive Reader.*

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Trace the Quotations, Sir, that *Peter* made,
" * *And ſee their Force impartially diſplay'd;*
" *See what Solution ſtated Fact ſupplies,*
" *Without contriv'd Evaſion, or Diſguiſe.*"

The firſt Occaſion, which th' Apoſtle took
To cite a Paſſage from a Prophet's Book,
Was at that public, wonderful Event,
Upon the bleſſed Spirits firſt Deſcent:
The faithfull Flock, that met, with one Accord,
To wait the Gifts of their aſcended Lord,
Soon as the Tokens of his Preſence came,
The Sound celeſtial, and the ſacred Flame,
Began to ſpeak, with holy Ardor fir'd,
In various Hymns, by Heav'n itſelf inſpir'd;
This joyfull Voice, of a diviner Laud,
Was ſpread thro' all *Jeruſalem* abroad;
And pious Jews, from ev'ry diſtant Clime
Reſiding there, that providential Time,
Devout Epitome of all Mankind,
Were drawn to witneſs that which God deſign'd:
His wondrous Works as *Galileans* ſung,
All underſtood the ſpirit-utter'd Tongue;
Of Language, then, was no *Confuſion* known;
Each heard this *one*, and heard it as *his own*:

God

* P. 153. *Inſtead of contriving any evaſive Expedients, or fancifull Syſtems to elude the Force of ſuch Objections, I thought it my Duty to examine ſeriouſly and impartially, what Solution of them the Subject itſelf, when fairly ſtated, would ſupply.*

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God gave the Word himſelf; and all the good
Shar'd in the promis'd Gift, and underſtood:
Tho', then, aſtoniſh'd at the wond'rous Theme,
Prepar'd to ſpread it to the Worlds Extreme.

Others, inſenſible of Grace divine,
Mock'd at its Influence, and talk'd of Wine;
Themſelves intoxicated with that Pride,
By which the deaf in Spirit ſtill deride.
'Twas then that *Peter*, ſtanding up to ſhow
Th' abſurd Reproach, gave all of them to know
That, what theſe Mockers call'd a drunken Fit,
Was God's Performance of what *Joel* writ
Of Days, then dawning, when he would impart
His Goſpel Gifts to ev'ry faithful Heart;
Pour out his heav'nly Spirit, and refreſh
Not ſingle Nations only, but all Fleſh;
All ſhould partake, that would, of richer Grace
Now fully purchas'd for the human Race.

For this was what St. *Peter*, then inſpir'd,
Went on to ſhow, and Argument requir'd;
The Jews all knew, *Meſſiah* was to come;
That this of all Prediction gave the Sum:
The Queſtion was, if it had been fulfill'd
In *Jeſus?* whom their wicked Hands had kill'd.

Now, to prove this, th' Apoſtle firſt applies
The *Miracles*, perform'd before their Eyes;

God's Approbation of him, he defines,
Was manifeſt by *Wonders*, and by *Signs*,
Done in the midſt of them——ſee here the Ground
Prepar'd, before he offer'd to expound,
By Arguments of ſuch immediate Force,
So plain, ſo ſtriking, that they muſt, of Courſe,
Make, *ſecondly*, to ſuch as ſhould take Heed,
The Word of Prophecy more ſure indeed.

And *then* he ſhews how the prophetic Word
With its exact Accompliſhment concurr'd:
What *David* had prophetically ſaid
JESUS fulfill'd, in riſing from the Dead;
Whereof we all are Witneſſes——here lay
The ſtrength of all that any Words could ſay:
When Numbers preſent could the *Fact* atteſt,
Thouſands of Souls th' *accompliſh'd Word* confeſt;
That this was He, the Lord, the Holy One,
Whom *David* fix'd his Heart, and Hopes upon;
And ſo deſcrib'd, as only could agree
To him, whoſe *Fleſh ſhould no Corruption ſee.*
His Reſurrection, you perceive, it was
That ſhow'd the Prophet's Word now come to paſs;
That made th' Apoſtle's Intimation clear,
He ſhed forth this, which we now ſee, and hear,

Again; when *Peter* had reſtor'd the lame
To perfect Soundneſs, in our Saviour's Name,
He told the wond'ring Throng, that they had ſlain
The Prince of Life, whom God had rais'd again;

Whereof

Whereof we are the Witneſſes, ſays he;
Then ſhows how all the *Prophecies* agree;
All have ſucceſſively foretold theſe Days,
And mark'd *the Prophet*, whom the Lord ſhould raiſe.

So, when the Prieſts and Sadducees, aggriev'd,
That ſuch increaſing Multitudes believ'd,
Aſk'd by what Pow'r he acted, *Peter* ſaid,
By that of JESUS, riſen from the Dead;
By him this healing Miracle is wrought:
Then quotes——*the Stone, which ye have ſet at nought,*
On this, rejected by the Builders Hands,
As a ſure Baſis, all Salvation ſtands.
No Prieſt was then ſo impotently ſkill'd,
As to ſuggeſt the Paſſage unfulfill'd;
All, by the wond'rous Cure, were overcome;
The living Proof was there, and ſtruck them dumb.

In vain, a Council then, as well as now,
To ſilence Miracles, or diſavow:
Peter and *John* could neither be deterr'd;
They needs muſt ſpeak what they had ſeen, and heard:
Nor Charge, nor Chains, nor meditated Death
Could ſtop to God's Commands th' obedient Breath;
His final Argument, ſtill, *Peter* brings,
We are his Witneſſes of all theſe Things.

This, you may read, Sir, was the real Path
That *Peter* trod, in his confirmed Faith;

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That all the Preachers of the Gospel trod,
When they explain'd the Oracles of God:
Preach'd what themselves, without a learned Strife,
Saw, heard, and *handled* of the Word of Life;
When, in their Days, so mightily it grew,
And wrought such Proofs that Prophecy was true:
Which, tho' it pointed to the future Scene,
And oft prefigur'd the *Messiah*'s Reign,
Yet gave a Light, comparatively dim,
That ow'd its shining Certainty to him.

Thus, Sir——to come directly to the Text,
With which the Critics are so much perplex'd;
Whereof the real Meaning, fairly trac'd,
Lays heaps of Paper, printed on it, waste;
Had they adverted that St. *Peter*, still,
From what he saw, upon the Holy Hill,
Argues Apostles not to have surmiz'd,
Or follow'd Fables cunningly devis'd;
But to have witness'd only what they knew,
From their own Sight, and Hearing, to be true;
And to have justly gathered, from thence,
The sure Completion of prophetic Sense:
To which the *Jews* did rightly to attend,
'Till they themselves should see it in the End;
Had they consider'd this, they would have found
Of all their wide Perplexities the Ground;
Have soon perceiv'd that, in the various Brawl,
A *wrong Translation* was the Cause of all.

Peter

Peter makes no Comparison between
Prophetic Word, and what himself had seen;
As if he thought the Vision in the Mount
Less sure to him, upon his own Account.
This is a Stretch by which the Doctor meant
" * *Of public Patience, sure, to try th' Extent*;
Or, (still to copy so polite a Clown)
" *To try how far his* NONSENSE *would go down.*
" *To say the Truth, his Pages indeed*
" *Have furnish'd Matter of Offence throughout*;
" *But here, from knowing what the World would bear,*
" *Grown, without Ceremony, quite severe,*
He would oblige his Readers to admit
A Thing, that shocks or plain, or critic Wit;
That dark old Prophecy, in *Peter's* Choice,
Was held more sure than God's immediate Voice:
They must admit, or else they must be weak,
Something more sure than Truth itself could speak.

Nor

* P. 8. *But to say the Truth, I have never observed a stranger Instance of the public Patience and blind Deference to the Authority of a great Name, than in the Case of these very Discourses; which though in all Parts greatly exceptionable, and furnishing Matter of Offence in every Page, have yet passed through many Editions, not only without Reproof, but with some degree even of Approbation. And it was this Experience perhaps of what the World would bear, which made his Lordship resolve to withdraw his Preface, and to treat us no longer with any Ceremony; having seen, that notwithstanding the Consciousness, which he had declared, of being in the wrong, the Public was still disposed to think him in the right, and that his Nonsense would go down with them, without giving him the Trouble of making an excuse for it.*

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Nor does St. *Peter*, as the learned glose,
Speaking to Jewish Converts, here suppose,
That *they* would think comparative Distrust
Of an Apostle's own Experience just:
No true Construction of the Text can guide
To such Suspicion, Sir, on either Side.

His Words import, directly, if you seek
Their genuine meaning in the *vulgate* Greek,
And mind the previously related Scene;
His Words, I say, most evidently mean,
We saw the Glory——heard the Voice, and thus
Have the prophetic Word made sure to us;
Which ye do well to follow, as a Spark
That spreads a Ray through Places that are dark;
'Till ye, with us, enjoy the perfect Light,
And want no Prophecies to set you right.

An *English* Reader may be led, indeed,
To think, that, as th' Apostle's Words proceed
With *we have also*——it was something more,
Some surer Proof than what had gone before:
But *also*, tho' without *Italics* read,
Is an *Addition* to what *Peter* said:
It only shows how our *Translation* fail'd,
And made the Blunder, that has since prevail'd;
Which, tho' sufficiently provok'd to mend,
The learned still choose rather to defend.

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A Writer, whoſe freethinking Schemes incite
The Biſhop, and the Doctor both to write;
Who had, it ſeems, in Prophecies, a Rule
Firſt to extol, and then to ridicule,
Took, Sir, his Stand on this corrupted Place,
From whence he both might heighten, and diſgrace:
One Point the vulgar Error gain'd, alone;
While, for the other, he employ'd his own.
Ingenious Authors anſwer'd him apace,
But got no Triumph in this knotty Place:
Good Senſe oblig'd them wholly to reject
St. *Peter*'s Pref'rence, in his own Reſpect;
Collins himſelf th' Abſurdity forbore;
That Height was left for *Middleton* to ſoar.
But ſtill ſome other they ſuppos'd there was,
Something that Prophecy muſt needs ſurpaſs:
What it was not, they eaſily could ſee;
But what it was, ſcarce two of them agree:
Intent ſome kind of Pref'rence to provide,
Which *alſo* plainly, and *more ſure* imply'd;
All, by an Error, which the ſimple Thought
Of conſtr'ing right had rectifi'd, were caught.

* In this Miſtake the Biſhop too has ſhar'd,
Aſſerting Prophecy indeed compar'd,
And,

* P. 29. *His Lordſhip's Expoſition of the Text is this*; "*that the Word of* "*Prophecy is compared indeed and preferred here by St.* Peter *to the Evidence* "*of that heavenly Voice, which* he *himſelf had heard in the Mount,*" *yet not, as that freethinking Author imagines*; *on the Account of it's being a ſurer Proof,*
or

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And, by St. Peter, to the Voice preferr'd,
Which he himſelf, upon the Mount, had heard:
Yet not, ſays he, as that Freethinker meants
The Words relate but to that one Event,
That ſtands upon prophetical Record,
To wit, the glorious Coming of our Lord.

But, one or all, to make a ſurer Word
Than heav'nly Demonſtration is abſurd;
And glaring, in the Inſtance that he choſe,
Becauſe that Coming, as the Context ſhows,
Was of *ſuch Majeſty*, as *Peter* knew
That *Chriſt* was really cloath'd with, *in his View*:
And, therefore, could not, poſſibly, ſay *We*
Have alſo ſomething ſurer than *to ſee*:
We were *Eye Witneſſes* of what we preach,
Yet think *more certain* what the *Prophets* teach.

He contradicts, in ſplitting on the Shelf
Of our Tranſlation, *Peter*, and himſelf;
The Saint——by ſuch Reſtriction of his own,
As was, by him, unthought of, and unknown:
Himſelf——who ſays that *Peter*, in this Place,
Admitting Goſpel Truth to be the Caſe,
Far from preferring the Prophetic Teſt,
Has manifeſtly ſaid 'twas not the beſt.

or better Argument for the general Truth of the Goſpel, but only for the particular Article of Chriſt's coming again in Glory, *to which caſe alone the Compariſon relates; for with regard to the Truth of the Goſpel,* Peter *is ſo far from ſpeaking of Prophecy in this Place, as the beſt Evidence, that he manifeſtly ſpeaks of it as not the beſt.*

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And of all Goſpel Truths, that you can name,
This *glorious Coming* is the one great Aim;
The Sum, and Subſtance, with Reſpect to Man,
Of heav'nly Purpoſe, ſince the World began:
Divine Intention could no more have been
For *Chriſt* to *ſuffer*, than for *Man* to *ſin;*
Tho', ſince that fatal Accident befell,
Incarnate Love would ſave him from a Hell.
Whereas his *glorious Reign* amongſt Mankind
Might, from their firſt Exiſtence, be deſign'd:
And ſince his ſuff'ring, ſaving Advent paſt,
What Senſe of Juſtice can deny the laſt?
His reigning Glory, were the Prophets dumb,
All Things, in Nature, cry aloud will come.

Beſides, what better does the Text afford,
To any tolerable Senſe reſtor'd,
Compare, prefer, or conſtrue how you will,
Than that divine Appearance on the Hill?
That aſcertaining, in a heav'nly Light,
Our Saviour's Glory, by a preſent Sight;
That *Record*, which the *Father*, thereupon,
Gave of his *Son* to *Peter*, *James*, and *John:*
So full of Proofs that, let what will be chief,
Doubt is too near akin to Diſbelief.

* The Doctor ſays, " *'tis ſurely no Offence*
" *To true Religion, or to common Senſe,*

* P. 54. *It is no Offence ſurely, either to Reaſon or Religion, to imagine that this wonderful Apparition,* &c. *before quoted,* Line 37.

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" *To think that, tracing Circumſtances out,*
" *Perplext Apoſtles might be left in Doubt.*
Yet may a ſerious Reader think it is,
From one plain Circumſtance, and that is this;
When they deſcended from the ſacred Place,
After partaking of this heav'nly Grace,
Our Saviour charg'd them that they ſhould not tell,
To any Man, the Viſion that befell;
'Till he himſelf was riſen from the Dead:
The Viſion then——if He knew what he ſaid—— 750
Was true, and real; while, if you compleat
The Doctor's Hints of *poſſible* Deceit,
To give his raſh Reflections any Force,
Our *Lord* himſelf muſt be deceiv'd, or worſe:
Such Things would follow——but the horrid Train
Is too offenſive, even to explain.

In fine——theſe Comments, which the Learned make
On *Peter*'s Words, are owing to Miſtake:
Thoſe, which the Doctor has been pleas'd to frame,
Upon his whole Behaviour, are the ſame. 760
Nor is more Learning needful in the Caſe,
Than to conſult the untranſlated Place:
The Phraſe, you'll ſee, aſſerts what I aſſert,
And leaves no Critic Room to controvert.
* *Grotius*, whoſe Paraphraſe the Doctor quotes,
Gives it this Meaning in his learned Notes;

The

* P. 32. *And* Grotius *Paraphraſes the ſame Words, as if the Apoſtle had ſaid*; The Word of Prophecy, had always great Authority with us, but now a much greater, after we have ſeen the Events correſpond ſo aptly with the Predictions, concerning the Meſſiah.

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The Word of Prophecy we all allow
To be of great Authority, but now,
With us, much greater, who have ſeen th' Event
So aptly correſpond with its Intent.
This paves the Way to a becoming Senſe,
And overthrows our Author's vain Pretence;
" * *Vain Art and Pains, employ'd upon the Theme,*
" *To dreſs up an imaginary Scheme,*
" *Of which, the whole New Teſtament around,*
" *Nor Foot, nor Footſtep,* Sir, *is to be found.*

Tradition——tho' of Apoſtolic Kind,
Such as was *Enoch*'s Prophecy——you find
† Contemptuouſly call'd, " *I know not what,*"
Tho' by St. *Jude* ſo plainly pointed at:
Becauſe, if *Jude*'s Authority be good,
Prophets exiſted long before the Flood:
That glorious Advent——ſet ſo oft in View,
Both in the ancient Scriptures, and the new——
Of him, who firſt was promis'd at the Fall,
Hope of all Ages, was foretold in all.
If *Enoch* and if *Noah* preach'd away,
Was *Adam*, think ye, ſilent in his Day?
Had he no Loſs to tell his Children then?
No ſaving Righteouſneſs to preach to Men?

* P. 4. *I found much Art and Pains employed (by the Bp.) to dreſs up an imaginary Scheme, of which I had not diſcovered the leaſt Trace in any of the four Goſpels.*—

† P. 18.—*Nor do they (the Apoſtles) refer us, for the Evidences of our Faith, to I know not what* Prophecies of Enoch.

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Did God ordain two Saviours, in the Caſe
Of *ante*, and of *poſt* diluvian Race?
Let oral mention, or let written fail,
If good, that is, if chriſtian Senſe prevail,
It never can permit us to reject
Conſiſtency of Truth, for their Defect:
One God, one Saviour, and one Spirit ſtill
Recurs, let Bookworms reaſon as they will:
Whatever ſaves a Man from being curſt,
What Man can ſay, God hid it from the firſt?
Or, if he does, and talks as if he knew,
Will want of Writings prove that he ſays true?
With, or without them, Fancy can take aim;
If wanting, triumph; or, if not, diſclaim:
Let them abound, no Miracles make out;
Let them be ſilent, make Apoſtles doubt.

The two main Pillars of his whole Diſcourſe,
Whereon the Doctor ſeems to reſt its Force,
And begs the Reader, Sir, to recollect
In his Concluſion, are to this Effect;
" * *That Goſpel Proofs on Prophecies rely'd,*
" *Singly, and independently apply'd;*
" *And, that the firſt, from whom its Preachers draw*
" *Their Proof of* CHRIST, *is* MOSES *in the Law.*

Both which St. *Peter*'s Evidence, again,
Shows to be Slips of his too haſty Pen;
For when th' Apoſtle, at the Temple Gate,
Reſtor'd the Cripple to a perfect State;

And

* *See Quotation*, Page 254.

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And took Occaſion, from the healed Lame,
To preach the Goſpel, in our Saviour's Name;
Thus he beſpake the People that ſtood by,
God, by the Mouth——(obſerve the ſacred Tie)——
Of all his Prophets hath foreſhown his Son,
Jeſus, by whom this Miracle is done.
Which of them, ſingly *then*, did *Peter* cite?
What Independency, where all unite?
Where all predicted, as one Spirit bid,
That *Chriſt* ſhould ſuffer, as he really did,

And enter into Glory——for that next
The Preacher ſpeaks to, in the following Text:
Where, in his Exhortation to repent,
JESUS, he tells them, ſhall again be ſent;
Heav'ns muſt receive Mankinds appointed Head,
'Till Time hath done whatever God hath ſaid
By all his Prophets, ſince the World began——
For ſo the Senſe, without curtailing, ran;
Of which the Doctor, quoting but a Part,
Has yet diſſolv'd the Charm of all his Art:
Since all the Prophets——let the World begin
With Moſes, if he will——are taken in;
And join'd together, muſt, whate'er he thinks,
Produce a Chain, however few the Links.

'Tis true, he afterwards begins to quote,
And, firſt, *the Prophet* of whom *Moſes* wrote:
Adding——that all, who in Succeſſion came,
Had likewiſe ſpoken of the very ſame:

The

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The ſame——(ſee how prophetic Words conſpire)
God's *own* predicted to the Jewiſh Sire:
And in thy Seed, ſo *Peter*'s Words atteſt,
Shall all the Kindreds of the Earth be bleſt:
Proofs of our Saviour *Chriſt* you ſee him draw
From *in*, from *after*, from *before* the Law.

What can be ſaid in Anſwer, Sir, to this?
The Fact is plain, tho' *Peter* judg'd amiſs;
* For ſuch defect, he ſcruples not to own,
" COLLINS *againſt th' Evangeliſt has ſhown:*
" *The very Goſpels have* SOME *Proofs aſſign'd*
Of looſe, precarious, and uncertain Kind."
This *Unbeliever*, (in the ſhocking Terms,
In which his Cauſe a *Clergyman* confirms)
" *Has Arguments unanſwerably ſtrong,*
" *To prove their Manner of applying wrong:*
" *Altho', whatever Difficulties lie*
" *Againſt the Way, wherein they ſhall apply,*

" *It*

* P. 151. *From theſe two Obſervations, it follows, that, whatever Difficulties may be charged to the particular Applications of Prophecies, which are found in the New Teſtament, yet on the whole, that way of applying them muſt be eſteemed by Chriſtians, as the beſt, which the Caſe affords; and that the Authority of the Goſpel, as far as it is grounded on Prophecy, reſt on thoſe ſingle and independent Predictions, which are delivered occaſionally here and there,* in the Law and the Prophets. *It muſt be confeſſed however, that the Author, againſt whom the Biſhop's Diſcourſes are levelled, has alledged ſeveral ſtrong and even unanſwerable Objections to ſome of them, which are cited by the Evangeliſts in Proof of the Miſſion of Jeſus, as being of too looſe and precarious a Nature, to build any ſolid Argument upon.*

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" *It is the beſt, which, of all other Ways,*
" *The Caſe affords*"——ſo runs his rev'rend Phraſe.
So Deiſt, and Divine, but both in vain,
Seek to unfaſten the prophetic Chain.

Should the New Teſtament be treated ſo
By one, whoſe Character we did not know,
Might not the Language miſs its aim'd Effect?
And rather tempt the Reader to ſuſpect
That ſome preſumptuous Mocker, and ſelf-will'd,
Had *Enoch*'s, *Jude*'s, and *Peter*'s Words fulfill'd!

To clear a tortur'd Paſſage from abuſe,
This good Effect may, poſſibly, produce,
That when a Writer, of the modern Mode,
Shall caſt Reflections on the ſacred Code,
Men will not, merely upon ſudden Truſt
In bold Aſſertions, take them to be juſt;
Since it may *be*——that he has only made
Of great Miſtakes a critical Parade;
Has only ſpoken Evil of thoſe Things,
Of which he does not really know the Springs;
Has met with Matters, high above his reach,
And, ſcorning to be taught, preſum'd to teach:
Raiſing, about them, an affected Cry,
That ends in nothing but a——who but I?

" * *Baro*

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" * *Bare Prophecy, the Doctor has profeſt,*
" *Admits Completion only for its Teſt:*
" *Th Event, foretold by it, muſt alſo be*
" *What human Prudence never could foreſee;*
" *Nor human Power produce; or elſe no Sign*
" *Could, thence, appear of Agency divine.*

Prophecy then, as his Deſcriptions own,
Can be made ſure by Miracles alone:
It is, what he himſelf is pleas'd to call,
While unfulfill'd, no Evidence at all.
How is it, then, in his repeated Term,
Of *ſtanding Evidence*, more ſure and firm?
How is this conſonant to ſtanding ſtill
As none at all, 'till *Miracles* fulfill?
If it has none till they are overpaſt,
Is not the Evidence from them at laſt?
From them prophetic Word, before obſcure,
Becomes an Evidence confirm'd, and ſure;
Its Truth is firſt demonſtrated, and then,
Reflects its Light on Miracles again.

A hungry Queſtion, therefore, to enquire,
Of two great Proofs, that actually conſpire,

Which

* P. 40. *Whereas a bare Prophecy, delivered as the Proof of a divine Character in any Perſon or Doctrine, is incapable of any perſuaſive Force, or of giving any Sort of Conviction, until it be accompliſhed; the Completion of it being the ſole Teſt, by which its Veracity can be determined. The Event likewiſe, foretold by it, muſt be of a Kind, which neither human Prudence could foreſee, nor human Power produce; for otherwiſe it could not give any Aſſurance of a divine Interpoſition.*——

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Which is the beſt; when, with united Light,
They both produce an Evidence ſo bright.
* But "*the Freethinker, with a crafty View,*
(If what his learn'd Aſſiſtant ſays be true)
"*Had rais'd prophetic Credit to Exceſs,*
"*In order, more ſecurely, to depreſs;*
"*And, for this Cauſe, his Lordſhip undertook*
"*To write, it ſeems, at all Events, a Book.*"

This being, then, the Motive which he had,
A Reader aſks——what is there in it bad?
With what Decorum does a Prieſt accuſe
A Biſhop, writing againſt crafty Views?
Views of an Enemy to Goſpel Truth——
Is the defending of him leſs uncouth?
Does ſuch Defence, with ſuch a Rudeneſs writ,
The Prieſt, the Biſhop, or the Cauſe befit?
So interlarded with that looſe Reproach,
Which want of Argument is wont to broach;
So deeply ting'd the Ciceronian Style
With, what the Critics commonly call, *Bile;*
That they, who thought it worth their while to ſeek
The Author's Motive, judg'd it to be *Pique.*

* P. 29. *As far as theſe Words go, there is certainly nothing in them but what a ſincere Advocate of the Goſpel might freely allow and join iſſue upon; but they came from an Enemy, who had a crafty View in extolling the Credit of Prophecy, in order to depreſs it afterwards the more effectually: And this was the Ground of his Lordſhip's Reſolution to confute, or, at all Events, to contradict them,* &c. *quoted* P. 18.

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Soon as you enter on the Work, you ſee
An inſtant Sample what the whole will be:
Firſt, " * *being jealous of the Biſhop's Views,*
" *His Book, for Years, he dar'd not to peruſe:*
" *Afraid to truſt ſo eminent a Guide,*
" *For fear his* JUDGEMENT *ſhould be warp'd aſide:*
Tho' quite ſecure—— " *for he had ever found*
' *Authority to be a treach'rous Ground;*
" *And even this*——this *capital* Affair,
That was to lead his Judgment to a Snare,
" *He found*——*and juſt as he* EXPECTED *too*——
Who fear'd before a Bias *from his View*——
When graciouſly inclin'd to ſee it ſince,
" *Quite of a Kind that never* CAN CONVINCE:
Which, to be ſure, afforded Reaſon good
To write a *Book* againſt it, leſt it *ſhould.*

Had any other Author, leſs polite,
With vulgar Phraſe attempted thus to write;
And, thus, begun ſo fine a Scheme to ſpin;
" † *The Reas'ners of this World had broken in,*
" *Rudely*

* P. 2. *I knew his Lordſhip alſo to be eminently qualified to dreſs up any Subject into any Form, which would beſt ſerve his own Views, and was jealous of warping my Judgment by ſome Bias, which his Authority might be apt to imprint: For ſo far as my Experience had reached, I had ever found Authority a treacherous Guide to a ſearcher after Truth;*—P. 4. *Upon this Taſk I ſoon after entered, and found this capital Work of his Lordſhip's to be juſt ſuch as I expected; exhibiting a Species of Reaſoning peculiar to himſelf, ever ſubtle and refined, yet never convincing;*—

† P. 106. *But his Lordſhip being apprehenſive that the Reaſoners of this World might break in upon him, and rudely unravel his fine-ſpun Scheme;*—

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" *Rudely unravel'd all his fine-ſpun Scheme,*
And ſent him forth to ſeek another Theme.

How ſuited this to any good Deſign,
That ſhould engage a Chriſtian, a Divine?
† *But what are Names——if not a ſingle one*
Be worth Regard, for ſixteen Ages gone?
If to enquire what any of them ſay
Be, as he thinks, but waſting Time away?
Himſelf excepted in the modeſt Creed,
Unleſs he writes for Nobody to read.

Sure, of all treach'rous Guides, the greateſt Cheat
Is that of wild, unchriſtian Self-conceit:
Poſſeſs'd by this domeſtic, inbred Pride,
The wiſe Freethinkers ſcorn the Name of Guide:
Their own Sufficiency, with Eyes their own,
Clearly beheld, they truſt to that alone.
Reſolv'd no other Maxims to imbibe,
Than what *their Reaſon*, and *their Senſe* preſcribe;
That is *Themſelves*——for what a Man calls *his*,
In ſuch a Caſe, is really what *he is*:
Chooſe how refin'd an *Egotiſt* may be,
His Reaſon, Judgment, Mind, and Senſe is *he*.

† P. 3. *I thought it an idle Curioſity and waſte of Time, to inquire, what any modern Divine had preached or written about it (viz. the Nature of Prophecy) becauſe the whole that can be known authentically, concerning its Relation to Chriſtianity, muſt be learnt from thoſe who firſt planted Chriſtianity, and were inſtructed by the Author of it, on what Foundation it reſted, and how far the Argument of Prophecy was uſeful to its Propagation and Support.*

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In ſuch Confinement if he ſits enthrall'd,
No Matter by what Title he is call'd;
Blind, as a Sadducee, to heav'nly Light,
He *will* believe his own Conceptions right:
No *Prophecy*, to him, can ſeem more ſure;
Nor *Miracle atteſted* work his Cure.
That of Converſion from his own dark Mind
Muſt firſt convince him, that he once was blind:
Then may he ſee, with ſalutary Grief,
The dire Effects of wretched Unbelief;
Looſer, and looſer from all ſacred Ties,
To what ſtrange Heights a ſelf-taught Sophiſt flies.

Friendſhip to Doctor *Middleton*, ſincere,
Muſt, if exerted, wiſh him to forbear
A Kind of writing on the Chriſtian Cauſe,
That gains him no deſirable Applauſe:
That, whether meant or not, may, unawares,
Involve a Reader in freethinking Snares.
Involve himſelf——If frequent the Relapſe,
A *Teacher* of *Divinity*, perhaps,
May run the Riſque of being quite bereft;
Of having nothing, but the *Habit*, left.

May that, which teaches rightly to divide
The Word of Truth, be his petition'd Guide!
Or, if reſolv'd, at preſent, to purſue,
At future Leaſure, a miſtaken Clue;
May future Leaſure——an uncertain Date——
If granted, find him in a better State!

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Baguley, Auguſt 12, 1756.

Four EPISTLES

To the Rev. Mr. L——, late Vicar of Bowden, upon the Miracle at the Feaſt of Penteceſt.

I.

OUR Folks, gone a viſiting, Reverend Sir,
Having left me at home here, leſs able to ſtir,
I am thinking on Matters, that lovingly paſt,
Where the 'Squire of the Houſe, and I, viſited laſt;
At the Vicar's of *Bowden*, old Friend of us two,
And a lover of Learning, fair, honeſt, and true;
Eſpecially ſuch, as ſhall make to appear
Any Paſſage of Scripture more eaſy, and clear.

II.

The Scripture was writ, and is oft underſtood,
By Perſons unlearned, but pious and good;
Who have much better Helps, than mere Learning can yield,
Which may yet be of uſe, in it's own proper Field;
If it be but to mend its own Faults in a Brother;
And correct, in one Man, the Miſtakes of another;

Or

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Or to combat our Scruples, and fix a true Thought,
When the Head ſhall confirm what the Heart has been taught.

III.

One Thing, I remember, that fell in our Way,
Was the ſpeaking in Tongues, on the *Pentecoſt* Day;
Which our Friend, the Divine, had conceiv'd in a Light,
That, however ſo thought, does not ſeem to be right:
All the Comments, 'tis true, that one ever has met,
Concur with his Notions about it; but yet
The Miſtake is ſo plain, that I wiſh, by ſome Means,
To obtain his Review of thoſe wonderful Scenes.

IV.

It is not my Thought; for I firſt was appris'd
Of the Thing by a *Jacob*, too greatly deſpis'd;
Dipping into whoſe Writings, which little I knew,
Some Expreſſion like this was preſented to View——
" *All Languages ſpoken by* PETER *in one*——
A Truth, which the Moment I enter'd upon,
All the Force of Simplicity, Fitneſs, and Fact,
Extorted aſſent, that I could not retract.

V.

If the honeſt old Vicar, our viſited Friend,
To *St. Luke*'s own Account will be pleas'd to attend,

I

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I cannot but think, that the current Conceit
Will yield to Solution, ſo clear, and complete
Of a Number of difficult Points, that ariſe
Upon viewing the Text with unprejudic'd Eyes;
If *Speakers* were more than Apoſtles; and *ſpoken*
But to one in fifteen was a ſenſible Token.

VI.

For the Names to that Number, if rightly I count
By a Baguly Bible, of Nations amount,
Who all underſtood what a *Peter*, or *John*,
Or whoever he will, was diſcourſing upon:
And to all, at one Time; for, how plain to be ſeen,
That Perſons, nor Place, could admit of fifteen?
When *Parthians*, and *Medes*, *Elamites*——and the reſt——
Muſt be too intermix'd to be ſingly addreſt.

VII.

Are not theſe——ſaid the Men (the devout) of each Land,
Galileans, that ſpeak? whom we all underſtand?——
As much as to ſay——by what wonderful Pow'rs
Does the Tongue *Galilean* become, to us, ours?
While the good were ſo juſtly aſtoniſh'd, the bad,
Whoſe Hearts were unopen'd, cri'd out, they are mad:
Unaccountable Charge, if we do not recall
That, in one ſingle Tongue, the Apoſtles ſpeak all.

VIII. For

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VIII.

For ſeparate Speakers, and Tongues, it is clear,
Good and bad, without Madneſs, might equally hear;
And ſurpriſe, in the bad, would be equally keen,
How illiterate Men could ſpeak all the fifteen:
But the Miracle, wrought in the ſimpleſt of Ways,
In both good and bad, well accounts for Amaze;
One was ſenſibly touch'd with a Gift ſo divine,
One ſtupidly rais'd the Reproach of new Wine.

IX.

When *St. Peter* ſtood up, and, to all the whole Throng,
Show'd the Truth, in a Sermon ſo good, and ſo long,
But to one fifteenth Part was it only then ſhown?
To the worſt, the *Jeruſalem* Scoffers alone?
Whilſt all the good Strangers, not knowing one Word,
Stood unedifi'd by? This is greatly abſurd:
God pour'd out his Spirit——that anſwers all Mock——
And ſpake, by *St. Peter*, to all his whole Flock.

X.

The vulgar Objection, which commenting Strain
Has made to a Thing ſo exceedingly plain;
Is—in the Miracle then would not be in the Speaker,
It would be in the Hearers——now what can be weaker?
For the Gift, in this caſe, had a twofold Reſpect,
And muſt needs be in both, to produce its Effect;

To

To account for the Fact, which the Comments forgot,
Why the pious could hear what the Mockers could not.

XI.

It is no where affirm'd, that th' Apoſtles acquir'd
Any Tongue but their own, tho' divinely inſpir'd:
St. Peter, *St. John* are ſoon mention'd again,
And deſcrib'd as unlearned, and ignorant Men:
——But enough——or too much——for the Shortneſs of Time
Gives a Hint to ſet Bounds to the Extenſion of Rhime;
Our Friend will acknowledge, tho' haſty the Letter,
This Queſtion's Solution——or give us a better.

XII.

So I ſhall not, here, touch upon *Hebrew*, and *Greek*,
Where a *Rabbi*, ſo able, if minded to ſeek,
May obſerve other Points, in which Learning, that makes
Many Things clear enough, has occaſion'd Miſtakes:
Whether this be one Inſtance, I only deſire,
That a ſuitable Leiſure may prompt to enquire;
For, to me, it appears, that the Miracle done
Was all by one Language——as clear as the Sun.

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EPISTLE II.

November 30, 1756.

I.

MANY Thanks have been order'd, this Day, to attend
The Receipt of your Letter, Dear Vicar, and Friend;
Which, at firſt, being left to your Leiſure to frame,
Was ſure to be welcome, whenever it came:
The Point, which the Muſe had a Mind to propoſe
In her free ſpoken Rhimes, you have handled in Proſe;
All fair on both Sides, becauſe ſay it, or ſing,
Truth alone, in the Caſe, is the principal Thing.

II.

But I cannot but marvel, that much better Sight
Than my own ſhould not ſee ſo Meridian a Light,
As that of the ſpeaking, at Pentecoſt Time,
By the Spirit of God, to the good of each Clime,
In one ſingle Tongue, by that Spirit inſpir'd,
Whoſe Aſſiſtance did all, that could then be requir'd;
Whoſe Power, it is certain, could make itſelf known,
By a Number of Tongues, or by one Tongue alone.

III.

So needleſs the Many, ſo ſimple the One,
That I wonder what Judgment can heſitate on,

Or

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Or a learned Enquiry, that finds, if it ſeek,
That the Tongue might be one, in Conſtruction of Greek:
Which as Comma takes Place (as old *Gregory* ſaid,
Nazianzen I think) either way may be read;
They ſpeak in our Tongues——or, as Chriſtalline clear,
The Fact is, to my Underſtanding——we hear.

IV.

I ſent you ſome Reaſons, from *Baguley*, why
The Tongue was but one, which you chooſe to paſs by;
And to comment *St. Luke* in a many-tongu'd Way,
That darkens the Light, which I took to be Day:
And Day it is ſtill——for Account, that you give,
" *So plain and ſo obvious*" is Water in Sieve;
Which ſeems to be ſomething, at firſt-looking View,
But by Holes *plain*, and *obvious*, it quickly runs through.

V.

* " *The Tongues which appear'd, and which ſat upon each,*
" *All cloven, and fiery*, (you argue,) *may teach,*

 " *And*

* *The cloven Tongues like Fire, which ſat upon each of the Perſons mentioned* (Acts i. 15.) *were a plain ſymbolical Notice, that by the Holy Ghoſt, with which they were then baptized, they ſhould be endowed, for the Propagation of the Goſpel in all Nations, with divers Languages. If this is not the Caſe, pray what Reaſon can be aſſigned why there ſhould be an Appearance of fiery Tongues divided, and ſitting upon each of the Apoſtles and Diſciples?*

Mr. Lancaſter's Letter to Dr. Byrom.

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" *And, by Notice ſymbolical, make it diſcern'd*
" *That they ſpake in ſuch Tongues, as they never had learn'd.*"...
Need I tell an Hebrœan, that Tongue is the ſame,
In Relation to Fire, as the Engliſh Word Flame?
Which appears to be cloven, and Proof that is ſpun
From the Tongues, or the Flames---has too much of the Pun?

VI.

When you aſk——Pray, what Reaſon can elſe be aſſign'd
For Tongues? I aſk you——Pray, what Reaſon for Wind?
Not to ſhun a fair Queſtion; but Tongue being Flame
May have anſwer'd, already, your queſtioning Aim:
I think that an Air, that a Flame from above
Both is, and betokens, the Life, and the Love,
Which if Chriſtians were bleſt with, one Language would do;
And their whole Body fill'd with, there could not be two.

VII.

But let them be Symbols, the Tongues, if you will,
Of the Grace, which the Spirit was pleas'd to inſtill;
His Gift is as good, if, in ſpeaking their own,
Men made the ſame Truth, in all Languages, known:
This Effect, you will grant, the good Gift to intend;
Now, ſuppoſing two Ways of attaining one End,
Is that Explication leſs likely, or juſt,
Which takes the more ſimple, more plainly auguſt?

VIII. Your

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VIII.

Your Account is quite new, in one Thing that I meet,
* That is——" *That the Speakers went into the Street;*
Or went out of the Houſe to the Multitude met——
For of this going out I have never read yet;
Or, if ever I did, have forgotten the Book,
And can find nothing ſaid in th' Account of St. Luke,
But what ſhould imply both profane, and devout
Coming into the Houſe; and not them to go out.

IX.

May one aſk what Authority, then, you have got
For the Scene, and Succeſſion, which here you allot
To the ſpeaking Diſciples, in Number fifteen,
By an Order well fancied, but, not to be ſeen
In the *Acts*, or elſewhere, the New Teſtament through,
Nor——what I ſhall juſt give a Hint of to you——
Will you find an Apoſtle, not even a *Paul*,
In a Tongue, not his own, ever preaching at all.

X. I

* *The Apoſtles and Diſciples, upon the Rumour of what had happened being ſpread abroad, by thoſe of the Houſe in which they were aſſembled, went out to the Multitude, whom ſuch a Report had brought together; and then, in order, firſt one of them in one Language, and then another of them in another, and ſo on, till all the Languages of the Nations ſpecified were uſed, addreſſed the Multitude; who hearing illiterate Galileans ſpeaking after ſuch a Manner, to each different Claſs amongſt them, in their own proper Language, in which they were born, were amazed and confounded.* Mr. L's Letter.

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X.

I agree that " * *the Mockers, who mock'd with the Throng,*
Knew only their vulgar, JERUSALEM *Tongue*"——
But when you ſay, farther, what cannot but ſtrike,
" *That the Nations, too, all underſtood it alike*"——
Your order'd Confuſion of ſpeaking a Store
To a Croud, out of Doors——is more puzzling, and more!
‡ In the midſt of ſuch Darkneſs, if you can ſee Light,
You need not complain of the Want of Eye Sight.

XI.

Thus, my dear old Acquaintance, I run thro' your Plan
And defend my Conviction, as well as I can,
† As to what a *Bengelius*, or *Weſley*, may raiſe
From twelve hundred and ſixty prophetical Days;

As

* *The Mockers appear to be ſuch as underſtood the Jewiſh Language. St. Peter's Speech, beginning* (Acts 2. 14.) *is addreſſed to all the Multitude; and as being ſo, is ſpoke in the Jewiſh Language, which all of them, tho' of different Nations, underſtood.* Mr. L's Letter.

‡ *A much greater Complaint than this I have to make, and that is want of Eye-ſight——for what appears to you as clear as the Sun, does not appear to me clear at all.* Mr. L's Letter.

† *The Rev. Mr. John Weſley in his Explanation of the new Teſtament, this Year publiſhed, ſays that the 1260 prophetical Days in the Revelations are not, as ſome have ſuppoſed 1260, but 777 common Years. and that Bengelius in his German Introduction has ſhewn this at Large. You underſtand the German Language, and therefore, if Bengelius be in your Library, I deſire in a few Lines, you will let me know how he makes this out.* Mr. L's Letter.

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As the Book is not here, if it otherwiſe could,
My Skill in the *German* can do you no good;
But the Part, that you mention, my Author foretells
Will be put in our Tongue, by a *Doctor* at *Wells*.

XII.

So writes younger *Weſley*, who call'd here, and din'd,
And to him I ſubſcrib'd for it; tho' in my Mind,
What Prophets have written, it's Learning in vain,
Without ſome prophetical Gift, to explain;
Nay, in Points that are clear, beyond any fair Doubt,
It is fifteen to one——that the Learned are out.
This Ratio, I find, in one Inſtance is true;
Excuſe the Preſumption——

Dear Vicar, Adieu.

EPISTLE III.

I.

I Hope that the Vicar will pardon the Haſte
With which an Occaſion, once more, is embrac'd
Of getting ſome Knowledge, in Points that I ſeek,
From one ſo well vers'd both in Hebrew and Greek;
In a Queſtion of Fact, where a friendly Purſuit
Has the Truth for its Object, and not the Diſpute:
Which, tho' Haſte ſhould encroach upon metrical Leiſure,
Will be ſure, if it riſe, to be kept within Meaſure.

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II.

It would ſave much voluminous Labour, ſometimes,
If Diſputes were ti'd down to diſpaſſionate Rhimes,
As well as to Reaſons——but, not to digreſs——
Having weigh'd his Reſponſes both larger, and leſs;
I reſume the ſame Subject, ſame Freedom of Pen,
To intreat for ſome ſmall Satisfaction again,
In Relation to Points, which, appearing abſurd,
Have extorted poetical Favour the third.

III.

* Three Things are laid down in Proſe Favour the laſt,
And Regard to his Thoughts would have none of them paſt;
To his firſt it was paid, to his future ſhall be;
But let *Veritas magis amica* be free:
Firſt,——" *manage the Comma*, ſays he, *how you will*,
" SPEAK,——*or* HEAR——*the ſame Senſe will reſult from it ſtill*"——
Yes; the Senſe of the Context—λαλουντων αυτων—
While they ſpeak in *their* Tongue, we all hear in *our* own.

IV. The

* *You ſend me to Hebrew and Greek, and the Reſult of my enquiry is, however the Comma be managed in the Verſe you mean, (Acts 2, 11.) the Senſe is the ſame; and that* לשון, *when uſed by itſelf, never ſignifies Fire or Flame. And therefore, to bring the Diſpute to a ſhort Iſſue, I deſire your Anſwer to the following Query.*

Were the new Tongues, which our Saviour (St. Mark 16. 17,) promiſed his Diſciples ſhould ſpeak with, new Languages, i. e. ſuch as they had never learned——or not? Mr. L's. Letter.

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IV.

The Hebrew Word לשון, or *Tongue*, ſays he next,
Whene'er it is us'd, by itſelf, in a Text,
Never ſignifies Fire, never ſignifies Flame——
And believing it true, I ſay alſo the ſame;
But in joint אש לשון, Tongue of Fire, or a Blaze,
Foreign Languages claim no Symbolical Phraſe;
Tho' *Tongue* may occaſion Miſtake to befall,
It has here no Relation to Language at all.

V.

Short Iſſue, he thinks, the Diſpute will admit,
And deſires me to anſwer this Query, to Wit,
Were the Tongues, the new Tongues, which a Promiſe was made
That Diſciples ſhould ſpeak, as *St. Mark* has diſplay'd,
New Languages? (ſuch as have never been got
By learning, before-hand, to ſpeak them) or not?
To which, for the preſent, till Some-body ſhow
That it muſt have this Meaning, my Anſwer is——No.

VI.

Now this, if he can, I could wiſh he would do,
And prove the Conſtruction——*new Languages*——true,
In the Senſe that he means; for, when all underſtood
One Perſon who ſpake, it was really as good
As if Numbers had ſpoken, or promiſed Grace
Were interpreted Languages here in this Place;

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The Effect was the ſame, and may anſwer the Pith
Of all that his Second has favour'd me with.

VII.

Still difficult then, if we carefully ſift,
In the Vulgar Account of the *Penteco ſt* Gift;
Which the Learned advance, and eſtabliſh thereon
What the Vicar has built his Ideas upon,
With Additions thereto, which, as far as I ſee,
Not one of the Learned has added, but he;
For Example——if ſome, very few, I preſume,
Have deſcrib'd the Diſciples as quitting the Room.

VIII.

But let them be many——what Reaſon, what Trace,
Do we find of their leaving the ſanctifi'd Place?
Of a Wind from above did they fear at the Shake?
And the Houſe, thro' a Doubt of its falling, forſake?
Or did they go forth to the gathering Quire,
Left the many bright Flames ſhould have ſet it on Fire?
If a Thought could have enter'd of going away,
What Circumſtance was not ſtrong Motive to ſtay?

IX.

Then again——that the Foreigners, all of them, knew
The Language then us'd at *Jeruſalem* too——
For the Miracle's Sake one would here have demurr'd,
Which is render'd ſo needleſs, improper, abſurd,

That

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That *Jeruſalem* Mockers would really have had
A Pretence to alledge——that the pious were mad;
For of ſpeaking ſtrange Tongues what accountable Aim,
Or of hearing fifteen——when they all knew the ſame?

X.

Add to this——The Diſciples, the Hundred and Twenty,
Spake, amongſt one another, ſtrange Tongues, in like Plenty;
One by one, ſays the Vicar, who very well ſaw
What Confuſion would riſe, without ſome ſuch a Law,
As the Text has no Hint of; which ſays——They began
To ſpeak by the Spirit——not——Man after Man:
Could Time have ſuffic'd for ſo doing, yet, why
Speak the Tongues of ſuch Men——as were none of them by?

XI.

The Vicar ſaw, too, that this could not attract
Any Multitude thither——ſuppoſing it Fact——
And ſo he conceiv'd, that a Rumour was ſpread
By the Men of the Houſe, of whom nothing is ſaid——
Now when Men, of his Learning, are forc'd to find out
Such unchronicl'd Salvos to diſſipate Doubt,
One is apt to infer a well grounded Suſpenſe;
And the more to look out for more natural Senſe,

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XII.

I wish my old Friend would consider the Case,
And how ill it consists with Effusion of Grace
To speak *Parthian*, and *Median*, and so of the Rest,
To none but themselves being present address'd.
Unless he can grant, on revolving the Point,
That indeed there is something not rightly in Joint;
Or solve one's Objections, or show one the Way
How to clear up the Matter——what can a Man say?

EPISTLE IV.

I.

I Have, with Attention, dear Vicar, repass'd
Your obliging Reply to the Lines in my last;
Am sorry 'tis final; yet cannot but say
That your Patience, to hear me, has gone a great Way,
And extinguish'd all Right to require any more,
* If I put you to prove *Two and Two to make Four*;
Very difficult Task, as one cannot deny,
When there's Nothing more plain to demonstrate it by.

II. But

* *Your Answer to the Query—Were the Tongues which our Saviour* (St. Mark 16. 17.) *promised his Disciples they should speak with, such Languages as they then knew not?* is, *No. This is doing Things to the Purpose—A bold Alexandrian Stroke—And I am put upon the difficult Task of shewing, that Two and Two make Four.* Mr. L's. Letter.

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II.

But if——*Two and Two, Four,*——I am thinking, has claim
To ſelf-evident Truth, has this Comment the ſame?
——*The New Tongues, which are mention'd in Promiſing Page*
Are the Old ones, ſubſiſting for many an Age:——
Is it really as plain, as that Four is twice Two,
That in no other Senſe they could ever be new,
But as new to the Speaker, *John*, *Peter*, or *Paul*;
While the Tongues in themſelves had no *Newneſs* at all?

III.

Were this a true Theſis, and right to maintain,
Yet——Two Halves are one Whole——is however more plain;
'Till the Proof, which is wanted, ſhall make it appear
How the two Propoſitions are equally clear:
This Proof may be had from the Chapter, you ſay,
Which relates what was done on the *Penteceſt* Day——
The beſt of all Proofs——but, to do the fair Thing,
Give me Leave to examine what Reaſons you bring.

IV.

" * *That γλωσσαι is Languages oft, if you ſeek*
" *In the Septuagint, or the New Teſtament Greek,*
" *Acknowledge*

* *You cannot but own that the Word γλωσσαι in ſeveral Places of the old Teſtament, according to the Seventy, and in many Places of the new Teſtament, ſignifies*

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" *Acknowledge you muſt*"——Yes; 'tis really the Caſe——
" ταις ἡμετεραις γλωσσαις— *in this very Place*
" *Muſt mean, in our Languages; Senſe, you muſt own,*
" *Is the ſame as in*——τη διαλεκτω ἡμων—
" *In our Languages, or in our Dialect;*"——Yes,
Two and Two making Four is not plainer than this.

V.

But how it flows hence, that, in cited *St. Mark*,
It has no other Meaning, I'm quite in the dark:
Few Words of a Language are always confin'd
To a Meaning, preciſely, of juſt the ſame Kind:
For the Roots of the Hebrew, in *Hutchinſon*'s School,
I remember, they had ſuch a Kind of a Rule;
But the Reach of its Proof has been out of my Pow'r,
Tho' I've talk'd with their Maſter full many an Hour.

VI.

I believe, that by Grace, which the Spirit inſtill'd,
" *They ſhall ſpeak with New Tongues*" was exactly fulfill'd
In our Saviour's Diſciples; that, Grace being got,
They did ſo ſpeak in Tongues, as before they could not,
With

ſignifies Languages. And that it does ſo in the above cited (St. Mark 16. 17.) *may be fully prov'd from the very Chapter (Acts 2.) in which, what was done on the Day of Pentecoſt is related. In V. 11. the Signification of* ——ταις ἡμετεραις γλωσσαις—*is evidently, in our Languages—the ſame as is otherwiſe expreſſed in V. 6. by*——τη ἰδια διαλεκτω, *and in V. 8. by* τη διαλεκτω ἡμων. Mr. L's. Letter.

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With reſpect to good Strangers, partaking of Grace;
For——" *ſpeak with new Tongues*"——with new Languages place,
And the Promiſe fulfill'd we may very well call,
By one Spirit-form'd Tongue, which inſtructed them all.

VII.

If the bold Alexandrian Stroke of a *No*
Had been *Yes*, in my Laſt (and it would have been ſo,
If the Facts had requir'd it) what could it have ſhown,
Tho' the Text had this Meaning, if not this alone?
For how do all Languages, ſpoken in One,
Diſagree with the Promiſe inſiſted upon?
I allow it fulfill'd; let the Vicar allow
The Fulfilling, *itſelf*, to determine the *How*.

VIII.

God's wonderful Works, when Diſciples diſplay'd,
And ſpake by the Spirit's omnipotent Aid,
Ev'ry one underſtood, in a Language his own,
Loquentibus illis——λαλουντων αυτων——
While they ſpake——at the firſt; for good *Greek*, and good Senſe,
Forbid us to form an unwritten Pretence
For dividing of Tongues; when the Spirit's Deſcent
Gave, at once, both to ſpeak, and to know what was meant.

IX. * But

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IX.

* But thus to interpret, it ſeems, you forbid,
By placing the Stop, as old *Gregory* did;
Who thought as you think; tho' you bring, I agree,
At leaſt, a more plauſible Reaſon than he;
From a Paſſage that ſuits with your Meaning alone,
Acts the 10th——for they heard——ηκουον γαρ αυτων λαλουντων——them ſpeaking (&) γλωσσαις——in Tongues,
Where, indeed, to that Greek that Conſtruction belongs.

X.

By tranſpoſing two Words the grammatical Lot
Shows when they are abſolute; when they are not:
But be it——"*them ſpeaking*" —— as you would collect,
"*In our Languages*" —— ſtill, it will never affect
The Force of thoſe Reaſons, from which 'tis infer'd,
That at once they were ſpoken, at once they were heard;
Nor of thoſe, which deny that Tongues, *quatenus* new,
Mean always preciſely what Languages do.

XI.

† That Evidence, Vicar, which here you have brought,
Croſs examin'd, will certainly favour this Thought;
For

* *Let me obſerve that the Words*—λαλουντων αυτων—*(V. 11.) are not as you would have them put abſolutely, but are governed of* ακουομεν; *as* λαλουντων αυτων *(V. 6) are of* ηκουον *and as* αυτων λαλουντων γλωσσαις *are of the ſame Verb (Acts 10 V. 46.)* Mr. L's Letter.

† *See the laſt Reference, where the Vicar points to Acts 10. V. 46.*

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For *Cornelius* converted, and Company too,
Without Intervention of Languages new,
How can any one think, but from Prejudice bred.
Tho' honeſt, from what he has often heard ſaid,
That, then, they were all on a ſudden inſpir'd
To ſpeak with ſtrange Tongues, when no Reaſon requir'd?

XII.

But now being got to the End of a Tether,
Preſcrib'd to your Trouble——I leave to you, whether
Tongues, any where elſe, in the Senſe you aſſert,
Were ſpoken to Purpoſe, that is, to convert?
Or whether your Patience can bear to excuſe
A Reply to your Hints on the Senſe that I chuſe?
In the mean Time I thank you for Favours in Hand;
And ſpeaking, or ſilent——am
Yours to Command.

A N

EPISTLE to J. Bl---k---n, Eſq;

Occaſioned by a Diſpute concerning the Food of St. John, the Baptiſt.

THE Point, *Mr. Bl---k---n*, diſputed upon,
Whether *Inſects*, or *Herbs*, were the Food of *St. John*,

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Is a ſingular Proof, how a learned Pretence
Can prevail with ſome Folks over natural Senſe,
So conſiſtent with Herbs, as you know was allow'd;
But the Duſt that is rais'd by a critical Croud
Has ſo blinded their Eyes, that plain ſimple Truth
Is obſcur'd by a *Poſſe* of *Claſſics*, forſooth!

Diodorus and *Strabo*, *Solinus* and *Ælian*,
And Authorities down from the *Ariſtotelian*,
Have mention'd whole Clans, that were wont to ſubſiſt,
In the Eaſt, upon Locuſts as big as your Fiſt:
Ergo, ſo did the *Baptiſt* —— now were it all true
That Reporters affirm, but not one of them knew;
What follows, but Hearſay how Savages eat?
And how Locuſts, ſometimes, are Neceſſity's Meat?

If, amongſt their old Tales, they had chanc'd to determine,
That the *Jews* were accuſtom'd to feed on theſe Vermin,
It would have been ſomething; or did they produce
Any one ſingle Hermit that ſtor'd them for Uſe,
Having pick'd 'em, and dri'd 'em, and ſmoak'd in the Sun,
(For this, before eating, they tell us was done;)
The Example were patter than any they bring,
To ſupport ſuch an aukward, improbable Thing.

Hermitical Food the poetical Tribe
Of Claſſics have happen'd ſometimes to deſcribe;
And their native Deſcriptions are conſtantly found
To relate, in ſome Shape, to the Fruits of the Ground;

If

If exception occurs, one may venture to ſay,
That the Locuſt Conceit never came in their Way;
Or let its Defender declare, if he knows,
Any one ſingle Inſtance, in Verſe or in Proſe.

But the Word, which the Text has made Uſe of, 'tis ſaid,
Means the *animal* Locuſt, wherever 'tis read,
Of a Species, which *Jews* were permitted to eat;
There is therefore no Need of a *plantal* Conceit,
Of Tops, Summits, or Buds, Pods, or Berries of Trees,
For to this, the ſole Proof is, no Claſſic agrees;
And the Latin *Locuſtæ* came, only from want
Of Attention, to ſignify Tops of a Plant.

It would take up a Volume to clear the Miſtakes,
Which, in this ſingle Caſe, claſſic Prejudice makes,
Thro' Attachment to Writers, who paſs a Relation,
Which others had ſign'd without Examination;
As the Authors have done, who have read, and have writ,
That Locuſts are Food, which the *Law* did permit;
And the Place, which they quote for a Proof that it did,
Is one that will prove them expreſsly *forbid*.

I appeal to the *Hebrew*, and, for the *Greek* Word,
To the twenty-third *Iliad*, where once it occur'd;
And where the old Prince of the Claſſics, one ſees,
Never once thought of Inſects, but Branches of Trees,
As the Context evinces; tho', all to a Man,
Tranſlators adopt the Locuſtical Plan:

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How the Latin *Locuſtæ* ſhould get a wrong Senſe
Is their Buſineſs to prove, who object the Pretence.

But the claſſical Greek, tho' it often confirm,
Cannot always explain, a *New Teſtament* Term,
Any more than an *Old* one; and therefore, to paſs
All Authorities by of a paganiſh Claſs,
Let them aſk the *greek* Fathers, who full as well knew
Their own Tongue, and the Goſpel, which Meaning is true?
But, for Inſects, to find a plain Proof in their Greek
Will cut a Librarian out Work for a Week.

For *Herbs* here is one, which, unleſs it is match'd,
Ought to carry this Queſtion as fairly diſpatch'd;
Iſidorus, Greek Father of critical Fame,
Has a Letter concerning this very Greek Name,
Diſmiſſing the Doubt, which a Querift had got,
If the *Baptiſt* did eat Animalcules, or not,
God Forbid! ſays the Father, a Thing ſo abſurd!
The Summits of Plants is the Senſe of the Word.

Such an ancient Deciſion, ſo quite *a propos*,
Diſperſes, at once, all the Claſſical Show
Of a Learning, that builds upon *Africa*'s Eaſt,
And the Traunts, how wild People were fabl'd to feaſt
Upon fancied huge Locuſts, which never appear,
Or huge, or unhuge, but five Months in the Year;
To be hoarded, and pickl'd in Salt and in Smoke:
How Saint *John* is employ'd by theſe critical Folk!

Where

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Where the Locuſt could feed ſuch an abſtinent Saint,
Of Food for his Purpoſe, could never have Want:
If the Deſart was ſandy, and made ſuch a Need,
How account for the Locuſts deſcending to feed?
In ſhort, *Mr. Bl---k---n*, they cannot eſcape
The Charge of abſurd, in all Manner of Shape;
If they can, let them do it——mean while I conclude
That *St. John*'s was the *plantal*, not *animal* Food.

Thus, Sir, I have ſtated, as brief as I'm able,
The friendly Debate, that we had at your Table;
Where the kind Entertainer, I found, was inclin'd,
And acknowledge the Pleaſure, to be of my Mind:
Having only to add, now I make my Report,
That, howe'er we may differ in Points of this Sort,
Our Reception at *Orford*, all pleas'd, we review,
And rejoice in the Health of its Maſter——

Adieu.

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Three EPISTLES to *G. Lloyd*, Eſq;

On the following Paſſage in HOMER.

Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και κυνας αργους,
Αυταρ επειτ' αυτοισι βελος εχεπευκες εφιεις
Βαλλ', αιει δε πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι

Iliad. A. lin. 50.

I.

THUS *Homer*, deſcribing the peſtilent Lot,
That amongſt the *Greek* Forces *Apollo* had ſhot,
Tells how it began, and *who* ſuffer'd the firſt,
When his ill-treated Prieſt the whole Army had curſt:
Or rather *what* ſuffer'd; for Cuſtom computes,
That *Apollo*'s firſt Shafts fell amongſt the poor Brutes;
Inſtructing both Critics, to conſtrue, and Schools,
Κυνας αργους the Dogs——and ημιονους the Mules,

II.

Now, obſerving old *Homer*'s poetical Features,
I would put in one Word for the guiltleſs dumb Creatures,
And the famous blind Bard; for, as far as I ſee,
The learn'd, in this Caſe, are much blinder than he:
At the Mules, and the Dogs, in his verſifi'd *Greek*,
Nor *Phœbus*, nor *Prieſt*, had conceiv'd any Pique;

And

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And I doubt, notwithſtanding the common Conſent,
That the Meaning is miſt which *Mæonides* meant.

III.

Why the Brutes were firſt plagu'd, an *Euſtathius*, and others,
Have made a great Rout, with their phyſical Pothers,
Of the Nature, and Cauſes, and Progreſs of Plague;
And all, to the Purpoſe, quite foreign, and vague:
But be medical Symptoms whatever they will,
Such Matters I leave to Friend *Heberden*'s Skill,
And propoſe a plain Fact to all cunninger Ken——
——That the Mules, and the Dogs, in this Paſſage, are Men.

IV.

Juſt then, as they riſe, to explain my Ideas——
Let the the Lexicon tell what is meant by ὑσμὶς;
In plain, common Senſe, without phyſical Routs,
The *Grecian* Outguards, the *Cuſtodes*, or Scouts:
The Word may be Mules too, for aught that I know,
For my *Scapula* ſays, 'tis, *Ionice*, ſo;
And refers to the Lines above quoted from *Homer*,
Where Mules, I conceive, is an arrant Miſnomer.

V. If

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V.

If a Word has two Meanings, to critical Teſt,
That which makes the Senſe better is certainly beſt;
The Plague is here plainly deſcrib'd to begin
In the Skirts of the Camp, then to enter within;
To rage, and occaſion, what *Iliad* ſtiles,
Inceſſantly burning their funeral Piles;
Which the *Greeks*, I conjecture, were hardly ſuch Fools
As to burn, or erect for the Dogs, and the Mules.

VI.

The common *Greek* Word, the *Homerical* too,
For Mules is Ἡμιονες, where it will do;
And there was, as it happened, no Cauſe to coerce
Its Uſe in this Place, for it ſuited the Verſe:
Whereas a plain Reaſon oblig'd to diſcard,
If this was the Point to be ſhown by the Bard,
That firſt to the Parties about the main Camp
Apollo diſpatch'd the vindicative Damp.

VII.

Thus much for Ουρηας—the meaning of Κυνες
Is attended, I own, with a little more Newneſs;
For the Senſe, in this Place, will oblige us to plant
A meaning for Κυνες, which Lexicons want:
And, if that be a Reaſon for ſome to reject,
'Tis no more than Correction, tho' juſt, may expect;

But

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But if it be juſt, the true Critics will add,
'Tis a Meaning that Lexicons ought to have had.

VIII.

Both *Canes* in *Latin*, and Κυνες in *Greek*,
And the *Hebrew* Word for them, if Critics would ſeek,
Should be rendered, ſometimes, in Proſe-writers, or Bards,
By Slaves, or by Servants, Attendants, or Guards:
Ουρηας and Κυνας have here, in my Thought,
Much a like Kind of meaning, as really they ought;
The Difference, perhaps, that, for Camp Preſervation,
One mov'd, or patroll'd; while the other kept Station.

IX.

Αργυς, which is *white*, in the commoneſt Senſe,
To deſcribe the Dogs here, has no Sort of Pretence;
Nor here will the Lexicons help a dead Lift,
That allow the odd Choice too of *ſlow*, or of *ſwift*:
If the Dogs were demoliſh'd, 'twill certainly follow
That *white*, *ſlow*, or *ſwift*, was all one to *Apollo*;
Whoſe fam'd Penetration was rather too deep
Than to take Dogs for Soldiers, as *Ajax* did Sheep.

X.

Why them? or why Mules? for Deſcription allows
That he ſhot at no Horſes, Bulls, Oxen, or Cows;

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With a Vengeance ſelecting, from all other Claſſes,
Poor Dogs of ſome Sort, and impeccant Half-Aſſes:
Now granting, what Poem ſhows plainly enough,
That *Homer* abounds with nonſenſical Stuff,
Yet it ſhould, for his Sake, if it can, be confin'd
To the *Pagan*, and not the *Poetical* Kind.

XI.

The Mules and the Dogs, being ſhot at, coheres
No better with Senſe, than the Bulls and the Bears:
To exculpate old *Homer*, my worthy Friend *Lloyd*,
Some Sort of Correction ſhould here be employ'd;
And, for Languages Sake, in which Matters are ſpread
Of a greater Concern, if old Writers are read,
Where it ſeems to be wanting, the Critics ſhould ſeek
To make out fair Engliſh for *Latin*, or *Greek*.

XII.

If the Words have a Meaning both human, and brute,
Where *Homer* deſcribes his *Apollo* to ſhoot,
Tho' brute, in the Latin, poſſeſſes the Letter,
I take it for granted that human is better:
Do you think this a fair *Poſtulatum*?——" I do;
" But you only affirm that the human is true"——
That's all that I want in this preſent Epiſtle;
In the next I ſhall prove it——as clear as a Whiſtle.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE II.

I.

YOUR Consent, I made bold to suppose, in my last,
To a fair *Postulatum* had readily past;
That a mulish Distemper, or that a canine,
Neither suited *Apollo*'s, nor *Homer*'s Design,
Like making the Subjects, who felt its first Shock,
To be Men like their Masters, tho' baser of Stock:
Now Proof, at the present, comes under the Pen,
That ἥρωας, and Κυνες, may signify Men.

II.

You'll draw the Conclusion, so fair, and so just,
That if they may do it, they certainly must;
It would look with an unphilosophical Face,
And * *anti-Rawthmelian*, to question the Case:
Tho' the Proofs of this Point, which I formerly noted,
Have slipt my Remembrance, and cannot be quoted;
From *Homer* himself it may chance to appear,
As I promis'd to make it, no Whistle more clear.

III.

That ἥρωες are Guards, in *Iliadal* Lore,
You may see in Book *Kappa*, Line eighty and four;

* *Alluding to Rawthmel's Coffee-House, where several Members of the Royal Society usually spent their Evenings.*

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Where the wiſe Commentators confeſs in their Rules,
That——Here it is Guards, not Ἡμιονοι Mules:
Being join'd with ἑταιροι, Companions, they knew
As ἑταιροι were Men, that ὑφηες were too:
Now let us illuſtrate the combated Place,
As near as we can, by a Parallel Caſe.

IV.

Plain Senſe, as I take it, if once it is ſhown
That *Homer* oppoſes to——being alone——
Having two Κυνες αργοι along with an Hero,
Will call 'em Companions, not Dogs, *in Homero:*
Turn then to his *Odyſſey*, *Beta*, Line ten,
Where Dogs, as they call 'em, are certainly Men;
Attended by whom (he will ſecond who ſeeks)
Telemachus went to a Council of *Greeks*.

V.

With his Sword buckl'd on, and a Spear in his Hand,
He went (having ſummon'd) to meet the whole Band;
So bravely ſet forth, ſo equipt, and ſo ſhod,
That, as *Homer* has phras'd it, he look'd like a God;
Not alone——to enhance the Deſcription of Song,
But he took with him two Κυνας αργους along:
Two ſwift-footed Dogs! yes——two Puppies, no Doubt,
That *Apollo* had ſav'd from the general Rout!——

VI. One

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VI.

One can but reflect how we live in an Age
That ſcruples the Senſe of all ſenſible Page;
Any Kind of old Nonſenſe more pleas'd to admit,
If in *Homer*, or *Virgil*, or *Horace* 'tis writ;
But yet, to do Juſtice to theſe, and the reſt
Of the poor pagan Poets, it muſt be confeſt,
That Time, and Tranſcribing, and critical Note
Have father'd much on them, which they never wrote.

VII.

This Place is a Proof, how the Critics made bold
To foiſt their own Senſe into Verſes of old;
For inſtead of two *Greeks* here, attending their Maſter,
And footing a Pace neither ſlower, nor faſter;
They have made in ſome Places, to follow his Track,
Of their ſwift-footed Dogs, an indefinite Pack;
The Son of *Ulyſſes* unſkilfully forcing
To go to a Council, as Men go a Courſing.

VIII.

Ουκ αος—ουκ αν—for Maſter and Dame,
Not alone — to interpret by *Homer*'s true Aim,
There are Places enoo to evince that Attendants
Were Men, or were Maidens, were Friends, or Dependants:

Thus

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Thus *Achilles*——ὡκ ὀιος——*Omega* rehearſes,
Had two Διεξοδικοι both nam'd in the Verſes,
Automedon——*Alcimus*——whom, it is ſaid,
He valued the moſt, for *Patroclus* was dead.

IX.

Penelope thus, in firſt *Odyſſey* Strain,
Two Αμφιπολοι follow'd——two Women, 'tis plain,
When the Dame was ὡκ ὀιη—and mention'd anon,
How they ſtood to attend her, on either Side one.
Had Αμφιπολοι ſignifi'd Cats in the *Greek*,
Would not Senſe have oblig'd us new Meaning to ſeek?
And two Dogs as unfit as two Cats, you will own,
To deſcribe Man, or Woman——not being alone.

X.

To cloſe the plain Reaſons that riſe in ones Mind,
Take an Inſtance from *Virgil* of ſimilar Kind;
Wherein fair Imitation of *Homer*, no doubt,
He deſcribes King *Evander* to dreſs, and march out;
And diſcern, by the Help of his *Mantuan* Pen,
How *Cuſtodes*, and *Canes*, were both the ſame Men;
Where *Canes* are Dogs, as all Cuſtom opines——
See *Virgil*'s eighth Book——come I'll copy the Lines——

Nec non et gemini cuſtodes limine ab alto
Procedunt, greſſumque canes comitantur herilem ——

XI. Kurtz

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XI.

Κυνες αργοι in Homer were then in his View,
When *Virgil*, in *Latin*, thus painted the two;
And the *Canes* in him are the very *Cuſtodes*,
Moſt aptly repeated, *digniſſime Sodes*:
Did ever Verſe yet, or Proſe ever, record
Any literal Dogs, that kept Pace with their Lord?
Proceeding——attending——how plain the Suggeſtion
That Dogs, in the Caſe, are quite out of the Queſtion!

XII.

And now I appeal to all critical Candour,
If *Homer's* young Hero, or ſenior *Evander*,
Had Dogs for Companions, to honour their *Greſſus*,
As Tranſlators in Verſe, and in Proſe, would poſſeſs us;
The Moderns I think (tho' a Lover of Metre)
Sould manage with Judgment a little diſcreeter,
Than to gape and admire what old Poets have ſung,
If it will not make Senſe in their own Mother Tongue.

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EPISTLE III.

HAVING ſhown you the Paſſage, one cannot avoid
An Appendix ſo proper, kind Viſitant *Lloyd*,
To the Mules and the Dogs, which, a little while ſince,
Were Guards and Piquets, as Verſe ſought to evince:
Whether Κυνες attended, two footed, or four,
Upon Heroes and Kings, let the Critics explore;
But ημιονους for Mules, in old *Homer*'s Intent,
I ſuſpect that his Rhapſodies never once meant.

II.

The Word is twice us'd in the twenty third Book,
In the Space of five Lines; where I made you to look;
I'll refreſh your Attention——*Achilles*, know then,
Had deſir'd *Agamemnon*, the Monarch of Men,
To exhort 'em to bring, when the Morning appear'd,
And prepare proper Wood, for a Pile to be rear'd,
For the Purpoſe of burning, as Cuſtom inſtill'd,
The Remains of *Patroclus*, whom *Hector* had kill'd.

III.

When the Morning appear'd, with her roſyfi'd Fingers,
Agamemnon obey'd; and exhorted the Bringers,
The Mules and the Men;——as Tranſlation preſents——
Exhorted them all to come out of their Tents:

So

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So the Men and the Mules lay amongſt one another,
If this be the Caſe, in ſome Hammocks or other;
And the Men, taking with 'em Ropes, Hatchets, and
Tools,
Were conducted, it ſeems, to the Wood, by the Mules.

IV.

For the Mules went before 'em——the *Latiniſts* ſay——
Which, a Man may preſume, was to ſhow 'em the Way;
Or, ſince there was Danger, the Mules going firſt
Might, perhaps, be becauſe the Men none of 'em durſt;
For they all were to paſs, in their preſent Employ,
To the Woods of Mount *Ida*, belonging to *Troy*:
And if *Trojans* fell on them, for ſtealing their Fire,
The Men, in the Rear, might the ſooner retire.

V.

However, both mulish, and well booted Folks
Came ſafe to the Mountain, and cut down its Oaks;
And, with more bulky Pieces of Timber cut out,
They loaded ſuch Mules, as were Mules without doubt:
When you found, in the Latin, ſo certain a Place,
Where the loading Deſcription ſhow'd Mules in the Caſe,
Your Eyes to the left I ſaw rolling, to ſeek
If the Word for theſe Mules was ἡμιονοι in Greek.

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VI.

And had they discover'd that really it was,
Conjecture had come to more difficult Pass;
But since it was not, since Ἡμιονοι came,
What else but the Meaning could vary the Name?
Why should *Homer*, so fond, as you very well noted,
Of repeating the Words, which his Muse had once quoted,
Make so aukward a Change, without any Pretence
Of a Reason suggested by Metre, or Sense?

VII.

Ἡμιονοι, Mules, tho' a masculine Ender,
Is always, in Greek, of the feminine Gender;
But ιππος, you'll find, let it mean what it will,
Never is of that Gender, but masculine still:
How ridiculous then, that ιππος the Hees,
Should become, by their Loading, Ἡμιονοι, Shees?
In a Latin Description would Poetry pass,
That should call 'em *Mules*, and then load 'em *Mulas*?

VIII.

Both the Word, and the Sense, which is really the Bard's,
Show the Masculine Mules to be certainly Guards:
Any Mules I desire any Critic to name,
If *Jacks* in the Gender, that are not the same:
One Place, which I hinted at, over our Tea,
May be offer'd, perhaps, as a masculine Plea;

But,

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But, if Folks were unbias'd, they quickly would find
A Miſtake to be there, of the very ſame Kind.

IX.

The *Trojans* met *Priam* at one of their Gates,
With the Corps of his *Hector*——*Omega* relates——
Whom they would have lamented there, all the Day long,
Had not *Priam*, addreſſing himſelf to the Throng,
Made a Speech——*Let me paſs with the Mules*——and
ſo on——
For Mules drew the Hearſe which the Corps lay upon:
Now the Words that he ſaid, at the Entrance of Troy,
Were——Ουχωι δηυδτμεν ειξατε μοι.

X.

Priam ſaid to the People, ſtill hurrying down,
Let me paſs thro' the Guards——(to go into the Town)
This is much better Senſe, by the Leave of the Schools,
Than for *Priam* to ſay——*Let me paſs with the Mules*——
For *Idæus* directed the Muliſh Machine,
While Horſes drew that in which *Priam* was ſeen;
Who thought of no Mules, but of reaching the Dome,
Where they all might lament over *Hector*, at Home.

XI.

The Mules had been nam'd very often before,
In the very ſame Book, Times a Dozen, or more;

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And the proper Term for 'em had always occurr'd;
It is only this once that we meet with this Word:
That it ſignifies Guards, it is granted, ſometimes,
As I inſtanc'd, you know, in the *Baguley* Rhimes;
And will Critics ſuppoſe, that the Poet would make
Variation, for mere Ambiguity's Sake?

XII.

That *Apollo* ſhould plague, *Agamemnon* exhort,
Theſe irrational Creatures is ſtupid, in ſhort;
Where no Metamorphoſis, Fable, or Fiction,
Can defend ſuch Abuſe of plain, narrative Diction——
Perchance, as a Doctor, you'll think me unwiſe,
For poring on *Homer*, with preſent ſore Eyes;
But a Glance, the moſt tranſient, may ſee, in his Plan,
That a Mule is a Mule, and a Man is a Man.

Critical

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Critical Remarks in *Engliſh* and *Latin*,

Upon ſeveral Paſſages in HORACE.

An EPISTLE to a FRIEND,

Propoſing a Correction in the following PASSAGE.

Si non Acriſium Virginis abditæ
CUSTODEM PAVIDUM *Jupiter et Venus*
Riſiſſent—— Lib. 3. Ode 16.

SO then you think *Acriſius* really ſold
His Daughter *Danae*, himſelf, for Gold;
When the whole Story of the Grecian King
Makes ſuch a Bargain ſo abſurd a Thing,
That neither Poetry, nor Senſe could make
The Poet guilty of the vile Miſtake.

No Sir; her Father, here, was rich enough;
Satire on him, for ſelling her, is Stuff:
Fear was his Motive to a vaſt Expence
Of Gates, and Guards to keep her in a Fence:
But ſome dull Blockhead happ'ning to tranſcribe,
When half aſleep, has made HIM take the Bribe,
Which *Jupiter* and *Venus*, as the Bard
Had writ, made uſe of to corrupt the GUARD.

All

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All the Remarks on Avarice are juſt;
But 'twas the Keeper that betray'd his Truſt.

Paſſage from *Virgil*, which you here ſelect us,
How Gold is cogent of *mortale pectus*;
And from *Euripides*, that Gold can ope
Gates——unattempted even by the Pope;
Show Money's Force on Subjects that are vicious;
But what has this to do with King *Acriſius?*
Who ſpar'd no Money to ſecure his Life,
Loſt, if his Daughter once became a Wife:
He ſhut her up for fear of Death——and then
Sold her himſelf!——all Stuff, I ſay again:
Death was his dread; nor was it in the Pow'r
Of Love's Bewitchment, or of Money'd Show'r,
Of *Venus*, *Jupiter*, or all the Fry
Of *Homer*'s Heav'n to hire the Man to die.

Where is his Avarice, of any Kind,
Noted, in all the Fables that you find?
Except in thoſe of your inventing Faſhion
That make him old, and Avarice his Paſſion?
To hide the Blunder of *Amanuenſes*,
Who, writing Words, full oft unwrit the Senſes:
Fact, that in *Horace*, in a World of Places,
Appears by irrecoverable Traces;
On which the Critics raiſe a learned Duſt,
And, ſtill adjuſting, never can adjuſt.
Having but one of all the Roman Lyrics
To feed their Taſte for flaviſh Panegyrics,

The

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The more abſurd the Manuſcriptal Letter,
They paint, from thence, ſome fancy'd Beauty better:
Hunting for all the Colours, round about,
To make the Nonſenſe beautifully out;
Adorning richly, for the Poet's Sake,
Some poor hallucinating Scribe's Miſtake.

Now I would have a Short-hand Son of mine
Be leſs obſequious to the Claſſic Line,
Than, right or wrong, to yield his Approbation,
Becauſe *Homeric*, or becauſe *Horatian;*
Or not to ſee, when it is fairly hinted,
Either original Defect, or printed.
Not that it matters Two-pence, in Regard
Of either *Grecian*, or of *Roman* Bard;
If Schools were wiſe enough to introduce
Much better Books for Education's Uſe:
But ſince, by force of Cuſtom, or of Laſh,
The Boys muſt wade thro' ſo much Traunt and Traſh,
To gain their Greek and Latin, they ſhould learn
True Greek, at leaſt, and Latin to diſcern;
Nor, for the ſake of Cuſtom, to admit
The Faults of Language, Metre, Senſe, or Wit:
Becauſe this blind Attachment, by Command,
To what their Maſters do not underſtand,
Makes Reading ſervile, in the younger Flock,
Of rhiming *Horace*, down to proſing *Lock*:
Knowledge is all mechanically known,
And no innate Ideas of their own.——

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But, while I'm rhiming to you what comes next,
I ſhall forget th' *Acriſius* of the Text——
Your Reaſons then, why this *Cuſtodem pavidum*
Should not be chang'd to *Cuſtodemque avidum*,
Turn upon Avarice; you think the Father
Fond of the Bribe; I think the Keeper rather,
Who had no Fear from *Danae*——the Wife——
Who could receive the Gold, and loſe no Life,
Muſt needs be he, and that, without the Change,
The Verſe is unpoetically ſtrange:

You make *Acriſius* to have been the Guard,
And to be *Pavidus*——extremely hard
To make out either; for what other Place
Shows that the King was Jailor in the Caſe?
And is not *Pavidus* a *dictum gratis?*
Was not his *Danae—munita ſatis?*
Safe kept enough? If *pavidus* come after,
The *Dear Joy Horace* muſt provoke oneſs Laughter:
Plain common Senſe ſuggeſting, all the while,
——Not Fear, but fancied Safety gave the Smile:
Safe as *Acriſius* thought himſelf to be,
The *Cuſtos avidus* would take a Fee;
A golden ſhower, they knew, would break his Oath,
And *Jupiter* and *Venus* laugh'd at both.

Sume

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Sume Mæcenas Cyathos Amici
Sospitis CENTUM—— Lib. 3. Ode 8.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

WHAT! must *Mæcenas*, when he sups
With *Horace*, drink a Hundred Cups?
A Hundred Cups *Mæcenas* drink!
Where must he put them all d'ye think?
Pray have the Critics all so blunder'd,
That none of 'em correct this *Hundred?*

II.

" Not that I know has any one
" Had any Scruple thereupon:
" And for what Reason pray should you?
" The Reading, to be sure, is true;
" A hundred Cups——that is to say——
" *Mæcenas* come and drink away.

III.

If that was all the Poet meant,
It is express'd without the *Cent:*

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Sume Mæcenas Cyathos ——
Does it full well without the Doſe,
The monſt'rous Doſe in Cup, or Can,
That ſuits with neither Bard, nor Man.

IV.

" Nay, why ſo monſt'rous? Is it told
" How much the *Cyathus* would hold?
" You think perhaps it was a Mug,
" As round as any *Jonian* Jug:
" They drank all Night; if ſmall the Glaſs,
" Would *Centum* mount to ſuch a Maſs?

V.

Small as you will, if 'twas a Bumper,
Centum for One would be a Thumper:
It's Bulk *Horatian* Terms define,
* *Vates attonitus* with nine;
Gratia——forbidding more than three——
They were no Thimbles you may ſee.

VI.

" Not in that Ode——in this they might
" Intend a more diminiſh'd Plight;
" And then *Mæcenas* and the Bard,
" That Night, I warrant ye, drank hard;

" *Perſer*

* *Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 19. v. 14.*

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" *Perſer in Lucem*——Horace crys;
" To what a Pitch might Numbers riſe!

VII.

A deſperate long Night! my Friend,
Before their hundred Cups could end;
Nor does the Verſe invite, throughout,
Mæcenas to a drunken Bout:
Perſer in Lucem comes in View
With *procul omnis clamor* too.

VIII.

" Was it no Bout, becauſe no Noiſe
" Should interrupt their Midnight Joys?
" *Horace*, you read, with annual Tap,
" Notes his eſcape from dire Miſhap:
" Muſt he, and Friends conven'd, be ſober,
" Becauſe 'twas March, and not October?

IX.

Sober or drunk is not the Caſe,
But Word and Meaning to replace,
Both here demoliſh'd: Did they, pray,
Do nothing elſe but drink away?
For Friends conven'd had *Horace* got
No Entertainment, but to ſot?

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X.

" Yes, to be ſure; he might rehearſe
" Some new, or entertaining Verſe;
" Might touch the Lyre, invoke the Muſe;
" Or twenty Things that he might chuſe;
" No doubt but he would mix along
" With Cup, and Talk, the joyous *Song*.

XI.

Doubtleſs he would; and that's the Word,
For which a *Centum* ſo abſurd
Has been inſerted, by Miſtake
Of his Tranſcribers, ſcarce awake;
Which, all the Critics, when they keep,
Are, *quoad hoc*, quite faſt aſleep.

XII.

" For that's the Word"——" What Word d'ye mean?
" For Song does *Centum* intervene?
" Song would be——O, I take your Hint,
" *Cantum*, not *Centum*, you would print;
" *Soſpitis Cantum*——but the Clauſe
" Can have no Senſe with ſuch a Pauſe.

XIII.

Pauſe then at *Soſpitis*, nor ſtrike
The three Cæſuras all alike;

One

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One Cup of *Helicon* but quaff,
The Point is plain as a Pikeſtaff;
The Wine, the Song, the Luſtre's Light——
The Verſe, the Pauſe, the Senſe is right.

XIV.

" Stay, let me read the Sapphic out
" Both Ways, and then reſolve the Doubt——

Sume Mæcenas cyathos Amici
Soſpitis centum——et vigiles Lucernas
Perfer in Lucem——procul omnis eſto
Clamor et Ira.

Sume Mæcenas cyathos Amici
Soſpitis——Cantum, et vigiles Lucernas
Perfer in Lucem——procul omnis eſto
Clamor et Ira.

" Well, I confeſs, now I have read,
" The Thing is right that you have ſaid;
" One Vowel rectify'd, how plain
" Does *Horace*'s Intent remain!

——NONUMQ.

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——NONUMQ. *prematur in Annum.*

Hor. Art poet. L. 388.

I.

YE Poets, and Critics, and Men of the Schools,
Who talk about *Horace*, and *Horace*'s Rules;
Ye learned Admirers, how comes it, I wonder,
That none of you touch a moſt tangible Blunder?
I ſpeak not to ſervile, and ſturdy Logicians,
Who will, right or wrong, follow printed Editions;
But you, that are Judges, come rub up your Eyes,
And unſhackle your Wits, and I'll ſhow where it lies.

II.

Amongſt other Rules, which your *Horace* has writ,
To make his young *Piſo* for Poetry fit,
He tells him, that Verſes ſhould not be purſu'd,
When the Muſe (or *Minerva*) was not in the Mood;
That, whate'er he ſhould write, "* *he ſhould let it deſcend*
" *To the Ears of his Father, his Maſter, his Friend;*"
And let it lie by him——now prick up your Ears——
Nonumque prematur in Annum——nine Years.

Nine

* —*In Mettii deſcendat Judicis Aures,*
Et patris et noſtras.——

III.

Nine Years! I repeat——for the Sound is enough,
With the Help of plain Senſe, to diſcover the Stuff.
If the Rule had been new, what a Figure would nine
Have made with your *Piſo's*, ye Maſters of mine?
Muſt a Youth of quick Parts, for his Verſe's Perfection,
Let it lie for nine Years——in the *Houſe of Correction?*:
Nine Years if his Verſes muſt lie in the Leaven,
Take the young Rogue himſelf, and tranſport him for
ſeven.

IV.

To make this a Maxim, that *Horace* infuſes,
Muſt provoke all the Laughter of all the nine Muſes.
How the Wits of old *Rome*, in a Caſe ſo facetious,
Would have jok'd upon *Horace*, and *Piſo*, and *Metius*,
If they all could not make a poetical Line
Ripe enough to be read, 'till the Year had ſtruck nine!
Had the Boy been poſſeſt of nine Lives, like a Cat,
Yet ſurely he'd ne'er have ſubmitted to that.

V.

Vah! ſays an old Critic, indefinite Number——
To denote many Years——(which is juſt the ſame Lumber)
Quotes a Length of *Quintilian* for * *Time to retouch*——
But wiſely ſtops ſhort at his blaming——*too much*.

Some

* *Quint. Inſtit. Orat. Lib.* 10*th. C.* 4*th. de Emendatione.*

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Some took many Years, he can inſtance——in fine,
Iſocrates ten——Poet *Cinna* juſt nine;
Rare Inſtance of taking, which, had he been cool,
Th' old Critic had ſeen, never could be a Rule.

VI.

Indeed, ſays a young one, nine Years, I confeſs,
Is a deſperate While for a Youth to ſuppreſs;
I can hardly think *Horace* wou'd make it a Point;
The Word, to be ſure, muſt be out of its Joint;
Lie by with a *Nonum!*——had I been his *Piſo*,
I'd have told little *Fatty*, mine never ſhou'd lie ſo.
Had he ſaid for nine Months, I ſhould think them enoo;
This Reading is falſe, Sir——pray tell us the True.

VII.

Why, you are not far off it, if preſent Conjecture
May furniſh the Place with a probable Lecture;
For by Copies, I doubt, either printed, or written,
The Hundreds of Editors all have been bitten.
Nine Months you allow——Yes — well, let us, for fear
Of affronting *Quintilian*, e'en make it a Year:
Give the Critics their *numque*, but as to their *no*——
You have *one* in plain Engliſh more fit to beſtow.

VIII.

I take the Correction——*unumque prematur*——
Let it lie for one Twelvemonth—ay, that may hold Water;

And

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And Time enough too for conſulting about
Maſter *Piſo*'s Performance, before it came out.
What! would *Horace* inſiſt, that a Sketch of a Boy
Should take as much Time, as the taking of *Troy*?
They, that bind out the young one, ſay, when the old Fellow
Took any Time like it, to make a Thing mellow;

IX.

Tho' correct in his Trifles——Young Man you ſay right,
And to them that will ſee, it is plain, at firſt Sight;
But Critics that will not, they hunt all around
For ſomething of fameneſs, in Senſe, or in Sound;
It is all one to them; ſo attach'd to the Letter,
That to make better Senſe makes it never the better:
Nay, the more Senſe in Readings, the leſs they will own 'em;
You muſt leave to theſe Sages their *mumpſimus Nonum*.

X.

Do you think, they cry out, that with ſo little Wit
Such a World of great Critics on *Horace* have writ?
That the Poets themſelves, were the Blunder ſo plain,
In a Point of their Art too, would let it remain?
For you are to conſider, theſe critical Chaps
Do not like to be ſnubb'd; you may venture, perhaps,
An Amendment, where they can ſee ſomewhat amiſs;
But may raiſe their ill Blood, if you circulate this.

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XI.

It will circulate, this, Sir, as ſure as their Blood,
Or, if not, it will ſtand——as in *Horace* it ſtood.
They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to ſee;
But the Thing is as clear as a Whiſtle to me.
This *Nonum* of theirs no Defence will admit,
Except——that a Blot is no Blot, 'till it's hit;
And now you have hit it, if *Nonum* content 'um,
So would, if the Verſe had ſo had it, *Nongentum*.

XII.

You'll ſay this is painting of Characters——true;
But, really, good Sirs, I have met with theſe two:
The firſt, in all Comments quite down to the *Delphin*,
A Man, if he likes it, may look at himſelf in:
The laſt, if you like, and, along with the Youth,
Prefer to *Nonumque* poetical Truth,
Then blot out the Blunder, now here it is hinted,
And by all future Printers *Unumque* be printed.

Vidit

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Nunc et CAMPUS *et* AREÆ
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſita repetantur horâ.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ode 9. v. 18.

BY *Campus*, and by *Areæ*, my Friends,
The Queſtion is what *Horace* here intends?
For ſuch Expreſſion with the current Stile
Of this whole Ode is hard to reconcile:
Nay, notwithſtanding critical Pretence,
Or I miſtake, or it can have no Senſe.

The Ode, you find, proceeding to relate
A Winter's Froſt, in its ſevereſt State,
Calls out for Fire, and Wine, and Loves, and Dance,
And all that *Horace* rambles to inhance;
But how can this *fair Weather* Phraſe belong
To ſuch a wintry, ſaturnalian Song?

A learned Frenchman quotes theſe very Lines
As really difficult; and thus refines——
" We uſe theſe Words (ſays *Monſieur Sanadon*)
" For nightly Meetings, *hors de la Maiſon:*
" But 'tis ridiculous in Froſt, and Snow,
" Of keeneſt Kind, that *Horace* ſhould do ſo.

Right, *Monſieur*, right; ſuch incoherent Stuff
Is here, no Doubt, ridiculous enough:

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The *Campus Martius*, and its active Scenes,
Which Commentators ſay th' Expreſſion means,
Have here no Place; nor can they be akin
To Scenes, not laid without Doors, but within.

" *Nunc* muſt refer (proceeds the French Remark)
" To *Donec*——*Puer*——Age of *Taliarque;*
" Not to the Froſt; for which the Bard, before,
" Deſign'd the two firſt Strophes, and no more;
" As Commentators rightly ſhould have taught,
" Or inattentive Readers elſe are caught.

Now inattentive Critics too, I ſay,
Are caught, ſometimes, in their dogmatic Way:
United here, we muſt divide, forſooth,
The Time of Winter from the Time of Youth;
When all Expreſſions of *Horatian* Growth
Do, in this Ode, 'tis plain, refer to both.

Youthful th' Amuſements, and for froſty Week;
From drinking——dancing——down to——*hide and ſeek:*
But *Campus* comes, and *Areæ*, between,
By a Miſtake too big for any Skreen:
And how nonſenſically join'd with Liſpers,
By Aſſignation met, of nightly Whiſpers?

Strange, how Interpreters retail the Farce,
That *Campus*, here, ſhould mean the *Field of Mars:*
When, in their Taſk, they muſt have juſt read o'er
Contraſt to this, the very Ode before;

Where

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Where ev'ry manly Exercise, disclos'd,
To Love's Effeminacy stands oppos'd.

In this, no Thought of any Field on Earth,
But warm Fire-side, and Roman Winters Mirth:
No Thought of any but domestic *Rings:*
Where all Decembrian Customs took their Swing:
And where——but come——that Matter we'll suppress——
There should be *Something* for *Cantabs* to guess.

I'll ask anon——from what has now been said,
If Emendation pops into your Head:
Or if you'll teach me how to comprehend
That all is right; and Nothing here to mend.
Come, sharpen up your latin Wits a Bit;
What are they good for else—these Odes that *Horace* writ?

N. B. The Emendation of which the Author approved was Cantus et Aleæ.

Cedes coemptis Saltibus; et Domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et EXTRUCTIS IN ALTUM
DIVITIIS *potietur Hæres.*

Hor. l. 2. ode 3. v. 17.

THIS Phrase of "*Riches built on high*"
Has something in it, at first Sight,
Which, if the Latin Language try,
Must needs appear not to be right:

Produce

Produce an Inſtance, where before
'Twas ever us'd, I'll ſay no more.

Talk not of "*Riches pil'd on Heaps*,"
To juſtify the Latin Phraſe;
For if you take ſuch critic Leaps,
You jump into *Dog Latin* Days;
And I ſhall anſwer to that Trick
In meâ mente non eſt ſic.

That Lands were here the Poet's Thought,
And Houſe along the River's Side,
And lofty Villa built, or bought,
Is much too plain to be deni'd.
Theſe high extructed Spires he writ
That mortal *Deltius* muſt quit.

"Well Sir ſuppoſing this the Caſe,
"And Structures what the Poet meant;
"How will you fill the faulty Place
"With Phraſe that ſuited his Intent?
"Meaning and Metre both arrange,
"And ſmall, if poſſible, the Change?

Smaller and better, to be ſure,
Into their Place Amendments fall:
What firſt occurs will here ſecure
Meaning and Metre, Change and all.
May it not be that for *Divitiis*
Th' Original had *Æ—diticiis?*

If

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If you object that ſep'rate Æ
Makes in one Word an odd Diviſion,
Horace, I anſwer to that Plea,
Has more than once the like Eliſion:
In ſhort, upon Correction's Plan,
Give us a better, if ye can.

Non eſt meum, ſi mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miſeras preces
Decurrere, et votis paciſci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari;
TUM *me biremis præſidio ſcaphæ*
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura FERET *geminuſq. Pollux.*

H. l. 3. O. 9. v. 57.

THIS Paſſage, Sirs, may put ye, one would think,
In mind of him, who, in a furious Storm
Told, that the Veſſel certainly would ſink,
Made a Reply in the Horatian Form;
" Why let it ſink then, if it will, quoth he,
" I'm but a Paſſenger, what is't to me."

So, " *non eſt meum*," *Horace* here cries out,
To purchaſe Calm with wretched Vows and Pray'rs;
Let them who freight the Ship be thus devout,
I'm not concern'd in any of its Wares.

May

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May not one ask, if common Sense will read,
Was ever Jest, and Earnest more agreed?

Nay but you see the Reason, 'tis repli'd,
Why he rejects the Bargaining of Pray'r;
His little Skiff will stem the raging Tide
With double *Pollux*, and with gentler Air.
This is his Moral, say his Under-pullers,
The Poor and Innocent are safe in Scullers.

Why so they may be, if they coast along,
And shun the Winds that make a *Mast to moan;*
But here, according to the critic Throng,
Horace was in the Ship, tho' not his own.
Suppose a Sculler just contriv'd for him,
When the Ship sunk, would his *Biremis* swim?

Can you by any construing Pretence——
If you suppose, as Commentators do,
Him in the Ship——make tolerable Sense
Of his surviving all the sinking Crew?
With Winds so boist'rous, by what cunning Twist
Can his clear Stars, and gentle Air resist?

" The Gifts of Fortune *Horace* had resign'd,
" And poor and honest, his just fancy'd Case,
" Nothing to do had he with stormy Wind,
" Nor in *Ægæan* Seas to seek a Place.
" How is it likely then, that he should mean
" To paint himself in such an awkward Scene?

Why,

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Why, but, TUM *me biremis* —— muſt ſuppoſe,
By *then* eſcaping, that he ſure was in't;
And *feret* too, that comes into the Cloſe,
In all the Books that we have here in Print ——
Both Words are wrong tho', notwithſtanding that,
Tum ſhould be *Cum*, and *feret* be *ferat*.

The Senſe, or Moral if you pleaſe, is this,
Henceforth be Probity, tho' poor, my Lot;
The Love of Riches is but an Abyſs
Of dangerous Cares, that now concern me not.
Caught in it's Storms, let Avarice implore,
I thank my Stars, I'm rowing ſafe to Shore.

Hor. Lib. 3. O. 18.

WHENE'ER this *Horace* comes into ones Hand,
One meets with Words full hard to underſtand:
If one conſult the Critics thereupon,
Some Places have a Note, ſome others none;
And, when they take interpretating Pains,
Sometimes the Difficulty ſtill remains.

To you that ſee, good Friends, where I am blind,
Let me propoſe a Caſe of either Kind:
Premiſing firſt, for both relate to Weather,
That Winter and December come together:
The *Romans* too, as far as I remember,
Have join'd together Winter and December.

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In Book the Third of *Horace*, Ode Eighteen,
Ad Faunum——theſe two Sapphics here are ſeen:

Ludit HERBOSO *pecus omne campo,*
Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt DECEMBRIS:
Feſtus in PRATIS *vacat otioſo*
Cum bove Pagus.

Inter audaces lupus errat AGNOS;
Spargit agreſtis tibi Silva FRONDES;
Gaudet INVISAM *pepuliſſe foſſor*
Ter pede terram.

Now in *December*, if we reaſon cloſe,
Are Fields poetically call'd *herboſe?*
Is that the Month, tho' *Faunus* kept the Fold,
For *daring Lambs* to friſk about ſo *bold?*

Leaves I would add too——but the learn'd *Dacier*
Has made this Point elaborately clear;
As one that artful *Horace* interweaves——
" The Trees in *Italy* then ſhed their Leaves;
" And this the Poet's Artifice profound,
" The Trees themſelves for *Faunus* ſtrew'd the Ground."

It is, we'll ſay, a fine *Horatian* Flight,
But is the Herbage, are the Lambs ſo right?
Is there in all the Ode a ſingle Thing,
That makes the Winter differ from the Spring?
Nones of December are indeed hybernal,
But all the reſt is abſolutely vernal.

Lenis

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Leni: incedis per APRICA *rura*——
Does this begin like Winter?——but *quid plura?*
Read how it all begins, goes on, or ends,
Nothing but Nones is winterly, my Friends;
Neither in human, nor in brutal Creatures,
One Trace obſerv'd of Winter's ſtormy Features.

May not there be then, tho' the Critics make
No Heſitation at it, a Miſtake?
The Diggers Dancing too has ſomewhat ſpiſſy——
Gaudet INVISAM *terram pepuliſſe.*
He in Revenge (ſay Comments) beats the Soil,
Hated, becauſe it gave him ſo much Toil.

As oft the Diggers, whom we chance to meet,
Turn up the Ground, and preſs it with their Feet;
Horace himſelf, perhaps we may admit,
INVERSAM *terram*, not INVISAM writ;
But this at Preſent our Demand poſtpones——
Pray ſolve the Doubt on theſe *Decembrian Nones.*

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et URSIS. Hor. Ode 4 L. 3.

HORACE, an Infant, here he interweaves,
In rambling Ode, where no Deſign coheres,
By fabl'd Stock-Doves cover'd up with Leaves,
Kept ſafe from *black ſkin'd Vipers*, and from *Bears*:

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But, paſſing by the incoherent Ode,
I aſk the Critics where the *Bears* abode?

The Leaves indeed, that Stock Doves could convey,
Would be but poor Defence againſt the Snakes,
And ſleeping Boy be ſtill an eaſy Prey
To black Pervaders of the thorny Brakes;
The Bears, I doubt too, would have ſmelt him out,
If there had been ſuch Creatures thereabout.

The Snakes were black, the Bears, I gueſs, were white,
(Or what the Vulgar commonly call Bulls)
Bears had there been; another Word is right,
That has eſcap'd the criticiſing Skulls,
Who ſuffer Bears as quietly to paſs,
As if the Bard had been of Lapland Claſs.

A Word, where Senſe and Sound do ſo agree,
That I ſhall ſpare to ſpeak in its Defence;
And leave Abſurdity ſo plain to ſee,
With due Correction, to your own good Senſe:
Tis this in ſhort, in theſe Horatian Verſes,
For Bears read Goats——pro *Urſis*, lege *Hyrcis*.

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Romæ, principis Urbium
Dignatur ſoboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros.

Hor. l. 4. ode 3.

THIS is one Ode, and much the beſt of two,
Fam'd above all for *Scaliger*'s Ado:
" I rather would have writ ſo good a Thing
" Than reign, Quoth he, an *Arragonian* King."
Had he been King, and Maſter of the Vote,
I doubt the Monarch would have chang'd his Note;
And loading Verſes with an huge Renown,
Would ſtill have kept his *Arragonian* Crown.

This Ode, howe'er, tho' ſhort of ſuch a Rout,
He ſhow'd ſome Judgement, when he ſingl'd out;
Compar'd with others, one is at a Stand
To think how thoſe ſhould come from the ſame Hand:
For if they did, 'tis marvellous enough,
That ſuch a Muſe with ſuch a Breath ſhould puff;
That ſuch a delicate harmonious Muſe
Should catch the Clouds, or ſink into the Stews.

But Fame has ſold them to us in a Lot,
And all is *Horace*, whether his, or not.
For his, or whoſe you will then, let them paſs,
What ſignifies it who the Author was?

Dunghill

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Dunghill of *Ennius*, as we are told
By ancient Proverb, might afford ſome Gold;
And that's the Caſe of what this *Horace* ſung,
Some Grains of Gold with Tinſel mix'd, and Dung.

We'll ſay this Ode, allowing for the Age
That *Horace* writ in, was a golden Page;
The Words well choſen, eaſy, free, and pat,
The Lyric Claim ſo manag'd——and all that——
What I would note is, that no Critic yet,
Of them, I mean, whoſe Notes my Eyes have met,
Has ſeen a Blemiſh in this finiſh'd Piece,
Outdone, they ſay, by neither Rome nor Greece.

Yet there is one, which it is ſomewhat ſtrange,
That none of 'em ſhould ſee a Cauſe to change,
But let a great Indelicacy ſtand,
As if it came from *Horace*'s own Hand:
To *vatum choros* join'd AMABILES,
When, what he meant was *lovely ſoboles*.
Meo periculo, Sirs, alter this,
If Taſte be in you, read *amabilis*.

If ye refuſe, I have no more to ſay,
Keep to flat Print, and read it your own Way;
Let Fear to change a Vowel's Rote diſpenſe
With jingling ſound, and unpoliter Senſe.
I don't expect that Critics, with their Skill,
Will take the Hint——but all true Poets will.

Be

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Be it a Teſt, at Preſent, who has got
The nicer Taſte of liquid Verſe, who not.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matroniſq. Phrygum, claſſis Achillei;
Poſtcertas hyemes uret ACHAICUS
IGNIS *Iliacas domos.* Hor. l. 1. O. 15.

SPONDÆO a ſtabili, ſi numeros modo
Obſervare velis, incipit ultimus
Verſus——non poterunt Carminis et pedem
Leges ferre Trochaicum.

Caſtigant Pueros Archididaſcali,
Pro longâ fuerit ſyllaba ſi brevis;
Et credunt Critici dicere Horatium
——*Ignis* Iliacas domos?

Sunt, qui, cum penitus ſenſus abeſt metro,
Pugnant, ac vitium mille modis tegunt;
Quos vocum ratio diſſona plurimos
Fixis Mentibus ingerit.

Verum, Carminibus cum ſua Quantitas
Deſit, quam Ratio metrica poſtulat,
Num peccare velit, tam pueriliter,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ?

Si

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Si demum parilis culpa notabitur
Vatum, quam pariter corrigere eſt nefas,
Defendat numerus; Tu tamen, interim,
Verum reſtituas metrum.

Voci, quæ legitur, litera defuit
Princeps, quam ſoliti pingere, forſitan,
Haud ſcripſere: legas——uret *Achaicis*
Lignis Iliacas domos.

——*Quis neget arduis*
Pronos relabi poſſe rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;
Cum tu coemptos undique nobiles
Libros Panætii, Socraticam et domum
MUTARE *loricis Iberis,*
Pollicitus meliora, TENDIS. Hor. l. 1. O. 29.

NON eſſe dices, credo, poeticum
Hoc *tendis;* et quò tenderet Iccius?
Mutare libros?——at viciſſim
Non alios habuiſſe fertur.

Mutare, rurſus, Socraticam domum——
Hæc velle Sectam linquere te docent:
At Secta loricas Iberas
Nulla novo dederat Clienti.

Dum

Dum vox *coemptos*, Intuitu mero,
Et quæ ſequuntur verba, prioribus
Collata, ſuadent hic legendum
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.

Libros coemptos vendidit Iccius,
Miles futurus, virque Scientiæ,
Quam nolit hic libris tueri,
Flaccus ait, joculans, ſed armis.

Tam diſcrepantis militiæ ducem
Ironiarum plena redarguit
Ode; ſed extremum videtur
Multa manus vitiâſſe carmen.

Sic ipſa Flacci pinxerat, autumo,
Incertum amicum——Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi poſſe rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;

Cum tu coemptos undique *nobilis*
Libros Panæti, Socraticam *ut* domum
Tutere loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*.

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Lib. 2. Ode 14. Hor.

" *EHEU! fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,*
" *Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram*
" *Rugis, et inſtanti Senectæ*
" *Afferet, indomitæque morti.*

" *Non ſi* TRECENIS, *quotquot eunt dies,*
" *Amice, places illachrymabilem*
" *Plutona tauris*"——Hem! trecenis?
Nolumus hanc poſſiſſe vocem,

Foxleie, Flaccum;——quotquot eunt dies,
Tauris trecentis illachrymabilem
Placare divum! immanis, ipſo
Intuitu, numerus patescit.

Quovis trecenos lumine, Poſthumum
Mactare tauros, ſi benè finxerit
Vates, quot exactos, memento,
Myriadas feriat per annos.

Hæc inter artes norma poeticas,
—— " Famam ſequi, vel convenientiam"——
Præſcripta Flacco, quam trecenis
Immodicè violata tauris!

Vult

Vult quando *centum pocula ſoſpitis*,
Codex, *Amici*——tum ſibi ſapphicum
Quid carmen expoſcat volutans,
Te, ſtatuo, repetente——*Cantum*.

Idem in trecenis hæreo, ſuſpicor;
Et, non jocantem, ſimplicius vellm
Dixiſſe vatem, (namque dici
Simplicius potuit) quod urguet.

Quod, nempè, mors et regibus immínet
Æquè ac colonis; Mors——neque Poſthumo
Vitanda TERCENTUM immolando
Lux quoties nitet orta, tauros.

Ni fallor, omnis victima Poſthumi
Duntaxat unum quoque die bovem
Mactata Plutoni popoſcit,
Dum valuit manus ipſa Flacci:

Qui ſcripſit, aut qui ſcribere debuit,
(Tu ſicut inquis, carmine nupero;
Quod muſa, pugnax, dum refellit,
Hoc penitus tibi ſubdit auſum)

" Non ſi . . . quotquot eunt dies,
" Amice, places illachrymabilem
" Plutona tauris"——quos opinor
Sic melius numerâſſe carmen.

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Si ſana vox ſit, ne moveas loco——
Si non ſit——amplis ingenio viris
Immiſte, dic quanam ſodales
(Me tacito) repleant Hiatum?

——*Thure placaris et hornâ*
Fruge Lares avidâque porcâ. Hor, Lib. 3. O. 23.

QUÆ mens ſit hujus carminis, obſecro,
Spectes; ——monenda eſt ruſtica Phidyle,
Vel thure, vel fructu, vel herbâ
Ruricolas placuiſſe Divis.

Si pura mens ſit, ſi manus innocens,
Placare poſſint abſque cruoribus;
Primumque et extremum poetæ
Quis negat hoc voluiſſe verſum?

Vix ergo *Porcam* velle putaveris,
Urbane, Flaccum frugibus additam;
Nam thura, nam fruges, et omnem
Sordida Sus vitiavit herbam.

Quid parva laudat Numina, munera,
Si *Porca* tandem victima poſcitur?
Quid profit immunis manuſve,
Farve pium, ſalienſque mica?

Aut

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Aut omnis ut res hæreat, indica,
Aut vile mendum corrige protinus;
Non multa mutabis legendo,
——Fruge Lares, *avidaſque Parcas.*

The foregoing CRITICISM,

In ENGLISH VERSE.

THE whole Deſign of this Horatian Strain
Is ſo exceeding obvious and plain,
That one would wonder how correcting Eyes
Could overlook a Blot of ſuch a Size,
As *avidâque Porcâ;* when the Line,
So read, quite ruins *Horace*'s Deſign.

He, as the Verſe begins, and as it ends,
This Point to ruſtic *Phydile* commends,
That Innocence to Gifts the Gods prefer,
And frugal Off'rings would ſuffice from her;
That want of Victims was in her no Fault;
She might preſent Fruit, Incenſe, Cake and Salt.

With what Connexion could he add to theſe
A *greedy Swine?* in order to appeaſe
Thoſe very Deities, whom Ode is meant
To paint with cheap and bloodleſs Gifts content,

From

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From pious Hands receiv'd, tho' e'er ſo ſmall——
But *avidâque Porcâ* ſpoils it all.

What Moral meant, if they requir'd, in fine,
From ruſtic *Phydile*, a great fat Swine?
Why little Gods, and little Matters nam'd,
If ſuch a Sacrifice as this was claim'd?
Porca is wrong, Sirs, whether we regard
The Gods, the Countrywoman, or the Bard.

What muſt be done in ſuch a Caſe as this?
One muſt amend, tho' one ſhould do't amiſs.
I'll tell you the Correction, frank and free,
That upon reading firſt occur'd to me;
And ſeem'd to ſuit the Bard's Intention better,
With ſmall Mutation of the printed Letter.

Tho' *avidaque Porca* runs along
With Verb, and Caſe, and Meaſure of the Song,
Yet, if the Poet is to be renown'd
For ſomething more, than mere Italian Sound,
For Life and Senſe, as well as Shell and Carcaſs;
Read——*Fruge Lares, avidaſque Parcas.*

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Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, —— Hor. Lib. 1. O. 20.

I.

HAVE ye no Scruple, Sirs, when ye rehearſe
This hiſſing Kind of an Horatian Verſe?
To me, I own, at Sight of triple——*is*,
Suſpicion ſaid that ſomething was amiſs;
And, when one reads the triple Sapphic thro',
'Tis plain that what Suſpicion ſaid was true.

II.

Critics, as Cuſtom goes, if one ſhall bring
The plaineſt Reaſon, for the plaineſt Thing,
Will ſtick to Horace, as he ſticks to Print,
And ſay, ſometimes, that there is Nothing in't.
Or, here, Miſtake perhaps, may be my Lot;
Now tell me, Neighbours, if 'tis ſo, or not.

III.

This Ode, or (ſince apparently Miſhap
Has loſt the true Beginning of it) Scrap,
Informs *Mæcenas* that poor Sabine Wine
Shall be his Drink, in Horace's Deſign;

Wine

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Wine which the Poet had incaſk'd, the Day
That People ſhouted for the Knight away.

IV.

This is the firſt Thing that it ſays——the next,
Without one Word of intervening Text,
Says, he ſhall drink (and in poetic Shape
Wine is deſcrib'd) the very richeſt Grape;
My Cups *Falernian* Vintage, *Formian* Hill
(Is all that follows after) never fill.

V.

Theſe, and theſe only, in the printed Code,
Are the two Periods of this pigmy Ode:
And how they ſtand, in Contradiction flat,
Whoe'er can conſtrue Latin muſt ſee that.
The Critics ſaw it, but forſook their Sight,
And ſet their Wits at work, to make it right.

VI.

How they have done it——ſuch as have a Mind
To know their Fetches, if they look, may find;
And ſmile thereat; one Ounce, that but coheres,
Of Mother Wit, is worth a Pound of theirs;
Who having, by their Dint of Learning, ſeen
That Moon is Cheeſe, ſoon prove it to be green.

VII. 'Twill

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VII.

'Twill be enough to give ye juſt a Taſte,
From Delphin here, of criticiſing Haſte;
" *Mæcenas*, ſetting on ſome Journey out,
" Sent Horace word, before he took his Rout,
" As *Cruquius*, *Lubin*, *Codex* too pretend,
" That he would ſup with his aſſured Friend.

VIII.

Horace writes back——and this, it ſeems, the Ode——
'Tis mighty kind to take me in your Road;
But you muſt be content with ſlender Fare,
Such as my poor Tenuity can ſpare:
Vile potabis——Sabine wine the beſt——
As learnedly *Theod. Marcil.* has gueſt.

IX.

So far, ſo good——but why ſhould Horace, ſlap,
Say you ſhall drink the Wines of richeſt Tap?
That is, quoth Margin of the Delphin Tome,
Domi potabis——you ſhall drink at Home;
Hæc vina quidem bibes apud te,
Says Note, *non ita vero apud me.*

X.

Certè, it adds, as Pliny underſtood,
The Knights own Wine was exquiſitely good——

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Good, to be ſure, tho' Pliny had been dumb;
But how does all that has been ſaid o'ercome
The Contradiction? — Why, with this Aſſiſtance,
'Tis plain they ſupp'd together — at a Diſtance.

XI.

One eaſy Hint, without ſuch aukward Stirs,
Diſſolves at once the Difficulty, Sirs:
Let Horace drink himſelf of his own *Vinum* —
Vile POTABO *modicis Sabinum*
Cantb'rïis — and *Mæcenas* do ſo too —
Tu bibes Cæcubum — and all is true.

XII.

No verbal Hiſſing ſpoils poetic Grace,
Nor Contradiction ſtares ye in the Face;
But Verſe Intention, without farther Tours:
I'll drink my Wine, *Mæcenas* — and you yours.
Should not all Judges of Horatian Letter
Or take this Reading, or propoſe a better?

MISCELLA-

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES;

CONSISTING OF

THOUGHTS on various SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

TIME that is paſt thou never can'ſt recall;
Of Time to come thou art not ſure at all;
Time preſent only is within thy Pow'r;
Now, now improve then, whilſt thou canſt, the Hour.

SET not the Faults of other Folks in View,
But rather mind what thou thyſelf ſhould'ſt do;
For twenty Errors of thy Neighbour known
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

SAFER to reconcile a Foe, than make
A Conqueſt of him, for the Conqueſt's Sake;
This tames his *Pow'r* of doing preſent Ill,
But That diſarms him of the very *Will*.

TO give Reproof in Anger, to be ſure,
Whate'er the Fault, is not the Way to cure:
Wou'd a wiſe Doctor offer, doſt thou think,
The Sick his Potion, ſcalding hot to drink?

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A Graceful Manner, and a friendly Eaſe
Will give a No, and not at all diſpleaſe;
And an ill-natur'd, or ungraceful Yes,
When it is giv'n, is taken much amiſs.

BUT ſmall the Diff'rence, if *Tertullian*'s right,
To do an Injury, or to requite;
He is, ſaid he, who does it to the other,
But ſomewhat ſooner wicked than his Brother.

MY Reaſon is I, and your Reaſon is You,
And, if we ſhall differ, both cannot be true:
If Reaſon muſt judge, and we two muſt agree,
Another third Reaſon muſt give the Decree,
Superior to our's; and to which, it is fit,
That both, being weaker, ſhould freely ſubmit:
Now in Reaſon, ſubmitting, is plainly impli'd
That it does not pretend, of itſelf, to decide.

IN Truths that Nobody can miſs,
It is the *Quid* that makes the *Quis*;
In ſuch as lie more deeply hid,
It is the *Quis* that makes the *Quid*.

A QUE-

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A QUERY.

SHOULD a *good* Angel and a *bad*——between
Th' Infirmary and Theatre be ſeen;
One going to be preſent at the Play,
The other, where the ſick and wounded lay;
Quere——Were your Conjecture to be had——
Which would the *good* one go to, which the *bad?*

VERSES deſigned for a WATCH CASE.

COULD ~~but our Tempers move like this Machine,~~
Not urg'd by Paſſion, nor delay'd by Spleen;
But, true to Nature's regulating Pow'r,
By virtuous Acts diſtinguiſh ev'ry Hour;
Then Health and Joy would follow, as they ought,
The Laws of Motion, and the Laws of Thought;
Sweet Health, to paſs the preſent Moments o'er;
And everlaſting Joy, when Time ſhall be no more.

An ADMONITION againſt SWEARING,

Addreſſed to an OFFICER in the ARMY.

O That the Muſe might call, without Offence,
The gallant Soldier back to his good Senſe!
His temp'ral Field ſo cautious not to loſe;
So careleſs quite of his eternal Foes.
Soldier! ſo tender of thy Prince's Fame,
Why ſo profuſe of a ſuperior Name?

For

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For the King's Sake the Brunt of Battles bear;
But——for the King of King's Sake——Do not Swear.

To the SAME, Extempore,

Intended to allay the Violence of Party-Spirit.

God bleſs the King, I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bleſs——no Harm in bleſſing——the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bleſs us all——that's quite another Thing.

On the Naturalization Bill.

Come all ye foreign ſtrolling Gentry,
Into *Great-Britain* make your Entry;
Abjure the Pope, and take the Oaths,
And you ſhall have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths.

On the S A M E.

With Languages diſpers'd, Men were not able
To top the Skies, and build the Tow'r of *Babel*;
But if to *Britain* they ſhall croſs the Main,
And meet by *Act of Parliament* again,
Who knows, when all together ſhall repair,
How high a Caſtle may be built in Air!

On

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On the SAME.

THIS Act reminds me, Ge'men, under Favour,
Of old *John Bull*, the Hair-Merchant and Shaver:
John had a Sign put up, whereof the Writing
Was ſtrictly copied from his own inditing:
Under the painted Wigs both *Bob* and *Full*——
——*Moaſt Munny pade for living* HERE——

John Bull.

ADVERTISEMENT upon the SAME.

NOW upon Sale, a Bankrupt Iſland,
To any Stranger that will buy Land——
The *Birthright*, note, for further Satis-
Faction, is to be thrown in *gratis*,

On PRIOR's SOLOMON, an EPIGRAM.

WISE Solomon, with all his rambling Doubts,
Might talk two Hours, I gueſs, or thereabouts;
And yet, quoth he, my Elders, to their Shame,
Kept Silence all, nor Anſwer did they frame.
Dear me! what elſe but Silence ſhould they keep?
He, to be ſure, had talk'd them all aſleep.

EPIGRAM on the Feuds between HANDEL and BONONCINI.

SOME ſay, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;

Others

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Others aver, that he to Handel
Is ſcarcely fit to hold a Candle:
Strange all this Difference ſhould be,
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

An Anecdote.

THE French Ambaſſador had been to wait
On James the First, in Equipage of State:
Bacon was by; to whom the King began——
"Well now, my Lord, what think you of the Man?"
He's a tall proper Perſon Sir, ſaid he——
"Aye, ſaid the King, that any one may ſee;
"But what d'ye think of Head-piece in the Caſe?
"Is he a proper Perſon for his Place?"
My Lord, who thought he was not, I ſuppoſe,
Gave him this Anſwer, as the Story goes——
"Tall Men are oft like Houſes that are tall;
"The upper Rooms are furniſh'd worſt of all."

Epigram.

CÆSAR Pompeium vicit——quæ Nomina! Quin tu
Accipe quam fuerit Fama, Jacobe, nihil.
Cæſar, id eſt Victor; Victor quoque Cæſar; eundem
Fama hominem binis Vocibus ergo notat:
Sic etiam ceu Pompeium tu dicere mavis,
Ceu victum, Res eſt unica, Verba duo:
Senſus idem nobis, id enim Nos novimus unum
Quod quivis quendam vicerit—— hîc Honor eſt!

In

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In Calvum. Epigram.

" PRIMUS in Orbe Deos fecit Timor"—Hæc mihi, Calve,
Eſt ubi de Sacris Quæſtio, vociferas:
Cum fueris tute ipſe hominum timidiſſimus, unde eſt,
Improbe, quod dubites an ſit ubique Deus?

In EUNDEM.

DUM Calvum objurgo quod nunquam Templa frequentet—
" Illud plebs, inquit, carpat aniles Iter;
" Templa petat qui vult; at Ego, quæcunque Sacerdos
" Ex Cathedrâ poſſit dicere, jam teneo."
Quis neget Ætatem nobis eſſe ingenioſam
Ingenium cum ſit poſſe manere Domi?

In EUNDEM.

DUM bibitur Calvus Rationem laudat Amicis,
Et quantum ſatis eſt omnibus ore trahit;
Rectam, ſinceram, cœleſtem, et cætera clamans,
Tu Ratio nobis Numen es—atque bibit;
Donec vix tandem potis eſt incedere rectus,
Aut verbum rectâ de Ratione loqui:
Dum Socium intueor—" quænam hæc Dementia Calvi
" Tam cito quæ laudet perdere?—ſic monuit—
Deſine mirari; nihil eſt niſi quod Rationem
Nuncupet hic aliis quod ſolet eſſe Merum.

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A LETTER to R. L. Esq;

If SENESINO *do but rift*
O Caro caro! that flat fifth!
I'd hang if e're an Opera Witling
Could tell CUZZONI *from a Kitling.*

I.

DEAR *Peter*, if thou canſt deſcend
From RODELIND to hear a Friend,
And if thoſe raviſh'd Ears of thine
Can quit the ſhrill celeſtial Whine
Of gentle Eunuchs, and ſuſtain
Thy native Engliſh without pain,
I would, if't en't too great a Burden,
Thy raviſh't Ears intrude a Word in.

II.

To *Richard*'s and to *Tom*'s full oft
Have I ſtept forth, O 'Squire of *Toſt*,
In hopes that I might win, perchance,
A Sight of thy ſweet Countenance;
Forth have I ſtept, but ſtill alaſs!
Richard's, or *Tom*'s, 'twas all a Caſe;

Still

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Still met I with the ſame Reply——
" Saw you *Sir Peter?*—— No, not I."

III.

Being at length no longer able
To bear the diſmal Triſſyllable,
Home I retir'd in ſaunt'ring Wife,
And inward turning all my Eyes,
To ſeek thee in the friendly Breaſt,
Where thou haſt made a kind of Neſt,
The gentle Muſe I 'gan invoke,
And thus the Neck of Silence broke.

IV.

Muſe! quoth I, treading on her Toes,
Thou ſweet Companion of my Woes,
That whilom wont to eaſe my Care,
And get me now and then——a Hare——
Why am I thus depriv'd the Sight
Both of the Alderman and Knight?
Tell me, O tell me, gentle Muſe,
Where is *Sir Peter*, where is *Clowes?*

V.

Where your Friend *Joſeph* is, or goes,
Reply'd *Melpomene*, Lord knows;

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And what Place is the fairest Bidder
For the Knight's preſence—— let's conſidr——
Your wandering Steps you muſt refer to
Rehearſal, Op'ra, or Concerto;
At one or other of the three
You'll find him moſt undoubtedly.

VI.

Now *Peter*, if the Muſe ſays true,
To all my Hopes I bid adieu;
Adieu my hopes, if Op'ramany
Has ſeiz'd on *Peter*'s Pericranie.
Drunk with Italian Syren's Cup!
Nay then, in troth, I give him up:
The Man's a Quack, whoe'er pretends he
Can cure him of that fidling Phrenzy.

The POETASTER.

I.

WHEN a Poet, as Poetry goes now-a-days,
Takes it into his Head to put in for the Bays,
With an old Book of Rhimes, and a half Pint of Claret,
To cheriſh his Brain, mounted up to his Garret,

Down

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Down he ſits with his Pen, Ink and Paper before him,
And labours as hard——as his Mother that bore him.

II.

Thus plac'd, on the Candle he fixes his Eyes,
And upon the bright Flame on't looks wonderful wiſe;
Then ſnuffing it cloſe, he takes hold of his Pen,
And the Subject not ſtarting he ſnuffs it again;
'Till perceiving at laſt that not one ſingle Thought,
For all his wiſe Looks, will come forth as it ought,
With a Bumper of Wine he emboldens his Blood,
And prepares to receive it, whenever it ſhould.

III.

Videlicet, firſt he invokes the nine Muſes,
Or ſome one of their Tribe for his Patroneſs chooſes;
The Girl, to be ſure, that, of all the long *Nomine*,
Beſt ſuits with his Rhime——as for inſtance, *Melpomene*.
And what ſignifies then this old Bard-beaten Whim?
What's he to the Muſes, or th' Muſes to him?
Why, the Bus'neſs is this——the poor Man, lac-a-day,
At firſt ſetting out, don't know well what to ſay.

IV.

Then he thinks of Parnaſſus, and Helicon Streams,
And of old muſty Bards mumbles over the Names;

Talks

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Talks much to himſelf of one *Phœbus Apollo*,
And a Parcel of Folk that in's Retinue follow;
Of a Horſe named *Pegaſus*, that had two Wings
Of Mountains, and Nymphs, and a hundred fine Things;
Tho' with Mountains and Streams, and his Nymphs of Parnaſs:
The Man, after all, is but juſt where he was.

In Madidam Memoriam * *Johs. Barrington*,
Equitis ARGENTEI, *bujuſce Collegii olim* COMMENSALIS

An EPITAPH.

STAY Traveller, the Barrington lies here, who left us poor Mortals to bewail his Loſs. June 24, 1713.

He was a Philoſopher of the *Plat-onic* Sect; ſo true a Friend, that there never was any, but would let him into their *Secrets* at the firſt Acquaintance. He was a Man of *Metal*, and feared no Colours but § *Browne*.

He

* A Silver two-handed Cup, belonging to the Bachelors of Trinity College, Cambridge, and called the Barrington, from the Name of the Donor——It was uſually ſerved up to Table full of Ale——but this Cuſtom being forbidden, for ſome particular Reaſons, by the Fellows of the College, gave Occaſion to the following Epitaph.

§ One of the Bachelors at that Time in College, of a remarkable Strong Arm and Head——who is ſaid to have lifted it full to his Mouth with one Hand, and to have drank it off at a Draught.

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He kept Company with learned Men, and was a good Critic himſelf, eſpecially at the filling up an *Hiatus*. He could enter into the *Heart* of an Author immediately. He dealt much in *Fragments*. He was an excellent Phyſician, and could give a Man a Stool or a Vomit, a Cordial, or a ſleepy Doſe, juſt as a Man's Body required it. He underſtood Anatomy ſo well, that he could diſſect a Man alive, and trace thro' every Part, and yet never hurt him. As well as he was ſkill'd in Optics, he never made uſe of any Glaſſes. He was a Jeweller, and has adorned many a Man with *Carbuncles* of his own making.

In ſhort, he was every Thing; a Man of an excellent *Taſte*, tho' ſomething *frothy*. He was of an aſpiring Temper, and would get to the *Head* in all Company he came into; tho' he had this Check on his Ambition, that always the higher he mounted, the lower he ſunk.

He was generally very *mild*, and never in a Paſſion; and yet, Traveller, would not ſtick to *run thro'* the beſt Friend he had, and ſo *ſharp* ſometimes, that if a Man meddled with him, he would *cut his Throat*. He had a confounded large Mouth and Ears, but ſcarce any of his other Members perfect——not above four Foot high, and yet, many a one has died for Love of him.

He had ſuch an ingenious Way of reprimanding a Man, that if he hit you in the Teeth with a Thing, you would not take it ill. He was a comical Blade enough; had no Eyes himſelf, but would have made thee ſtare.

He

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He had never a Hand, yet would have knockt thee down. Sometimes he had a Head, and sometimes none; and when he had, what is falsely reported of a certain Saint is true of him, that he carried it in his Mouth. When he was drunk, he had not a drop of Liquor in him, quite contrary to other Men. He would often change his Inside, but never his Outside. I could tell thee more Wonders, Traveller, but thou art puzzled already. In short, he had that in him, which thou wouldest wish to have in thee, and so fare thee well.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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